May 18, 1929

THE NEW YORKER

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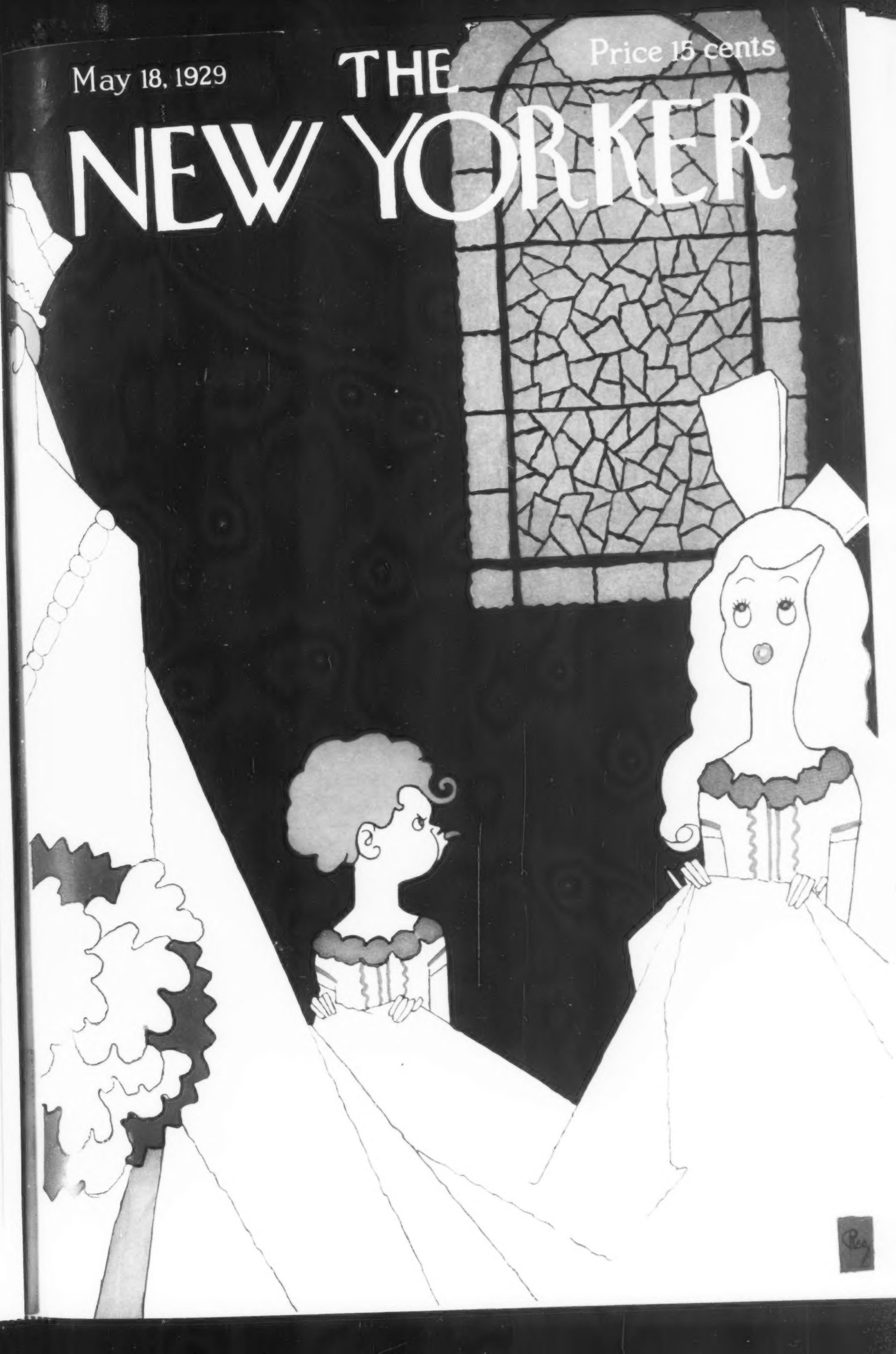

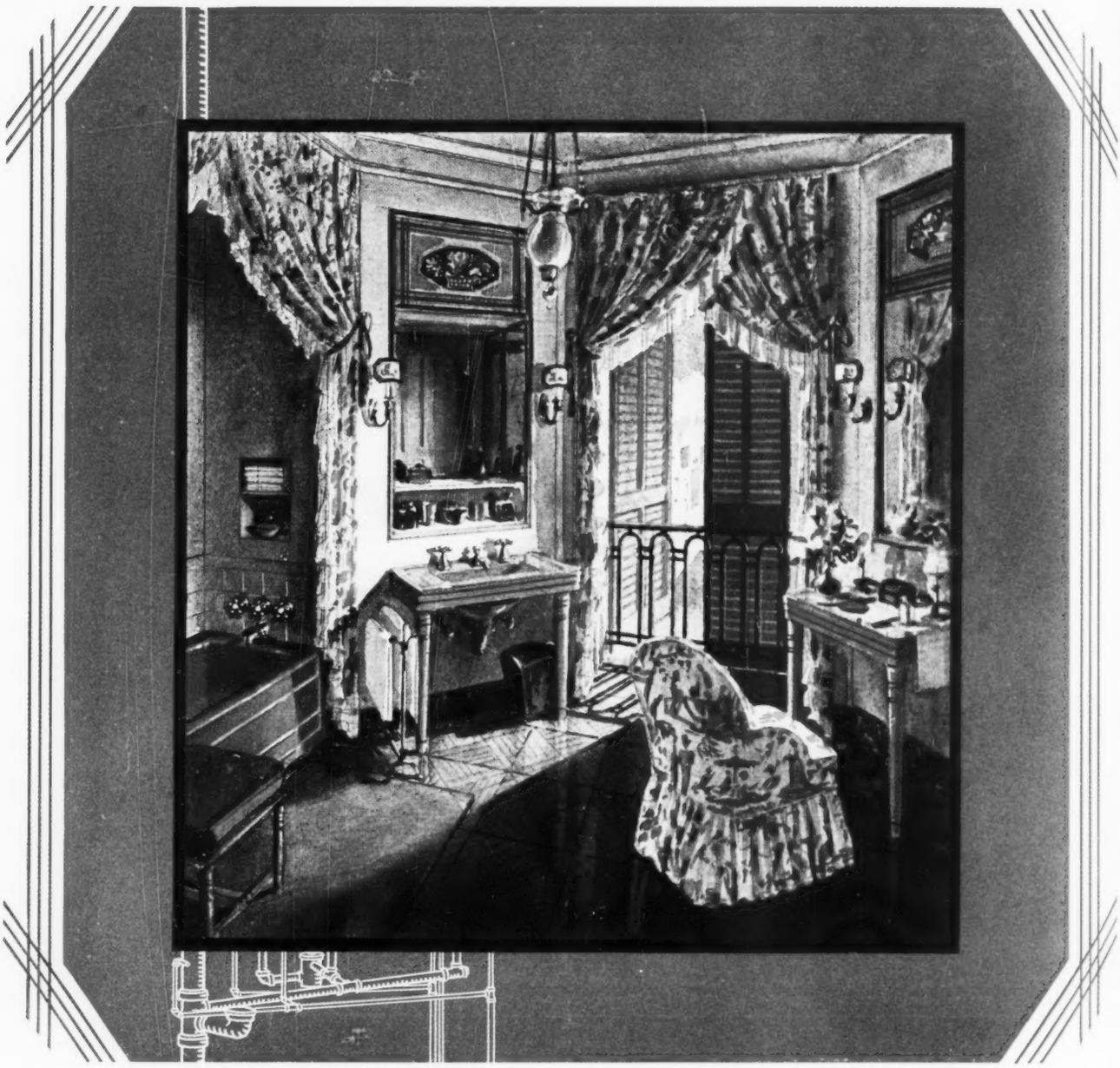

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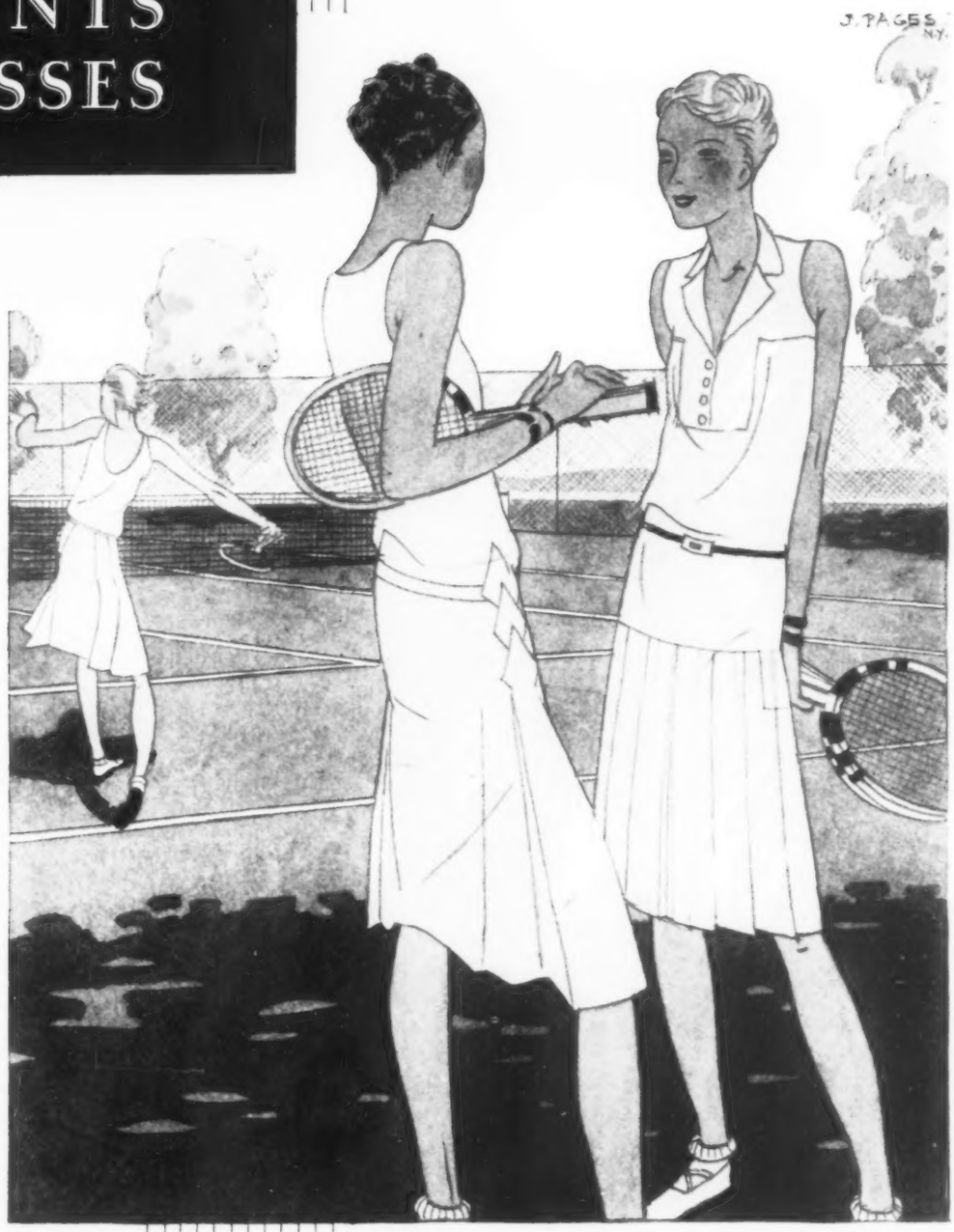

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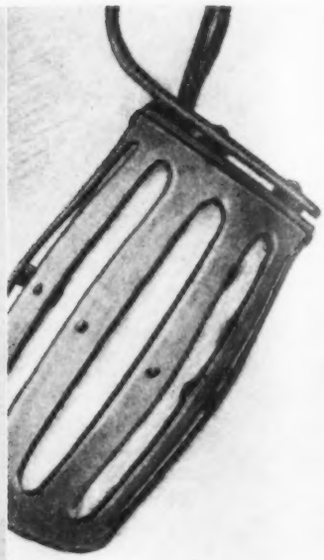
AT the right, the London Trades "40 Love", in wide wale silk pique, is $27.75. The English dress, center, is one of a group of washable silks at $17.74 and $22.74. The backless shantung on the court has a circular pleated skirt, comes in lovely colors and is only $14.74. There are two dozen other styles, in almost every silk and cotton fabric.



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Book-of-the-Month Club NEWS

Published Once A Month By Book-of-the-Month Club, Inc. 386 Fourth Ave., New York Copyright, 1929

The Editorial Board of the Book-of-the-Month Club consists of:

DOROTHY CANFIELD
HEYWOOD BROUN
CHRISTOPHER MORLEY
WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE
HENRY SEIDEL CANBY, *Chairman*

HERE are some interesting and pertinent data for the intelligent book-reader, who for one reason or another finds he does not read as many of the new books as he would like to. It is a list of the books the judges of the Book-of-the-Month Club have chosen as the "book-of-the-month," aside from those they have recommended, in the last three years. Here they are, going backward from June, 1929.

ALL QUIET ON THE WESTERN FRONT	Remarque
A PREFACE TO MORALS	Walter Lippmann
HENRY THE EIGHTH	Francis Hackett
CRADLE OF THE DEEP	Joan Lowell
KRISTIN LAVRANSDATTER	Sigrid Undset
JOSEPH & HIS BRETHREN	H. W. Freeman
THE CASE OF SERGEANT GRISCHA	Arnold Zweig
WHITHER MANKIND	Charles Beard
HUNGER FIGHTERS	Paul de Kruif
THE CHILDREN	Edith Wharton
JOHN BROWN'S BODY	Stephen Vincent Benet
BAMBI	Felix Salten
THE INTELLIGENT WOMAN'S GUIDE TO SOCIALISM AND CAPITALISM	George Bernard Shaw
THE CLOSED GARDEN	Julian Green
THE HOTEL	Elizabeth Bowen
DELUGE	S. Fowler Wright
DISRAELI	Andre Maurois
CLAIRE AMBLER	Booth Tarkington
ABRAHAM LINCOLN	Carl Sandburg
RED SKY AT MORNING	Margaret Kennedy
RIGHT OFF THE MAP	C. E. Montague
DUSTY ANSWER	Rosamond Lehmann
MEANWHILE	H. G. Wells
YOUR MONEY'S WORTH	Chase & Schlink
GIANTS IN THE EARTH	O. E. Rolvaag
MARCHING ON	James Boyd
REVOLT IN THE DESERT	T. E. Lawrence
ELMER GANTRY	Sinclair Lewis
NAPOLEON	Emil Ludwig
HEART OF EMERSON'S JOURNALS	Ed. by Bliss Perry
THE ORPHAN ANGEL	Elinor Wylie
THE ROMANTIC COMEDIANS	Ellen Glasgow
THE TIME OF MAN	Eliza M. Roberts
SHOW BOAT	Edna Ferber
THE SILVER SPOON	John Galsworthy
THE SAGA OF BILLY THE KID	W. N. Burns
O GENTEEL LADY	Esther Forbes
TEEFTALLOW	T. S. Stribling
LOLLY WILLOWES	Sylvia Townsend Warner

In addition to this list, *between six and seven hundred books* during the last three years have been reported upon and recommended by our judges. Our subscribers did not have to take any one of the books above, but could have taken one of these alternates. An average of one-third of our subscribers—thirty-five thousand every month—either do this or avail themselves of the privilege of taking no book at all, when none of those reported upon appeal to them.

It should be remembered also that sometimes a worthy book has not been chosen in a particular month, but could only be strongly recommended as an alternate, because our five judges felt that there was some other *more* worthy book, in their opinion, which should be chosen.

This list, we believe, is one to be proud of. Our judges are human. They have made some mistakes in their choices, and know it. But, on the whole, we feel their record is a remarkable one,—and completely refutes the few critics who have been absurdly barking at them, for the last three years, on the ground that they are popularizing "cheap" books, with no literary merit. And when it is considered that 35,000 of our subscribers every month either take one of the alternate books reported upon, or none at all,—the further criticism that they are "standardizing" reading, and are leading our subscribers by the nose, also shows up, clearly, for the kind of twaddle that it is.

In this connection, here is an interesting fact: One of the leading publishers in the United States goes around telling people that, since the Book-of-the-Month Club started, it is far easier for publishers and booksellers to sell worthy books than ever before; in other words, that one clear effect of this new development in the book world is *that the standard of best-sellers has been raised!* We believe many publishers would agree with this.

What, as an individual book-reader, do *you* gain if you subscribe to this organization? There are many advantages, but this is the chief one: the system of advance reports by our judges insures you once for all against missing important new books you would like to read. The practicality and convenience of this system are unquestionable and it costs you nothing, because *your only obligation is to take four books a year at the regular retail price.*

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS WORTH WHILE

[THIS LISTING COVERS THE NINE DAYS FROM FRIDAY, MAY 17, THROUGH SATURDAY, MAY 25. TIME GIVEN, INCLUDING TRAIN DEPARTURES, IS DAYLIGHT SAVING]

THE THEATRE

(Unless otherwise noted, it is assumed that curtains will rise at 2:30 and 8:50 P.M. for attractions listed under "PLAYS;" at 2:30 and 8:30 P.M. for those under "WITH MUSIC;" and that the midweek matinée will be given on Wednesday. E. and W. stand for East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

THE AGE OF INNOCENCE—A painstaking dramatization of Edith Wharton's novel of New York society in the eighteen-seventies heightened by Katharine Cornell's performance. (Empire, B'way at 40.)

BIRD IN HAND—Three travellers aid the daughter of a stubborn old English innkeeper to marry against her father's wishes. A quietly amusing comedy by John Drinkwater. (Morosco, 45, W.)

THE CAMEL THROUGH THE NEEDLE'S EYE—A gay, Czechoslovakian Cinderella play entertainingly done by the Guild. Helen Westley and Henry Travers are particularly good. (Martin Beck, 45, W. Mat. Thurs. 2:40 P.M.)

CAPRICE—The superb acting of Lynn Fontanne and Alfred Lunt triumphs over unimportant material. (Guild, 52, W. Mat. Thurs. 2:40 P.M. Closes Fri., May 24.)

CYRANO DE BERGERAC—Another chance to see Walter Hampden's Rostand revival. This time for one week only, starting Mon., May 20. (Hampden, B'way at 62, 2 and 8 P.M.)

HOLIDAY—Much fine nonsense, and wisdom too. Philip Barry's comedy, with Hope Williams. (Plymouth, 45, W. Mat. Thurs. 2:35 P.M.)

JONESY—The joys of having a son home from college made into a pleasant farce. (Bijou, 45, W.)

JOURNEY'S END—Strained nerves, comradeship, and death on the British front, set forth with compassion and complete understanding. (Henry Miller, 43, W. 8:30 P.M. Mat. Thurs.)

KIBITZER—The jerky but amusing farce of an incorrigible know-it-all who knows practically nothing. (Royale, 45, W.)

LET US BE GAY—Francine Larrimore plays a disturbing divorcée in an entertaining comedy by Rachel Crothers. (Little, 44, W. Mats. Wed. and Thurs. 2:45 P.M.)

LITTLE ACCIDENT—Which laughingly proves that fathers have their feelings too, even if they're not married. (Ambassador, 49, W.)

THE LOVE DUEL—Ethel Barrymore gives an appealing performance in a dullish play about a pair of Continental lovers. (Ethel Barrymore, 47, W.)

MAN'S ESTATE—Young love and marriage in the Middle West, beautifully acted by Margalo Gillmore, Earle Larimore, and a Guild cast. (Biltmore, 47, W. Closes Sat., May 18.)

MRS. BUMPSTEAD-LEIGH—The revival of an old success which is still an ideal vehicle for Mrs. Fiske's incomparable comedy. (Klaw, 45, W. Mat. Thurs. 2:40 P.M.)

THE PERFECT ALIBI—A. A. Milne provides the best detective play in town. (Charles Hopkins, 49, E. 2:25 and 8:25 P.M. Mat. Thurs.)

THE SEA GULL—A sincere, unfurbished presentation of Tchekov's sombrely beautiful play. (Comedy, 41, E. Mat. Thurs.)

STRANGE INTERLUDE—O'Neill's remarkable nine-act prizewinner that one should see if only in self-defence. With a Guild cast. (Golden, 58, E. No mats. Curtain at 5:30; intermission for dinner at 7:40.)

STREET SCENE—The portrait of a New York tenement in an exciting and extremely important play. (Playhouse, 48, E. Mats. Wed. and Thurs.)

WITH MUSIC

BLACKBIRDS—A colored revue and a good one, with some swell tap dancing by Bill Robinson. Now in its second year. (Eltinge, 42, W. Special performance Thurs. at midnight.)

FOLLOW THRU—A riotously gay musical comedy about golf, with good tunes and dancing. (46th Street, 46, W.)

GRAND STREET FOLLIES—Sharp comments on Broadway's theatrical season, and some apt impersonations by Dorothy Sands, Paula Trueman, and Albert Carroll. (Booth, 45, W.)

HOLD EVERYTHING!—Professional pugilism set to music. Swift, funny, and attractive. (Broadhurst, 44, W.)

LADY FINGERS—An entertaining crook farce transformed into a fair musical show. (Liberty, 42, W.)

THE LITTLE SHOW—The best summer entertainment offered so far. With Clifton Webb, Libby Holman, and Fred Allen. (Music Box, 45, W. Mat. Thurs.)

MUSIC IN MAY—Shubert operetta at its floweriest and most tuneful. (Casino, B'way at 39.)

THE NEW MOON—A musical show threatening to go operatic; the scene is colonial New Orleans. (Imperial, 45, W.)

PLEASURE BOUND—Phil Baker and some other good specialists almost make up for the vulgarity surrounding them. (Majestic, 44, W.)

THE RED ROBE—Walter Woolf in pleasant enough musical swashbuckling. (Jolson, 7 Ave. at 59.)

SPRING IS HERE—Youth, horseplay, and romance shaken into an extremely pleasant cocktail. With Glenn Hunter. (Alvin, 52, W.)

WHOOPEE—Ziegfeld sumptuousness leavened by the superb drollery of Eddie Cantor. (New Amsterdam, 42, W.)

•

THE PASSION PLAY—The centuries-old religious rite of a German town crowded into the Hippodrome by Morris Gest. (Hippodrome, 6 Ave. at 43. 8:15 P.M. Mats. Wed. and Sat. 2:15 P.M.)

HOBOKEN—"After Dark, or Neither Maid, Wife, nor Widow," Dion Boucicault's mellowest of melodramas, produced in the spirit of the palmy days, can be seen at the Old Rialto, 118 Hudson St. (Hoboken 8088). Nightly at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30. . . . "The Black Crook," the grandparent of the modern revue, is being revived at the Lyric, 39 Hudson St. (Hoboken 5733). Nightly at 8:30. Mat. Sat. only at 2:30. . . . (Take Hudson Tubes from 6 Ave. and 33, or Cortlandt St., to Hoboken Sta., which is near both theatres. By motor, take Holland Tunnel, or W. 23rd St. ferry.)

VAUDEVILLE—Clayton, Jackson, and Durante and Ethel Waters will be at the Palace, B'way at 46, Fri. and Sat., May 17 and 18. Olga Baclanova will be there for the week starting Sun., May 19; 2:15 and 8:15 P.M. daily; extra performance Sun. at 5:15 P.M.

AFTER THEATRE ENTERTAINMENT

*Better dress, but not obligatory.

CLUB LIDO, 7 Ave. at 52 (Columbus 2840)—A smart after-theatre crowd being entertained by the singing of Chick Endor.*

CLUB MONTMARTRE, 205 W. 50 (Circle 6673)—Where everyone seems to know everyone else. Emil Coleman's orchestra.*

(Continued on page 8)

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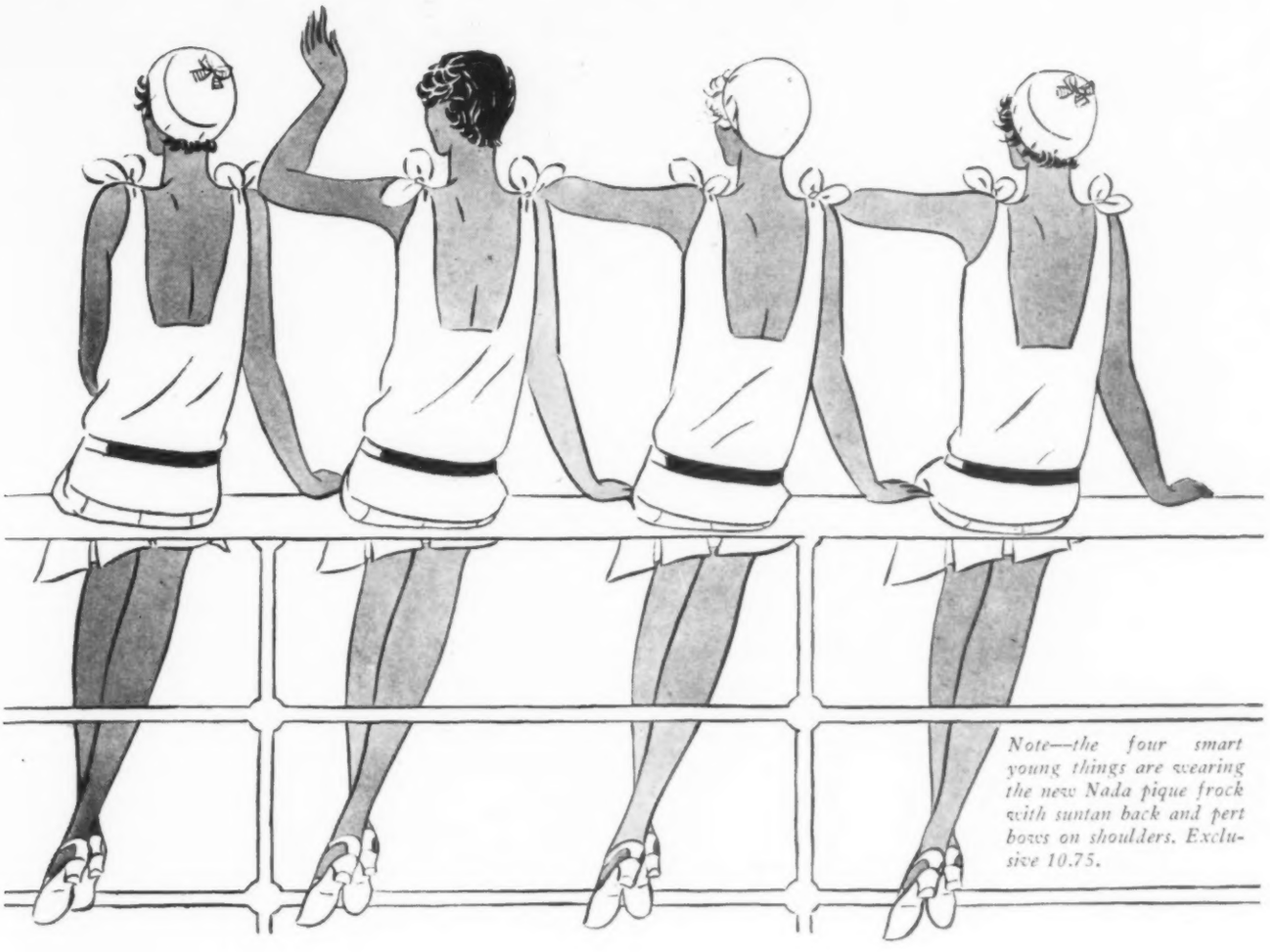
BARE LEGS?

Well that's the way it looks anyway!



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Lt. Brunette Med. Brunette
Dk. Brunette

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(Continued from page 6)

CLUB RICHMAN, 157 W. 56 (Circle 3203)—Featuring George Olsen and his music.*

RITZ-CARLTON ROOF, Madison at 46 (Murray Hill 7600)—Transformed into a Persian garden. Opens for the summer on Tues., May 21; dancing until 1 A.M. Must dress.

ST. REGIS ROOF, 5 Ave. at 55 (Plaza 4500)—Dancing to Vincent Lopez' music in Urban's blue-and-gold setting. Must dress.

VILLA VALLÉE, 10 E. 60 (Regent 0351)—The younger set enjoying Rudy Vallée's jazz.*

BROADWAY ATMOSPHERE—We list only some of the more interesting places of this type—there are many others: The Rendezvous, Winter Garden Bldg., B'way at 50, has that mad trio, Clayton, Jackson, and Durante; Chateau Madrid, 231 W. 54, where Jack White and Evan Burrows Fontaine are appearing; Casanova has closed at 151 W. 54, but will reopen as an open-air place at 134 W. 52, about May 22.

GREENWICH VILLAGE—Barney's, 85 W. 3 (Spring 8191), is a noisy meeting place which is very good fun. . . . For informal and inexpensive evenings: The County Fair, 54 E. 9; Mori's, 144 Bleecker; and The Four Trees, 1 Sheridan Sq.

HARLEM—The Cotton Club, Lenox Ave. at 142; Connie's Inn, 7 Ave. at 131; and Small's, 7 Ave. at 134, are among the better places for first visitors not under expert guidance. Go very late.

NOTES—The Ambassador Grill, Park at 51 (Rhinelander 9000), is open after the theatre Saturdays only: Larry Siry's orchestra.* . . . The address of the Embassy Club, open to members only, is 151 E. 57 (Regent 4900). Must dress.

•

JUST-OUT-OF-TOWN—For a short drive and a dance these spring evenings you might try the following: Arrowhead Inn, Riverdale Ave. at 246, about 45 minutes drive from Times Sq., and open until 2 A.M. . . . Woodmansten Inn, Pelham P'kway and Williamsbridge Rd., with Vincent Lopez and his orchestra; about 40 minutes from Times Sq. and open until 2 A.M. . . . Paul Whiteman and his band will be at the Pavillon Royal, on the Merrick Road, Valley Stream, L. I., until Sat., May 25; open until 1:30 A.M. (Sat. until 2:30), and about 45 minutes from Times. Sq.

MOTION PICTURES

ALIBI—The police and the crooks combine to make this one of the speediest, best photographed and acted, all-talking pictures of the year. (44th Street, 44, W. of B'way; 2:45 and 8:45 P.M.; Sun., 3, 6, and 8:45 P.M.)

THE BROADWAY MELODY—Theatrical life in a talkie considered of interest by many. (Astor, B'way at 45; 2:50 and 8:50 P.M.; extra performances Sat. and Sun. at 6 P.M., and Sat. at 11:45 P.M.)

BULLDOG DRUMMOND—First-rate photography makes this all-talking picture superior to the general run of thrillers. With Ronald Colman as the rescuing hero. (Apollo, 42, W. of B'way; 2:45 and 8:45 P.M.; Sun., 3, 6, and 8:45 P.M.)

LADY OF THE PAVEMENTS—Lupe Velez plays a cabaret singer in an attractive, though silent, costume picture. (Lexington, Lexington at 51; Sat. through Mon., May 18-20; performances continuous from 1 P.M. Also, Sheridan, 7 Ave. at 12; Sat., May 25.)

MADAME X—A highly successful all-talking picture devised from the big old heartbreak drama, featuring Ruth Chatterton. (Harris, 42, W. of B'way; 2:45 and 8:45 P.M.)

THE TRIAL OF MARY DUGAN—Norma Shearer in an entertaining rendering of the popular melodrama. An all-talking picture. (Embassy, B'way at 46; 2:45 and 8:45 P.M.; Sun., 3, 6, and 8:45 P.M.)

THE VALIANT—An episode in the experience of a man condemned for murder, done with a dignity above the average. (Roxy, 7 Ave. at 50; Fri., May 17; performances continuous from noon.)

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

[THIS LISTING COVERS THE NINE DAYS FROM FRIDAY, MAY 17, THROUGH SATURDAY, MAY 25. TIME GIVEN, INCLUDING TRAIN DEPARTURES, IS DAYLIGHT SAVING]

The following, if you run across them, are also recommended: "Betrayal," Emil Jannings in a mild silent picture distinguished by his acting of a Swiss burgomaster; "The Divine Lady," Corinne Griffith as the famous Lady Hamilton in an exceptionally well-photographed silent picture; "The Letter," Jeanne Eagels in an intense and absorbing talking picture of Somerset Maugham's play; "The Passion of Joan of Arc," a fine French silent picture of the trial of Joan; "Saturday's Children," a part-talking picture from Maxwell Anderson's play, with Corinne Griffith; "The Singing Fool," for the followers of Al Jolson, with successful Vitaphone.

ART

ADVERTISING—Showing the influence of art on advertising; eighth annual exhibition: Art Center, 65 E. 56. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun. 2 to 5 P.M.; Tues. and Thurs. Eves. until 9 P.M.

DEMUTH—One of America's best with five unusual pictures: Stieglitz Room 303, Anderson Galleries, Park at 59. Open 10 A.M. to 6 P.M., through Sat., May 18.

DÜRER—Engravings and etchings by the master: Knoedler, 14 E. 57. Open weekdays 9 A.M. to 6 P.M.

FRENCH—Moderns: Derain, Matisse, etc., in a group show for the summer: Valentine, 43 E. 57. Open weekdays 9 A.M. to 6 P.M. . . . Paintings, water colors, and drawings by Derain, Picasso, Dufy, Vlaminck, Laurencin, and others will be on view starting Mon., May 20: Reinhardt, 730 5 Ave., at 57. Open weekdays 9 A.M. to 6 P.M.

MINIATURES—Talbot Hughes' collection of three centuries of masters: Rosenbach, 15 E. 51. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.

MODERNS—Examples of the best contemporary European and American painters: New York University, 100 Wash. Sq. E. Open weekdays 8 A.M. to 9 P.M.; Sat. until 5 P.M.

YOUNG AMERICANS—Unknowns at the door: Macy, 6th floor, B'way at 34. Open weekdays 9 A.M. to 5 P.M.

NOTE—The enormously successful exhibit of contemporary American decoration at the Metropolitan Museum will continue through the summer. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sat. until 6 P.M.; Sun. 1 to 6 P.M.

MUSIC

RUSSIAN-AMERICAN GRAND OPERA COMPANY—Rimsky-Korsakoff's "The Tsar's Bride." Manhattan Opera House, 34, W. of 8 Ave., Fri. and Sat. Eves., May 17 and 18, at 8:15.

ASSOCIATED GLEE CLUBS OF AMERICA—Reinald Werrenrath and Cyrena Van Gordon, soloists. Madison Square Garden, 8 Ave. at 49, Fri. Eve., May 24, at 8:30.

ON THE AIR

KENTUCKY DERBY—Broadcast from Churchill Downs, Louisville: Sat., May 18, about 6:30 P.M., over WEAF and WJZ.

GEORGE OLSEN—And his band: Sat., May 18, at 10:30 P.M., over WABC.

MAX BLOCH—Tenor: Sun., May 19, at 9:15 P.M., over WEAF.

RUSSIAN CATHEDRAL CHOIR—Sun., May 19, at 11:30 P.M., and Thurs., May 23, at 10:30 P.M., over WEAF.

SOUSA'S BAND—Mon., May 20, at 9:30 P.M., over WEAF.

OPERA—"Halka," by the Polish composer, Moniuszko: Mon., May 20, at 11 P.M., over WEAF.

PAUL WHITEMAN—And his orchestra: Tues., May 21, at 9 P.M., over WABC.

SPORTS

BASEBALL—Yankees vs. Boston, Fri. through Sun., May 17-19; Yankees vs. Washington, Tues. and Wed., May 21 and 22; games at Yankee Stadium at 3 P.M. (Take 6 or 9 Ave. "L" or Jerome Ave. subway.) . . . Giants vs. Boston, Thurs. through Sun., May 23-26; games at Polo Grounds at 3 P.M. (Take 6 or 9 Ave. "L" or Bus No. 3.)

BOXING—Joe Scalfaro vs. Vidal Gregorio, Gorilla Jones vs. Izzie Grove, and Al Singer vs. Ignacio Fernandez: Madison Square Garden, Fri. Eve., May 17, at 8:30. . . . Kid Chocolate vs. Fidel La Barba: Coliseum, Tremont Ave. at 177, Wed. Eve., May 22, at 8:30. (Take Bronx Park subway to E. 177.)

CREW—Carnegie Cup, Yale-Princeton-Cornell, Ithaca, N. Y., Sat. Aft., May 18. (Special train leaves Penn. Sta. at 12:20 A.M., arriving in Ithaca at 8 A.M.; additional through sleepers leave Penn. Sta. at 12:40 A.M., arriving in Ithaca at 8:28 A.M.)• . . . Columbia vs. Mass. Tech., Harlem River course, Sat. Aft., May 18; first race at 2:30 P.M.; varsity about 4:30 P.M. The races can be seen from the Harlem River Speedway, and the finish will be near the Dyckman St. end of the Speedway. (Take B'way subway to 181 or Dyckman St.) . . . Harvard-Pennsylvania-Navy, at Annapolis, Sat. Aft., May 18. (Train leaves Penn. Sta. for Baltimore at 10:05 A.M. Electric service from Baltimore to Annapolis, leaving every half hour.) . . . American Henley, on the Schuylkill, Philadelphia, Sat. Aft., May 25. (Trains leave Penn. Sta. for Philadelphia every hour on the hour, taking two hours.) . . . Syracuse vs. Cornell, Ithaca, N. Y., Sat. Aft., May 25. (Through sleepers leave Penn. Sta. at 12:40 A.M., arriving in Ithaca at 8:28 A.M.)

RACING—Belmont Park season opens Fri., May 17; races weekdays at 2:30 P.M. (Trains leave Penn. Sta. at intervals from 12:30 to 1:55 P.M.)

OTHER EVENTS

DANCE MARATHON—At Madison Square Garden, and continuous, of course. With a flagpole sitter and a rocking-chair contest. It's a mad world.

FRIARS' FROLIC—Annual big show: Metropolitan Opera House, Sun. Eve., May 19, at 8:30.

A salaried home owner's QUESTION

"I HAVE been thinking of getting more life insurance. How much should I carry on a salary of $5,250 a year? I have a wife, and two children under ten. I have $24,000 life insurance, and nearly $5,000 in good securities."

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A Young Married Man's
QUESTION

Outside of $20,000 life insurance, I have no property of any kind. My insurance takes about all the money I can spare. Granted that I should have more, it's a fact I'm dealing with, not a theory. Wouldn't you advise me to carry only $10,000 insurance, and use the $200, thus saved annually, in building at least a small cash estate?

A Retired Business Man's
QUESTION

I am a widower. I have three grown daughters. My net income (mostly rents) is about $21,000 a year. Last year my income taxes amounted to $1,300. I give each of my daughters $300 a month, so that my personal income after payment of income taxes is about $9,000 a year. I have been told that I can save some money by trusteeing my estate. Is this true?

A Young Married Woman's
QUESTION

My husband wants to trustee his life insurance policies amounting to $40,000. This would give me only about $2,000 a year income. Don't you think it would be much better for him to trustee half of it, and leave me the other half to handle personally?

A Physician's
QUESTION

I carry $70,000 insurance, mostly twenty payment. About $50,000 will be paid to my wife on interest option. At her death, the principal will be divided when our youngest child is 30 years old.

My income averages $15,000. I have an equity of $30,000 in an apartment which nets about nine per cent. Our home is worth $28,500, with a first mortgage of $10,500. I have a cottage worth $6,500.

Would you change the insurance to straight life? Would an Insurance Trust improve this situation? If I were to trustee my estate, would I lose control over it?

A Corporation Lawyer's
QUESTION

We are engaged in working out for one of our clients (a close corporation) an arrangement for keeping ownership within the present shareholding personnel.

The respective share values of the senior stockholders are forty, twenty-five and twenty per cent; three junior stockholders own the remainder.

What plan would you suggest to preserve to the survivors the interest of a deceased stockholder, with adequate compensation to his estate or heirs?

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N. Y. 4

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new york chicago

MAY 17 1929
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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

THE Waldorf is going to pieces. The traffic towers have been dug up by the roots from Fifth Avenue. The green line in the subway has been replaced by lights. Peggy Joyce is renouncing her citizenship. The hippopotamus in the Bronx Zoo is dead. The lately acquired battleships have departed from the North River. Life is slipping away, crumbling all around us. Still, nothing seems to make a dent in the town. It occurred to us that if forty-two battleships could slink away with so little fuss, there's no telling what could be removed from New York and not be missed. We will wager (wagers like this being pretty safe) that if the Chanin Building were removed overnight and nothing said about it in the papers, less than six per cent of the population would miss it the next day, and more than ten per cent would live the rest of their urban lives and never know it had come and gone.

WE noticed that the Book-of-the-Month Club, in suing Mr. Macrae for libel, had retained the services of Rounds, Dillingham, Mead &

Neagle. That looked pretty impressive till we read that Mr. Macrae had summoned to his defence the team of Root, Clark, Buckner, Howland & Ballantine. We don't intend to lay any bets till we see the line-up and find out which team outweighs the other. With Rounds covering Root, Dillingham guarding Clark, Mead interfering with Buckner, and Neagle taking out Howland, that still leaves Ballantine free to get around the end. What's the matter with the Book Club sending in one of their own men—Broun, Canby, or Morley—to drop Ballantine in his tracks? If this country's books are being selected honestly, somebody's got to get in there and stop Ballantine.

AS far as we're concerned, the new idea of tinting movie films to stir the proper emotions in the observer isn't going to work. Our surly old emotions are not that easily led by the nose. Almost invariably, at a movie, certain characters arouse in us emo-

tions utterly foreign to the plot. Let us say that in the midst of a scene of quiet sylvan beauty, we happen to experience an erotic desire for the heroine—do you think we're going to be satisfied with the orange-yellow tint prescribed by the film company to go with sylvan beauty? We are not! We shall call loudly for the passionate Rose Dorée tint; and we shall bang on our seat till we get it, too!

WE look for a law prohibiting the use of the new Pocket Tester for Liquor. We would like to see our government remain consistent in its attitude about life and death. If it's a crime to give birth-control information, it ought to be a crime to give death-control information. Nature, having endowed us with the mysterious ability to create life and to lose it, depends for her normal functioning on the poisonous substances found in prohibition liquor—that being a recognized American way of breaking down tissue

and dying. Surely the state isn't going to countenance the general use by the public of a device for preventing mortality, wholly subversive to the workings of the Eighteenth Amendment.

A BEARDED hermit who lives in a hollow oak in West Forty-ninth Street has been complaining to us about the Paramount clock, as though we didn't have enough troubles. He says the timepiece has almost no value as a public utility. The lights never flash on till after dusk has rendered the dial illegible, and the lights go off at the stroke of midnight, just when people who live in the district are beginning to wonder about the time. For that matter, our hermit friend says he finds the hands hard reading at most times of the day and night, what with frequent fogs. More elusive than Mount Rainier to the people of Seattle

is the Paramount clock to this poor recluse.

Director Coolidge

SINCE the day last week when he was elected a director of the New York Life Insurance Company, we have felt closer to Mr. Coolidge. Up

THE FLEET IN TOWN

to that time there had always been a certain restraint between us. In the presidential days, in fact, neither one of us ever really let himself go. But the old barriers were removed when we went down to see him inducted into his new office. In the first place, we were not as awed by his new position as by his former one. One of his most important duties will be to act as chairman of the agency committee, succeeding Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler. Even so, things were not any too propitious at the start. The former president arrived in a great black limousine, looking heavier than he used to, keeping his stomach in better when he stands—more erect. Again, his photographic look of shy aversion turns out, in real life, to be an expression of querulous disapproval.

The ceremonies took place in a solemn, ornate room with stained-glass windows. A note of exalted service had been struck during the directors' meeting. Mr. Darwin P. Kingsley had said that when Mr. Coolidge pushed a button last December unfurling an American flag in the New York Life Building, the directors had felt that he became spiritually associated with the structure. This tone was maintained by Mr. Coolidge, who spoke of sacred trusts and precious treasures. Thus it seemed that our old awe and reverence were coming back on us. It was Mr. Coolidge who broke the ice. He got mad at six or eight photographers. First he snapped, "Don't do that!" at one photographer, and then raised his voice and shouted at several cameramen, "You men back there, cut that out!" It was this lapse into familiar idiom, right there in the Stained Glass Room, that really won us to Mr. Coolidge. He was not done, however. He stormed down the room to where a scared movie-cameraman was grinding slowly, and yelled, "Move on out of here!" The fellow apologized. "Move on out of here!" bawled the **ex-president.** It was a shocking scene. The shouting had followed so rapidly upon the heels of low-voiced commitments to Service, that there was an awkward pause. Then the cameraman left, an insurance director applauded mildly, with rare presence of mind, and the incident was closed. Not, however, before Mr. Coolidge and we had become just two human beings together, impulsive, irritable, normal. We didn't seal the new bond with words, just exchanged a look.

Ole Davil Sea

THE Lucky Strike rescues at sea have made crews and passengers jumpy. The S. S. Cuba—this comes from a man who was on the ship—was steaming down the Atlantic off the Florida coast one dreamy afternoon when it sighted a motor launch half a mile to starboard. In the stern a man was descried waving wildly. "Hard a-starboard!" bellowed the captain. "Hard a-starboard she is, sir!" shouted the wheelman. All hands were piped on deck. Officers flew up and down. Amateur photographers got ready to take photographs of a thrilling rescue.

Rapidly the steamer drew abeam of the small craft. "Launch ahoy," the captain megaphoned, "what do you want?" "Cuba ahoy; nothing!" shouted the lone man, who it could now be seen by the naked eye was playing a fish on a line. "What are you waving for then?" roared the captain. "To keep my balance!" yelled the fisherman. The Cuba proceeded on its way. An entry was made in the log. No testimonials.

PEOPLE are, incidentally, constantly phoning us Old Gold rumors. One was that a member of the Lorillard family had been ordered by

his physician to quit smoking cigarettes because of a cough. Another related that Mr. Belt, president of the company, has had his house done over in old gold—rugs, chairs, table service, etc. We don't know whether these are true or not, but wouldn't be surprised. There is undoubtedly a tendency to paint things gold for the cigarette's sake. The tobacco company, which is sending Whiteman's band to the Coast this month, wanted to have all the seven coaches of the New York Central special train done in gilt, like the Sherman statue, but the railroad officials objected. Each car will therefore have on its side the simple and tasteful gilt legend: "Old Gold—Paul Whiteman Special."

Fine Art

MR. CHARLES DE ZEMLER's barbershop on the fourth floor of the New York Central Building seems to be the last word. The walls are solid walnut, no marble or tile. At one end of the room is a sofa, soft chairs, a writing table. The walls are hung with rare old prints and engravings, all having to do with the barber's art, perhaps the best collection of its kind. When Mr. De Zemler was an apprentice barber thirty years ago in Stockholm, he saved money on lunches to start his collection. Now he has agents who buy for him. The furniture in his shop was designed by himself, executed by Sloane's. The whole place cost around a hundred thousand dollars. He doesn't use the building's ventilating system but installed one of his own, at a cost of twenty-two thousand dollars.

The customer may look at a fine collection of barber tools and shaving mugs and bowls, in one corner of the room. One item is a bleeding set made in the sixteenth century when barbers were also surgeons and highly esteemed—a tradition Mr. De Zemler hopes to revive. The room is topped off with a shelf of books, mostly rare, on barbering as an art and dignified profession. Some of the books are stamped with the coats of arms of the ancient barber-surgeons.

The head masseur of the place is a graduate of the Royal Masseur Institute of Stockholm. To be graduated from there one must pass courses in anatomy and medicine. Mr. De Zemler's barbers were all trained abroad. They are instructed not to engage customers in conversation unless the customer speaks first.

Mr. De Zemler has practiced in most of the world capitals. Once he was private barber to the Earl of Ypres and has a picture of the Earl, signed for him. In 1912 he was at the Ritz in Paris. The late W. K. Vanderbilt persuaded him to leave there and come to the Racquet Club here. He did, and was head barber for seven years. His greatest disappointment there came during the first visit of the Prince of Wales to America after the war. It is the Prince's custom to arise, play tennis, and then be shaved. Mr. De Zemler, who knows such things, was all prepared to receive his distinguished customer the first day the Prince arrived at the Racquet Club for his tennis, but the Prince sent a retainer down to the shop for a razor—and shaved himself. The barber's collection of customers, however, can spare a prince. Some of the men living and dead who have sat for him include the Crown Prince of Sweden, Prince Henry of England, Ogden Goelet, O. H. P. Belmont, Lord Kitchener, Earl Roberts, the Duke of Sutherland, Lord Brook, Mr. Balfour, Irving T. Bush, the du Ponts, Percy Rockefeller, John Drew, John J. Raskob, and Princes Dimitri

and Orsini of Russia and Italy, respectively. He thinks Mr. Raskob is the coming man in his present clientele. The barber has two sons, whom he is going to send to Yale.

Important

IT is related that Mr. Morris Gest was considerably excited at the last rehearsal of "The Passion Play" at the Hippodrome. The ensemble effects interested him most—camels padding around, lambs bleating, etc.—and he decided that there were too many actors cluttering up the scene. The players were not in costume and he didn't know them by sight but he pointed out one man and shouted, "Who's that? Can't we cut him out?" An indignant German assistant explained that this would be impossible, the character in question being Judas.

On With the Dance

ONE of the surprises of the waning social season was the holding of the Lonely Hearts Ball at the Biltmore Cascades. It surprised even the Biltmore. As may be known, the democratic affair is usually given by the *Evening Graphic* in an armory, or some plain, blunt structure. It appears that the Biltmore people hadn't gone very thoroughly into the nature of the ball when they rented the hall and were surprised to learn that the club was composed of people who got acquainted through a column in a tabloid newspaper. As the evening of the event approached there were stirrings below-stairs. Busboys, waiters, and chambermaids asked for the night off so they could attend. The management now took an interest in the matter and was astonished to find that the purpose of the ball was to get people together to cheer each other up, something sophisticated persons, of course, rarely do. Polite consternation reigned and a meeting of the board of directors, or some such body, was called. It was decided that an effort would be made to have the ball transferred to an armory or some place. Mr. Bernarr Macfadden's office was called and a hint passed over the wire. The function was perhaps—ah—a bit out of tradition. The *Graphic* stood firm. The ball was held at the Biltmore, it was a success, practically everybody was properly dressed. The Hearts, indeed, feel that they have earned a place in the social life of the city and talk of holding their ball at the Ritz-Carlton next year.

Reformer

A WORD about Mr. Abraham Vogel is timely. Each year as the summer days approach, Mr. Vogel, who is a lawyer with offices at 239 Broadway, prepares to forswear the use of coat, vest, necktie, and hat for the duration of the hot spell. Judges have got used to his unconventional attire when he appears in court. Mr. Vogel is not merely an individualist. He is a humanist. He gets other men to follow his example and has formed an organization known as the League for Sensible Clothing. He is also interested in the classics, literary and musical. He has three sons who are named, respectively, Herbert Spencer Vogel, Alfred Tennyson Vogel, and Richard Wagner Vogel.

Horseman

OLD Mr. Durland is dead. Horses, sir, saddle horses. He was one of the survivors of their heyday. Up to the last, although he retired from the riding-academy business two years ago, he saw saddle horses every day. He lived in a house from whose windows he could look out on the equestrians in Central Park. He was always a little sad over the passing of a statelier era. He remembered when you could see gentlemen tittupping along Seventh Avenue. We have mentioned Mr. Durland before, and once noted that his son Clarence is in the automobile business. The old gentleman held no grudge against automobiles. He always contended that they would never crowd out the saddle horse. "Try and drive one down a bridle path," he used to chuckle. On the day two years ago when he sold out his stables six hundred and twenty-five horses were quartered there.

His academy was, of course, one of the famous institutions of the town—in this century it was at 5 West Sixty-sixth Street, but he had a riding school as long ago as the seventies. It was at the corner of Sixtieth Street and the Boulevard, as Broadway was then called (Mr. Durland called it the Boulevard to his dying day).

He learned to ride when he was nine, taught the art to thousands of young bloods, knew scores of famous horsemen. Senator Roscoe Conkling used to come to his academy frequently, always with a piece of sugar or an apple for the bay he rode; and the Vanderbilts, Ryan, Belmont, Bennett, Billings, Gould were men Durland knew to talk to. Whenever the late Colonel Roosevelt rode in a parade in this city, he sent to Durland for a horse. He always asked for a fiery one. Durland finally bought a particularly spirited animal, named him President, and kept him always on hand for T. R.

Lucky

FOR the collectors of little facts about Broadway, there is the case of "Little Accident." Mr. Crosby Gaige, the producer, is sentimental, particularly where his son Jeremy is concerned. Thus he arranged that the New York opening of the play last October should fall on the lad's birthday. It being his first, there was no precedent as to whether this was lucky or not, but Mr. Gaige went the whole distance and carried the little boy about the stage before the curtain went up and had him touch every piece of furniture on the stage. That act, and all the rest of the show, has been running successfully ever since, profiting Jeremy enormously; for at the première Mr. Gaige made over to him the full ownership of the show. The whole thing has set the other producers to thinking.

High Living

AN architect tells us that the roofs or topmost stories of the new tall buildings around town are especially valuable but that owners are frequently puzzled as to what to do with them.

Mr. Irwin S. Chanin, for instance, has been unable to decide about the fifty-sixth, and final, story of his tower. Of two of the tower floors, the fiftieth and fifty-first, he has made a theatre, the highest in town.

Many owners have made their decision though. It's a gymnasium atop the new Lincoln Building going up across from the Grand Central in Forty-second Street. J. E. R. Carpenter, the architect, has allowed for a dead weight of seventy-five pounds to the square foot on this, the fifty-third floor, and very heavy gentlemen will thud about safely up there. In this section several penthouse apartments will be built. The roof of 10 East Fortieth will have two—forty-four stories up. Whoever lives here (neither is yet occupied) will be able to look down upon the somewhat less lofty studio of the Rev. John Haynes Holmes, whose study will be on the roof of the twenty-five-floor Community Church-Apartment Hotel to go up at Thirty-fourth and Park.

Farther uptown, in Fifty-seventh Street, the penthouse of the new Briarcliff apartments has been leased by Mr. Meyer Davidow, from Scranton. He has dreamed about a roof-villa and now will have one, with a swimming pool, real grass, flowers, shrubs, and even small trees. Another dreamer of similar dreams was A. S. Walker, the architect, whose ambition since he was a boy has been to build a skyscraper and have a place just under its roof. He will do just that in the new Fuller Building, now being completed at Madison and Fifty-seventh. With his partner, Mr. Gillette, he will have studio offices on the top floor. Architects often do. Harvey Wiley Corbett has a similar place in the penthouse of the Bush Terminal Building.

DOWNTOWN, at Tenth and Broadway, the Brittany apartment hotel's penthouse has been leased by downtown bankers who will use it as an apartment for the entertainment and convenience of the firm's out-of-town members. A residence on a roof in Wall Street is about to come into being, too. It will top the thirty-three-story building which is to be known as 120 Wall Street, and will become a residential apartment for the owners, Henry Greenberg and David Malzman. While not the first apartment on a downtown skyscraper, it will be one of few, and the first to be used as an all-year residence.

Seven penthouses will adorn the new Bank of Manhattan Building, which will be the tallest in the world, sixty-seven stories. The last six stories will be an arrangement of penthouses, one above the other. None will be an apartment, however. They will be given over to offices, shops, and so on, with two reserved for observation parlors, wherein one can brood upon immensities. The topmost floor will house a powerful lantern. Lanterns, by the way, are all the rage just now. The Consolidated Gas Building has an ornament of the sort, and that pagoda—erroneously so called—which crowns the New York Central Building is a lantern. The term is a technical one, and the device has been common to the architecture of many periods (*cf.* the Cathedral at Florence and the Capitol at Washington).

Public Service

THE staff of a West Side branch library was considerably put about the other day by a lady who came in and asked for a recipe for making cherry brandy. Far-reaching search through all the cookbooks and other possible references did not reveal the information and they were about to give up when someone, knowing the janitor's ways, suggested that he might be helpful. He didn't know the secret but said hopefully that if the lady would wait five minutes he thought he could find it out. He returned within the time limit with a huge policeman who, led to a corner of the reading-room, revealed the desired formula.

—THE NEW YORKERS

"What have you in the shape of bottles?"

"Demi-monde, ain't she?"

MISS THORPE, TAKE AN EDICT

"Why don't you ever hang your things up?"

SCENE—King's office in a palace.
TIME—9 A.M.

PLACE—Optional with the reader. Bosnia would be a good place. We might call it Bosnia and proceed on that basis always with the understanding that the election is open to debate, in fair forum, and that if anyone has any legitimate objections to Bosnia he can present them at a public hearing before a commission on which all sides would be adequately represented. The commission would contain a few pro-Bosnians, a few anti-Bosnians, a leaven of those who don't give a damn either way, a representative of the Ellin Prince Speyer Animal Hospital, a representative of the Port of New York Authority and, of course, S. Stanwood Menken, representing the National Security League. We could ask Anne Morgan, too.

SCENE—King's office in the palace.
TIME—It is now 9:03.

The King enters, R.U.E. He wears a crown which is covered with a rubber crown cover, as it is raining outside. He wears also an ermine, waterproofed robe. He takes off his wet things and throws them on a red-plush throne and the red immediately starts to run. Just then the Queen comes in.

QUEEN—What are you doing there? Why don't you ever hang your things up? Do you think I have nothing to do but trot around all day, picking things up after you? Take that wet crown off that throne. Now look at that plush, and I just had that throne recovered, too. Try and keep a palace neat with you around!

KING—Go on, you Craig's Wife.

(Exit the Queen. We shall see no more of her in this play, which, however, is to be only one of a sextology proving that the universe is motivated by a vital force called Theresa Helburn. The titles of the other five will be "Blue Funk," "Are There Any More at Home Like You?," "Where Were You on the Seventeenth of January?," "After Dark Beer," and "Eugene O'Neill." Now to proceed. The King wants to start the day's work.)

KING—Miss Thorpe.

(Miss Thorpe is his secretary.)

KING—Miss Thorpe!

(She's his secretary.)

KING—Miss *Thorpe!*

(Miss Thorpe doesn't seem to be anywhere around.)

KING—Drat that girl, where is she? Miss Thorpe ! ! !

(Miss Thorpe enters, L C B C L C Ah, Ashtabula High School, rah, rah, rah!)

KING—Miss Thorpe.

MISS THORPE—Yes, Your Majesty.

KING—I want Miss Thorpe. Where's Miss Thorpe?

MISS THORPE—I'll go see, Sire.

(Miss Thorpe goes out and returns.)

MISS THORPE—Yes, Sire.

KING—Oh, Miss Thorpe. Hello there. When did you get in town?

MISS THORPE—I'm down with the football team. I called you yesterday but they said you wasn't in.

KING—Down with the football team, eh? My oldest son, Orison, is down with the measles.

MISS THORPE—Measles? Well, well. In 1905 it was appendicitis. In 1910 it was having all your teeth out. In 1915 it was theosophy and Mrs. Annie Besant. In 1923 it was inferiority complexes. Now it's measles. What next, what next!

KING—Heaven knows. I sometimes think the world is going to pot.

MISS T—Are you going to have them out?

KING—What out?

MISS T—Orison's measles.

KING—We-ell, I don't know. Orison's not getting any younger, of course, and at his age—

MISS T—He must be quite a big boy now.

KING *(proudly)*—Ninety-four last Washington's Birthday.

MISS T—Little Orison ninety-four! Well, it does beat all how they shoot up on you. Why, it only seems day before yesterday that I dandled Orison on my knee.

KING—This knee? *(Feeling.)*

MISS T—No, the other one.

KING—Orison always speaks of you. He calls you "Miss Thorpe."

MISS T—The darling! I love that lisp of his.

KING—He has girls on the brain, if you please.

MISS T—Girls! Already? Well, I'll be bound. A chip off the old block, that's what he is.

KING—Ah, these youngsters today know more at their age than we ever thought of knowing at ours.

MISS T—I think it makes for sanity, do you not?

KING—I don't mind it. Certainly there's less prudishness today. Take the length of women's skirts.

MISS T—It was the war did it.

KING—Well, let's get to work. Where's the Prime Minister?

MISS T—Not here yet, Sire.

KING—Not here yet! What does he think this is, anyhow? Fourth time in a week he's been late. He's not essential to this business. This business would go right on without him, or without me, for that matter. Nobody's essential. No one should ever get—

(The Prime Minister enters.)

P. M.—Sire.

KING—Sire to you. What's the idea of being late like this?

P. M.—I had to go to the store for my mother.

KING—A likely story. Look at your eyes. You've been out carousing.

P. M.—Sire.

KING—I'm getting tired of you, Archy. I don't want to be hard on

you but really you'll have to get here earlier. You want to make something of yourself, don't you? You don't want to be a Prime Minister all your life, do you? You want to be a success. You do, don't you?

P. M. *(hanging his head)*—Sire.

KING—You've got to buck up and take more interest in your job. I don't want any clockwatchers around here, nor any men who run around with chorus girls. You don't suppose Patrick Crowley, President of the New York Central, got where he is today by such tactics, do you? Take the case of this man they just made President of the Metropolitan Life. You don't suppose he rose from the ranks by clockwatching, do you?

(The Prime Minister is now crying.)

KING—All right. Now let this be a lesson to you. Stop crying, now. Where's your hanky? Here, use mine. Blow. Blow again. Ha-ard. That's it. Now, we'll get down to business. How are my foreign relations?

P. M.—Sire.

KING—Oh, hell, you and your "Sire." Miss Thorpe, how are my foreign relations?

MISS T—Here's a letter from your American cousin, Hattie McDougall of Vicksburg, Miss., and she says she thanks you for the Easter card and she's got the misery in her back again.

KING—That one's always ailing. Any word from Cousin Terry?

MISS T—Not a line.

KING—Better drop him a line asking him to drop me a line. How's my navy?

MISS T—Well, a telegram says the admiral is overboard.

P. M.—Drop him a line, Sire.

(All have a good laugh at this.)

KING—Oh well, I enjoy a good laugh as well as the next, even if it's on me. How's my army?

MISS T—Deserted, Sire.

KING—Did he take his uniform?

MISS T—No, he fled in mufti.

KING—As long as he didn't take the uniform, it's all right. Get another army to fit the uniform.

MISS T—The uniform needs a little mending, Sire.

KING *(testily)*—Well, mend it then, damn it. Why bother me with these details? You know how I stress the importance of a good standing army. It's the best peace insurance we could have. If the uniform needs mending, go ahead and mend it. Never spare expense on the army. Buy needles, thread, everything you need. Shoot the works. I give you *carte blanche*, and I'll stand back of you if the Left makes any trouble in the Chamber. You say he fled in mufti?

MISS T—Mufti it was, Sire.

KING—I'll bet he looked terrible. Even in a uniform he was no bargain. What else, now? Anything under "unfinished business" or "good of the order"?

MISS T—Yes, quite a few petitions have—

KING—Oh, let's forget them. Look at that sunshine. Let's call it a day. You lock up, Miss Thorpe. I'm going out to shoot some golfers.

—FRANK SULLIVAN

"I'm afraid one is rather, apt to lose one's individuality in these big office buildings."

•

GENTLEMAN leaving for Paris can take care of miscellaneous affairs.—*Adv. in Los Angeles Times.*

Bon voyage!

PESSIMIST

The small green leaf
Fell down from the tree:

And the great oak tree
Fell down from the cliff:

And the huge hard cliff
Slipped down to the sea;

And the sea was sucked
To the sun in a whiff:

Then—Blink!
And a shout!

And the sun
Blew out!

—JAMES STEPHENS

• •

OF ALL THINGS

THE navy flier, Lieutenant Soucek, attained an altitude of nearly eight miles over Washington. Even at that he was nowhere near the limit of the limited tariff bill.

•

The Washington social conflict is on again with all its cruel inkshed and destruction of the spruce forests. If Mrs. Longworth invites us to this war, we shall send regrets.

•

The nations are gradually coming

around to this country's views on disarmament. One of these decades nobody in the world will be allowed to carry a gun except Daughters of the American Revolution.

•

Judge Hughes thinks that there should be some restraint upon the fun poked back and forth between the great English-speaking nations. This department, nevertheless, stands steadfast for the freedom of the wheeze.

•

No matter what scoffers may say, the recent free-balloon race had scientific value. It proved that it was possible for a human being to get a long way from Pittsburgh in a short time.

•

Little or no whoopee was made over the news that a church organ player of Riverhead, Long Island, has been sent to Sing Sing. He was convicted as a bigamist, not as an organist.

•

Eddie Cantor fears that the public may be skeptical about his retirement from the stage, but not at all. He did *not* announce that he is going to be a farmer.

•

A fifty-million-dollar residential city is to be built in the financial district. We oldsters must remember to remember when Wall Street was considered way downtown.

•

Pennsylvania is getting peevish because it has only one Senator. Close students of Dave Reed hold that this is a gross exaggeration.

•

A democratic people, if we understand it, is one which pays big prices for Waldorf chairs because of the faint possibility that they may once have upheld royalty.

•

America's case in the I'm Alone dispute is based upon the doctrine of "hot and continuous pursuit." By a curious coincidence this is the same government which thinks so poorly of the hot and continuous pursuit of happiness.

•

Now the Vanguard Press advertises a war book with a letter from a major-general saying it is no good. We are entering the era of the signed detestimonial.

•

Authors and illustrators in large numbers have joined the antiprohibition movement. At last the artist and the writer have found something that is a greater menace than each other.

—HOWARD BRUBAKER

"Sure—have a filet mignon. I'll put it on my expense account as having my brakes relined."

CHILDREN'S HOUR

JEREMY and Penelope consider their baby extraordinary. In fact they feel that it's extraordinary that they should have a baby at all. It's something a little special, a little quaint, and too utterly original of them to have done such a simple, ingenuous thing. The fact that they had the baby a whole year before babies became the mode in their set has made them at the same time triumphant and resentful.

"My dear," Penelope will tell you, "there wasn't a soul in New York who had a baby before we started the fad. Now they are simply all over. Our baby was hardly *born* before people started copying us. It's too disgusting. Why, the Carneys admit they would never have thought of it if it hadn't been for ours. I don't care if Mabel Carney does copy my evening clothes, but I do think she might

have let us have our baby in peace."

Penelope and Jeremy's baby's name is Christopher. It was a little late for Mr. Milne but they didn't care because it went so well with their names. Jeremy, Penelope, and Christopher. It sounded (to them) like a page from an English novel. It didn't go so awfully well with Titts, but maybe they could change that. Penelope had changed *her* name from Jessie when she had first started to sing Russian folk songs at Sunday evening divertissements. Jeremy's name had, miraculously, always been Jeremy. That was a stroke of luck.

When he had started in to paint he had worried a good deal about the Titts, but it was such a comfort to have people run across your things and know they were yours at once and not have to explain about a nom de brush, as it were. When he began to do really important things, portraits, of course he'd just have to take the plunge and take a name that could echo agreeably down the ages in the art museums. You couldn't imagine people saying, a hundred years from now, "That must be an early Titts!" In the meantime he is working two hours every morning no matter how late a party they've been on the night before, and every other year he has had a show of his drawings at one of the smaller, better dealers. Jeremy's mother, through the courtesy of her second husband, makes him a generous allowance.

CHRISTOPHER is his parents' great social asset and talking point. Since they have the edge by some months on their set, his doings are reported like oracles. They are listened to with a fair amount of patience because of the sporting rule that if you listen to a story of someone else's baby you may be able to get in one about your own. It is a little hard to figure out just when Penelope and Jeremy find out all these things. They put a sleepy head out of the bedroom door to see him wave ta-ta as he leaves for his morning on the Mall. By the time he comes in for lunch they are out to practice folk songs and painting respectively, and at six-fifteen the baby is irrevocably tucked in for the night.

When he was younger—he is now around sixteen months—Penelope and Jeremy were lucky in having a nurse who'd let people see the baby at the ten-o'clock bottle. That made dinner parties a surefire success.

At the replete nine-thirty hour, when guests begin to think they can't get through two more hours, Penelope would begin: "Isn't it the most enormous joke, our actually having a *baby!* Think of us with Walker Gordon at the door and bottles and sterilizers and bibs!"

And she would go on very elfin, getting younger and younger at the thought of a little wisp like her bearing and maintaining a baby, until by ten she was almost in rompers herself.

It would be hard to imagine anyone more pink, more placid, and more self-sufficient than was Christopher at ten in the evening. As guests were let into his cold nursery in throngs he would open one blue eye, turn his head with a gesture that seemed to say, "God, what people one meets nowadays," settle his shoulders deeper into his crib, and blow air noisily into his bottle.

"He adores his Mummy, don't you, pet?" Penelope would say. Mostly Pet would then feign sleep, except for steady pulling on his bottle. Once in a while he would open both blue eyes, let the nipple drop, and smile a gummy, sardonic smile.

IT was when Christopher was almost fifteen months old that his parents discovered that the children's hour and the cocktail hour were one and the same.

"I'm spending all my time with my infant now," Penelope would announce, "but I'd love to see you. Come in at five and have tea or something. And maybe if you are terribly good, we'll let you see the baby."

They served cocktails in the big nursery because it wasn't good for the baby to be carried around to rooms of different temperatures. Penelope and Jeremy had a regular course of tricks that they suggested to their son. They were:

"Give your handy-pandy to Mrs. Flank," "Tell what the doggy says to you," "How big is the baby?," "Show us your toofies." Christopher never even considered doing any of these, and Penelope always gracefully excused him by saying: "Of course we don't believe in forcing our child to do anything. We hate a show-off. Now, Pet, crawl."

Pet was off like a flash. The carpet was heaven, the promised land of a long hard day. He saluted the telephone box and cooed to every electric-light plug. The guests were ravished. "You have an amazing child. There's nothing in the world as interesting as watching a child. I could watch yours forever."

The parents purred and preened. There were more cocktails and no one noticed when the baby was carried off to his bath.

THE baby has been a wonderful experience for Jeremy and Penelope, they feel. It's brought them closer to life and to a lot of people they had always wanted to know better. But of course it's been exhausting too. And after all, you mustn't start in making a slave of yourself to children. So they are going to Europe, just a flying trip of two months, to catch their breath.

The nurse is absolutely competent, according to Penelope, and "really seems glad to have us go." Jeremy's mother will look in every day and the baby's step-grandfather will be attentive too, for he has a cherished plan to put into effect. He is going to teach the baby to say "Get the hell out of here" in time for the next nursery tea. —KATHERINE SPROEHNLE

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DEATH WAVES BY RADIO IS NEWEST LETHAL WEAPON—*Headline in the San Francisco Examiner.*

The way our set works, we'd only get mildly sick.

A DISCIPLE OF BRILLAT-SAVARIN ORDERS HIS DUCK AT LA TOUR D'ARGENT

[EDITOR'S NOTE: At this famous French restaurant you are given a card showing the number of your duck.]

"YOUR number today, monsieur, 95,877. . . ."

"Ah ! 95,877! By 56,877, out of the duck 89,543."

"Oui, monsieur. She by the fine drake 45,689—a smart bird, if I may say so, monsieur."

"I disagree with you, Frederick."

"Ah! I know, monsieur."

"Last Tuesday you brought me one of the get of 56,877. . . ."

"I persuaded you to look at it, monsieur. . . ."

"The wing a little—er—overdeveloped, Frederick!"

"So you remarked, monsieur."

"The breast a little meagre, Frederick—the whole bird, pardon me, Frederick—little better than a common barnyard fowl. . . ."

"Pardon *me*, monsieur. . . ."

"Ah—yes! 56,877 has his adherants. A fine drake, Frederick—to look upon—but his offspring hardly prove out in the oven—not the right spring of rib, Frederick—a little too thin in the withers. "

"Monsieur may be right. . . ."

"Now yesterday—that son of 67,900—a fine bit. Delightful morsel! As toothsome a dainty as I ever ate. 67,900 is putting his offspring in the right mold. Ah, the tooth knows no alibi, Frederick."

"Monsieur should know. . . ."

"Friday of last week, Frederick, you cut into 93,467—first daughter of 67,900. A day in history! Brillat-Savarin turned in his grave to give homage. . . ."

"We have a son of 67,900, monsieur . . ."

"What! A son! Don't let another minute pass. I shall see him with not a feather disturbed. . . ."

"Oui, monsieur. . . ."

"Frederick! I do not wish to be intolerant. Two years ago I bit into the choicest slice that ever came from the breast of any bird."

"I remember, monsieur."

"That bird was a son of 56,877! But the only one, Frederick, that was worth a franc. The old drake never repeated. Bring that son of 67,900."

—MARVIN MCCULLOUGH

HOW I FEEL ABOUT THINGS

I LIKE Riverside Drive best at dawn, Fifth Avenue best at noon, Central Park best at dusk, and Broadway best at midnight. I do not, on the other hand, like Amsterdam Avenue at any time.

I know of not a single speakeasy in all the town that has retained its pristine charm, once it has become popular. I have never seen the interior of N. Y. U.'s Hall of Fame. I am invariably saddened whenever I behold the recently erected edifice that fills the east slice of Fifth Avenue between Fifty-seventh and Fifty-eighth Streets. I believe that there is no such thing as an "average taxi-driver."

I am delighted by the escaladed terrace and gardens that set off the Rockefeller Institute, the façade of the Post Office that gladdens two whole blocks of Eighth Avenue, the touch of country that colors Park Avenue at Ninety-third Street, the upstairs rooms at Sardi's in summer, the elevators of the Graybar Building, and the Little Church Around the Corner any spring morning. It is once in a blue moon that I patronize the kosher lunch joints that line West Thirty-first Street.

I should, sometime, like to engage a meal made up of the *hors d' œuvres* from the Marguery, the *potage Santé* from Jean's, the *sole americaine* from Robert's, the venison *grand veneur* from the Colony, the alligator pear salad from the Divan Parisien, the *coupe St. Jacques* from the Polignac, and the Swiss cheese from the Three Star Chop House. I prefer the clamor of East Fourteenth Street to that of West 125th Street. I will, every so often, take in a midnight sailing at the White Star or French Line piers.

I CONSIDER the opening up of Depew Drive off the Grand Central an excellent move, and have often wondered why it had not been done years ago. Of the foreign sections of the city I am most drawn to the German. I regard Orchard Street as one of the town's most squalid centres.

I will visit spasmodically the Delancey Street fish market, the Museum of Natural History, Joe's Owl, Police Headquarters, and the Stock Exchange. I believe Lewis Street to be the most poverty-stricken section.

I regard Cavanagh's, in West Twenty-third Street, as a chophouse of the first order, and one possessing an air of the nineteenth century more than any other I know today. I like the Mall in Central Park, the view of Long Island from the pinnacle of Tudor City, and Henri's barber shop in the Brevoort. I keenly regret the passing of the Castle Cave (with its bacon-garnished oysters on piping hot embers), the closing of the Kloster Glocke (with its steaming lentil soup rich with frankfurters), the collapse of Mouquin's (with its *escargots l'ancienne*), and the shutting up of Joel's (with its sizzling chiles and red-hot tamales).

I AM ever fetched by the toot of a river tug in the middle of a fog-blown night, but cannot learn to appreciate the melody of compressed-air riveting. I believe that Longacre Square should never be seen by day, just as I am of the opinion that Harlem possesses in its "Strivers' Row" one of the most pleasing avenues in all Manhattan. My favorite nearby roadhouse is Ben Riley's. I have not taken the Staten Island ferry for nearly seventeen years and have yet to make my initial excursion through the Holland Tunnel. I patronize Hicks' soda bar only on the rarest occasions, in that I am of the belief no glass of soda in the world is worth standing for. I have never been able to get inside Lena Hoberg's.

I once counted in a single morning as many as half a dozen different "bridges of sighs" scattered throughout the city. I prefer the Astor to the Biltmore "roof." I do not average three trips a year to Brooklyn.

I have breakfasted in the Park, lunched on the Drive, and dined beneath the stars in Park Avenue gardens, but have not yet discovered a single *al fresco* retreat half as enticing as Fernando's back-yard layout. So far it has been my experience to witness the worst moving pictures in the most comfortable moving-picture houses. I prefer the swimming pool of the Shelton to that of the Hotel des Artistes.

I am diverted by the baboons and chimpanzees at the Zoo; I am staggered by the oncoming tides of humanity that daily sweep the streets; I am charmed by the view from the nineteenth floor of the Beverly, looking south; I am saddened by the blotting out of some erstwhile beloved landmark; I am nauseated by the smug, sophisticated vulgarity that currently obtains along Tin Pan Alley. I am unable to derive much benefit from the air-cooled telephone booths that adorn certain of the subway stations.

I RECOMMEND without stint the good cheer at the Bombay Bicycle Club, the poplin ties at the Irish Linen Shop, the restaurant service at the Drake, the caviar at the Vendôme, and the bedroom slippers at Jaeger's. I do not recommend the chicken *à la king* at Lorber's.

Of the second-hand emporiums that grace East Fifty-ninth Street my preference turns to the Park Book Shop. I visit the Custom House only when unavoidable. I know of no first-class tailor in Hester Street. I have nothing but praise for the ablutionary equipment at the Cameo movie *maison*.

I have no wish to go camping on Washington Heights. I am not a patron of the Second Avenue "L" or of Lew's spaghetti house. I have never attended the Orchid Show. Nor have I climbed to the top of the Columbus Monument.

—CHARLES G. SHAW

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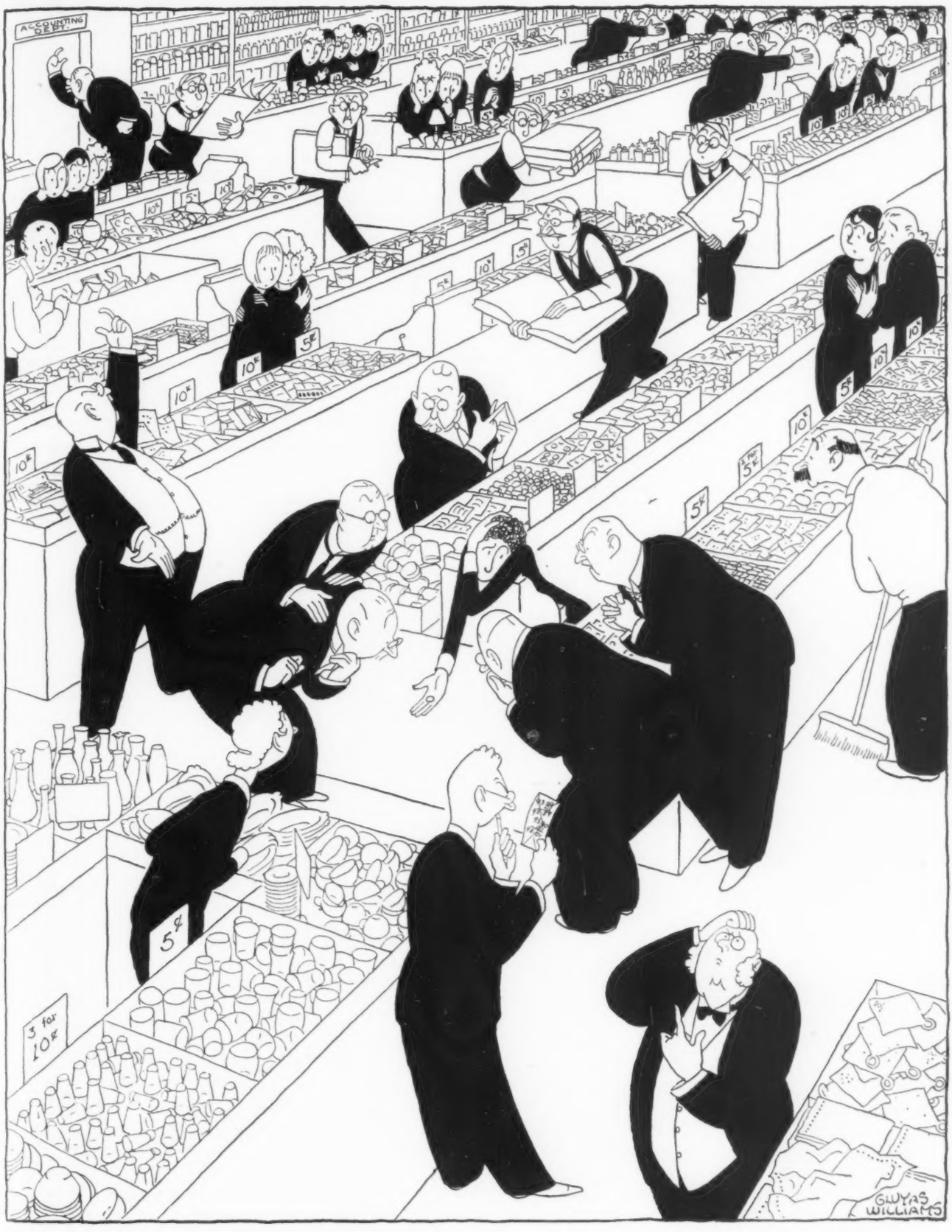
WELL-PRESERVED

A lady, out of sorts with Fate,
Grew weary and disconsolate,
  And periodically tried
  To find relief in suicide
From problems that involved her heart.
But every time she made a start
  With gas or razor blades or dope
  Or odd, assorted lengths of rope,
The telephone would ring, and then
She'd answer, full of hope again,
  That her uncertain darling might
  Perhaps be coming round that night.
And so between despair and rage
She lingered to a ripe old age.

—MARGARET FISHBACK



INDUSTRIAL CRISES

A salesgirl at Woolworth's discovers that her day's total is $93.01

PROFILES

THE DEEP, TANGLED KAUFMAN

IN the bemused minds of the laity, there used to be occasional evidence of a tendency to confuse George S. Kaufman, the blissfully unconscious subject of this memoir, with S. Jay Kaufman, an erstwhile journalist at present without portfolio. It was the latter Kaufman who helpfully suggested an ingenious key to unlock the confusion. He himself could be identified as the *kind* Kaufman.

George S. Kaufman

With that point nicely cleared up, there remains for the present historian only to instruct the layman how to tell the unkind Kaufman from Zoë Akins, Eugene O'Neill, Channing Pollock, and others of his contemporaries among the playwrights of today. Given a few hints (as you certainly will be in these brief biographical notes), you will be able to distinguish him from the others almost at a glance. Thus, it is neither Brother Pollock nor Sister Akins who seldom writes a play without a collaborator; who, rather than let a fresh vegetable soil his lips, subsists on a severe diet of meat, bread, and chocolate peppermints; who, in the laboratory work any dramatist must do, limits his studies of human nature and the American scene as far as possible to the moments when he is dummy at the New York Bridge Club; who, while walking hatless and alone a-down our avenues, talks continuously to himself in what appears to terrified passersby as a low, confidential snarl; and who, during the seven or eight years in which he has been one of the most competent, fertile, and successfully productive of American playwrights, has hung on with puzzling tenacity to the same newspaper job with which he was, by a narrow margin, keeping body and soul apart when his first play was accepted for production. There is Mr. Kaufman for you in a nutshell.

THE unkind Kaufman hails from Pittsburgh, an item in the vital statistics of that community subsequently recorded in song on an occasion when our hero, clad in sombrero, spurs, and chaps, chanted with his current collaborator a duet which ran something—nay, exactly—like this:

> Oh, we are Kaufman and Connelly from Pittsburgh,
> We're Kaufman and Connelly from the West,
> It's true no one has asked us yet,
> But in New York it's etiquette,
> To wear a 24-sheet on your chest.
> So will the managers please give us their attention?
> The Algonquin is where we can be addressed.
> We have no wish to embarrass,
> Samuel H. or William Harris,
> But we're Kaufman and Connelly,
> We're Kaufman and Connelly
> We're Kaufman and Connelly
> From the West.

Unless the foregoing lyric fragment be considered an exception, the only previous biography of Mr. Kaufman which ever came before these old eyes was published, oddly enough, in Paris. It appeared in *L'Illustration*, when that Parisian weekly for the first, and, so far as I know, the last time in its history, published an American play as its dramatic supplement. The piece chosen was Kaufman's "The Butter and Egg Man," an enormously funny comedy made memorable for us here by the gracious and adroit performance given by Gregory Kelly, for whom it was written. It appeared in French, mysteriously entitled "Le Gentleman de l'Ohio," and its translator went through ecstasies of anxiety in transposing its smart Broadwayese into a compensating Montmartrois *argot*. I remember that, after what must have been a long and painful study of the phrase "Louis Mann," he changed it to "David Belasco." Well, in the accompanying biographical sketch, it was set forth that, before embarking on journalism, Kaufman had been a *marchand de lacets*, but I must record the fact that he was never a peddler of shoestrings, really. After a month as a law student, now attested only by a volume on contracts lingering vestigially in his library, it is true that he did spend two years as a wholesale agent for hatbands and pump ribbons, in which endeavor he was almost spectacularly unsuccessful.

It was an occasional waggish contribution to F. P. A.'s *Evening Mail* column, insipidly and inaccurately entitled "Always in Good Humor," which led that old-timer to inquire at last who G. S. K. might be, to invite the young *marchand de lacets* to luncheon, and to recommend him when the Washington *Times* wanted a bright, inexpensive, young columnist. This column, I report with no little malicious pleasure, was entitled "THIS AND THAT and A Little of the Other." It was, however, much admired, and ran for almost a year. Indeed, it might still be running were it not for a chance sight of the young columnist glimpsed by Frank A. Munsey, who, in addition to being just a wee bit *rishes*, did, after all, happen to own the paper. Courteously cupping his whisper behind his hand, the eminent publisher asked his managing editor who the creature might be. The managing editor explained.

"Fire him," said Mr. Munsey, and, humming an old New England tune to himself, went happily off to buy some more newspapers.

KAUFMAN'S next post was the conduct of a column roguishly called "Be That as It May" on the aforesaid *Evening Mail* here in New York, he being the third, and comparatively successful, aspirant hurled into the breach caused when his patron, Adams, sold himself down the river to the then unamalgamated *Tribune*. When, in due course, Kaufman was fired from the *Mail*, a process which, by some species of masochism, seems only to

endear their profession to inveterate newspaper men, he became a reporter of theatrical news on the *Tribune* and shortly afterward he succeeded Brock Pemberton as dramatic editor of the *Times*. It is to this post he has clung with a doggedness at once grievous and surprising to those candidates for the job who have assumed each season, when Kaufman would write a successful play, that now he would, of course, give up his confining work in Times Square. There is once more a hardy rumor that his present leave of absence, timed to permit his sailing for Europe on May 18, will be extended indefinitely.

If he has stuck to this post all these years, it was partly because it fitted in with his passionate preference for life in Times Square over all the garden spots on earth, and partly because he has found it no mean social and domestic convenience to be able to rise each evening at eleven and walk out of the most tenacious situation with a plausible explanation that he had to go to the office. Then he had, it is true, gradually fixed it so that the job involved practically no work at all.

As a rule, publishers and editors have all manner of difficulties as soon as any of their departmental heads becomes financially interested in the field of his department. Thus the usefulness of a Wall Street reporter is considerably impaired the moment he opens a brokerage account, and a dramatic editor with his finger in a half-dozen theatrical ventures is regarded as something of a problem. Mr. Kaufman has walked this difficult way with such unerring taste and such fanatical fairness, however, that the only considerable outcries of the wounded to reach the alert ears of the *Times* have come not from the theatrical managements in which he was not interested but from those in which he was. For instance, in the days when he was George Tyler's favorite playwright, that wrathy impresario used to complain to high Heaven and Louis Wiley that the *Times* was the only paper into which he could not squeeze any publicity of a Sunday.

KAUFMAN's earlier plays included "Someone in the House," "Dulcy," "To the Ladies," "Merton of the Movies," "The Deep Tangled Wildwood," "Beggar on Horseback," and the libretto of a musical show called "Be Yourself." The first-named was a comparative failure, repair work on which was attempted by three hands, one of them Kaufman's. The next six, four of them conspicuously successful, were written in felicitous collaboration with Marc Connelly. When these partners separated it was popularly assumed that each wished to demonstrate to the other, and more probably to himself, that he could write a play alone. Kaufman demonstrated it with "The Butter and Egg Man," and Connelly, even more emphatically, I think, with "The Wisdom Tooth." Also on his own Kaufman wrote the book for "The Cocoanuts," and, with Morris Ryskind, the book for "Animal Crackers," both vehicles for the Marx Brothers, who, though inclined to get out of any vehicle and carry it instead, remain addicted to Kaufman as their favorite author, if they must have one. The next Kaufman collaboration, this time with Herman J. Mankiewicz, produced an excellent comedy called "The Good Fellow," which, atrociously acted, ran a good five nights. With Edna Ferber he has written "Minick" and, best of all his work in the theatre, "The Royal Family." Then, under the management, aegis, and lash of Jed Harris, he tinkered with and directed "The Front Page." He has also done a number of sketches for revues and a curtain-raiser with Dorothy Parker, and is now reported involved with Ring Lardner and Miss Ferber in the writing of two more plays, at present in the state described as "on the fire." The sessions with Lardner have been lasting from dinner to dawn. Kaufman has prepared for each session by sharpening several pencils and laying

"Don't just stand there! Do *something!"*

in a two-pound supply of chocolate drops.

ABOUT this chronic collaborator have grown up several legends. You will hear it said of him that he is almost deranged by pessimistic apprehension on his own first nights; that he is a wag of the first water; and that, while really a good and gentle creature at heart, he is curiously ungracious and snorty toward underlings such as office-boys, soda-clerks, waiters, taxi-drivers and—God help me—telephone-girls. There is this to be said about these popular notions of Kaufman. They are all quite correct.

Taking up these points *seriatim*, let us first consider the ghastly picture of despair that Kaufman presents at the première of every play of his. Pale, distraught, he weaves about the balcony, and is occasionally so afflicted that angry drama-lovers have been compelled to rebuke him for getting up in the middle of a scene to take a long, frantic ramble in the aisle. On the uproarious first night of "Dulcy" in Chicago, the more rational and frankly delighted Connelly went backstage after Act Two, only to find Kaufman on the point of self-slaughter behind a bit of scenery. Then I have not often heard more genuine laughter in the theatre than that which burst the seams of the Longacre at the première of "The Butter and Egg Man." In the seat next to me, Charley Chaplin laughed so helplessly and so loudly that I was embarrassed, and tried to look as though he were a distasteful stranger who had not come with me at all. Around Gregory Kelly, after the final curtain, a great swarm of congratulatory admirers billowed and tossed. He worked his way clear at last, to find Kaufman crushed against the wall, and looking a little like the late Marie Antoinette in the tumbril. The wretched creature sur-

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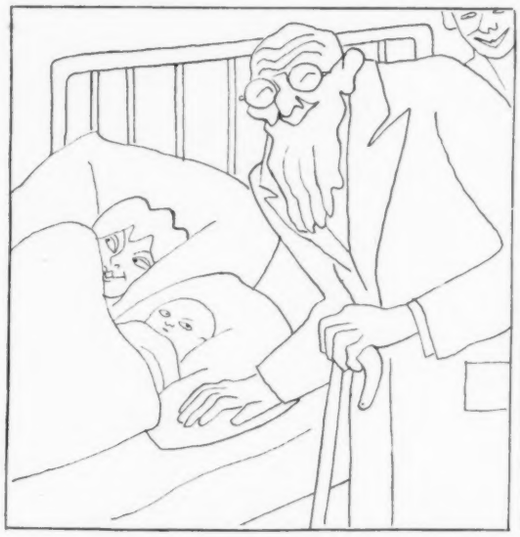
DAYS OF MIRACLES NOT OVER

Daily Press Reveals Startling Wonders

FALLS FORTY FLOORS, GROWS WHISKERS. Carl Mickers, aged 23, found himself bewhiskered but unharmed after a forty-story fall. While reporters marvelled, Mr. Mickers said, "And I shaved this morning."

EATS BUTTONS AND MATCH BOXES, THRIVES. Herman Sanbard subsists on a strange diet. "It's easy," said Mr. Sanbard, "I've been eating in restaurants for years."



FATHER AT NINETY-SIX. Jacob Van Lubin, aged millionaire, proudly showed his latest offspring. "Not so bad for an elderly person," said Mr. Van Lubin. Mrs. Van Lubin (aged 27) smiled impishly but refused to comment.

FINDS BAG WITH $96,000,000, KEEPS IT. "I've needed miraculous strength to resist the temptations of publicity," said Taxi-Driver Herbalt Hersle (above), "but I'm keeping this $96,000,000 which I found in my cab this morning." Mr. Hersle's final statement was "Goodbye, old New York."

rendered a chill, moist hand to Kelly.

"Well," he said, "we did our best. It isn't our fault if they didn't like it." And went home, convinced that the play was a disaster. It lived for two seasons.

Such fearful forebodings are only the uncommonly violent symptoms of a neurotic anxiety from which all producers and playwrights suffer far more than ever actors do. For, on a first night, their work of weeks and months suddenly passes out of their control, and, helpless, they must watch their brain-child running recklessly along a high stone wall, with an abyss on either side. Their inevitable anxiety affects them differently, according to the hue of their humors. Thus, at the hundredth performance of "Helena's Husband," I was disturbed by the deafening laughter of a nearby playgoer, on whom at last I decided to expend one of my colder glances. Turning, I found to my naïve surprise that the uproar came from none other than Philip Moeller, who had not only written and directed the play, but must have seen it nearly a hundred times. I realized then that his shattering guffaws were no sign of merriment or enjoyment at all, but just the outward evidence of a burning inner hope that other people would find his play funny.

KAUFMAN'S reputation as a wag is equally justified, but of late years he has husbanded his jokes for the amusement of his fellow members of the Thanatopsis Inside Straight Club. Therefore they are untainted by the hope of gain, except as he may occasionally expect to steal a pot in the relaxation of the general merriment. Another consequence is that they appear in print but seldom, usually some time during the ensuing week and signed "Heywood Broun."

His goings-on with underlings embarrass his friends, and they all grinned from ear to ear recently when they heard that a taxi-driver, who was assisting Kaufman to convey some parents and several aunts to a midnight sailing from a North River pier, became so wrought up by his client's caustic comments on his driving that, on a dark and stormy night, half way between Tenth and Eleventh Avenues, his spirits gave way, and he declined to drive Kaufman a foot further. A just God, having employed the taxi-driver as His instrument, looked down with satisfaction on a distressed family group, huddled and marooned on a rain-swept sidewalk. On this picture, let us draw a veil of tears. It should be explained that the unsocial attitude thus harshly penalized is not the top-loftiness which is described somewhere as the manner of a duchess looking at bugs. Rather, it is a mixture of nervous exasperation with animosity. Kaufman orders any meal between teeth clenched as in hatred, and when he specifies that he wants *chocolate* ice cream in his chocolate-ice-cream soda, it is with such ferocity that the glass rattles in the clerk's hand.

I think it is only fair to add, in his behalf, that he is equally severe with his overlings. As one who was his abashed chief at the *Times* for several years, I can testify that he was always careful to treat me like dirt, and I am sure that Mr. Ochs and all the executives at the *Times* have had to struggle along, even unto the present day, without so much as one conciliatory or deferential smile from their Pittsburgh playboy.

FOR another legend about Kaufman there is less basis. That is his notion that he is frail and disposed to phthisis. Although he has not been incapacitated by illness for so much as six weeks in a dozen years, he himself shares this general apprehension, and has been known to swoon at the sight of a stethoscope. His notion of combatting this malady is to spend all of his time indoors, stoutly opposing any new fangled notion of opening the windows. A discovery of his passion for croquet of the more violent type, at which he is unexpectedly powerful and precise, has recently lured him into the open, and he can often be seen playing in Central Park. In the crises of a game he uses enough facial expression to see even George Marion through an entire season, and his stance with a mallet, which faintly suggests a morning glory vine climbing a pole, draws enthralled audiences of small children, whom he occasionally rewards and scatters with a glance of murderous antipathy.

It remains for me to add that this eccentric fellow rejoices his collaborators by wearing a new tie every day; that in the throes of composition he seems to crawl up the walls of the apartment in the manner of the late Count Dracula, but that the only real wear and tear on a study of his is in the matter of window-curtain cords, which he ties into irrevocable knots while trying to think of some way of getting the ingenue into Sir Lemuel's bedroom.

Mrs. Kaufman was Beatrice Bakrow of Rochester, N. Y. Your correspondent feels justified in intruding this strictly private character into the chronicle of a public man by the circumstance that a monograph from the pen of Ring Lardner on the subject of Mrs. Kaufman was published in these very pages less than a year ago. In it, for the first time in this series of Profiles, the Spirit of Whimsy reared its ugly head.

The Kaufmans were married in the bellicose Spring of 1917. One of his collaborators reports that he departed for the nuptials from the Friars Club, equipped with two railroad tickets, plus a cash reserve of seventy-five dollars pinned to his undershirt. Only base slander could have invented the report that this nest-egg was discovered a few days ago by a delighted laundress.

Which about mops up the subject, except for the matter of what the "S" stands for. Frankly, it stands for nothing at all. He just stuck it in there to make his signature seem more distinguished. What a boy!

—ALEXANDER WOOLLCOTT

"The trouble with you, Bill, is you got your head in the clouds."

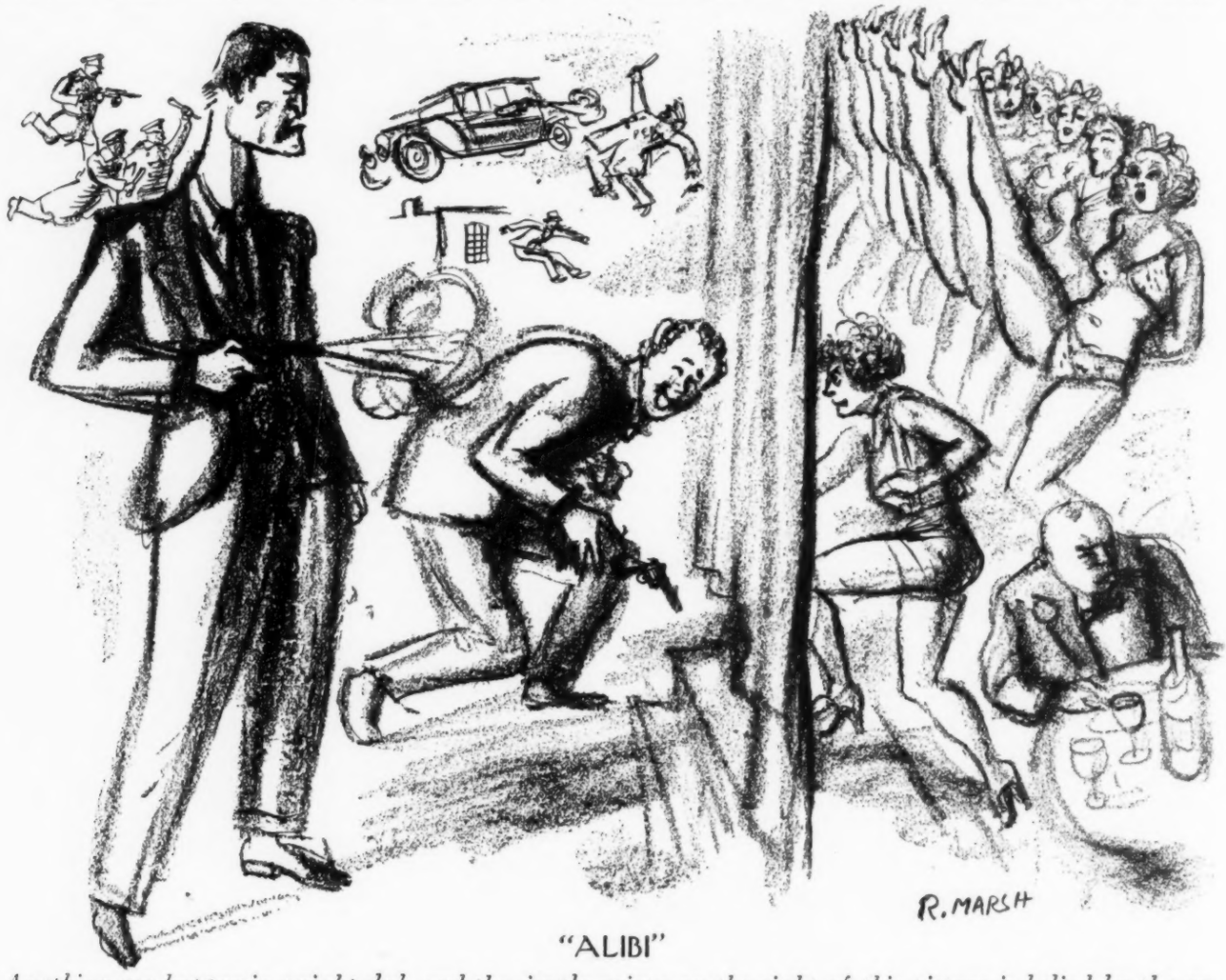
A REPORTER AT LARGE

L'ENVOI AT THE WALDORF

WE are still in the early phases of the Auction of the Century as these notes are written. The bronze Dianas in the lower halls, the marble bathers netting fish, the famous tapestries from Belgium, the breakfast set of the Queen of Spain, the one hundred and twenty-five baby grand pianos (largest herd ever assembled under a single roof), the chafing-dish in which Oscar cooked a bird's nest for Prince Li Hung Chang, and the celebrated five-ton clock from the World's Fair at Chicago with its plaques of U. S. Grant and Queen Victoria, are all downstairs in the half-deserted lobbies, still in the process of being fingerprinted by an admiring crowd and awaiting their melancholy turn to mount the auction block.

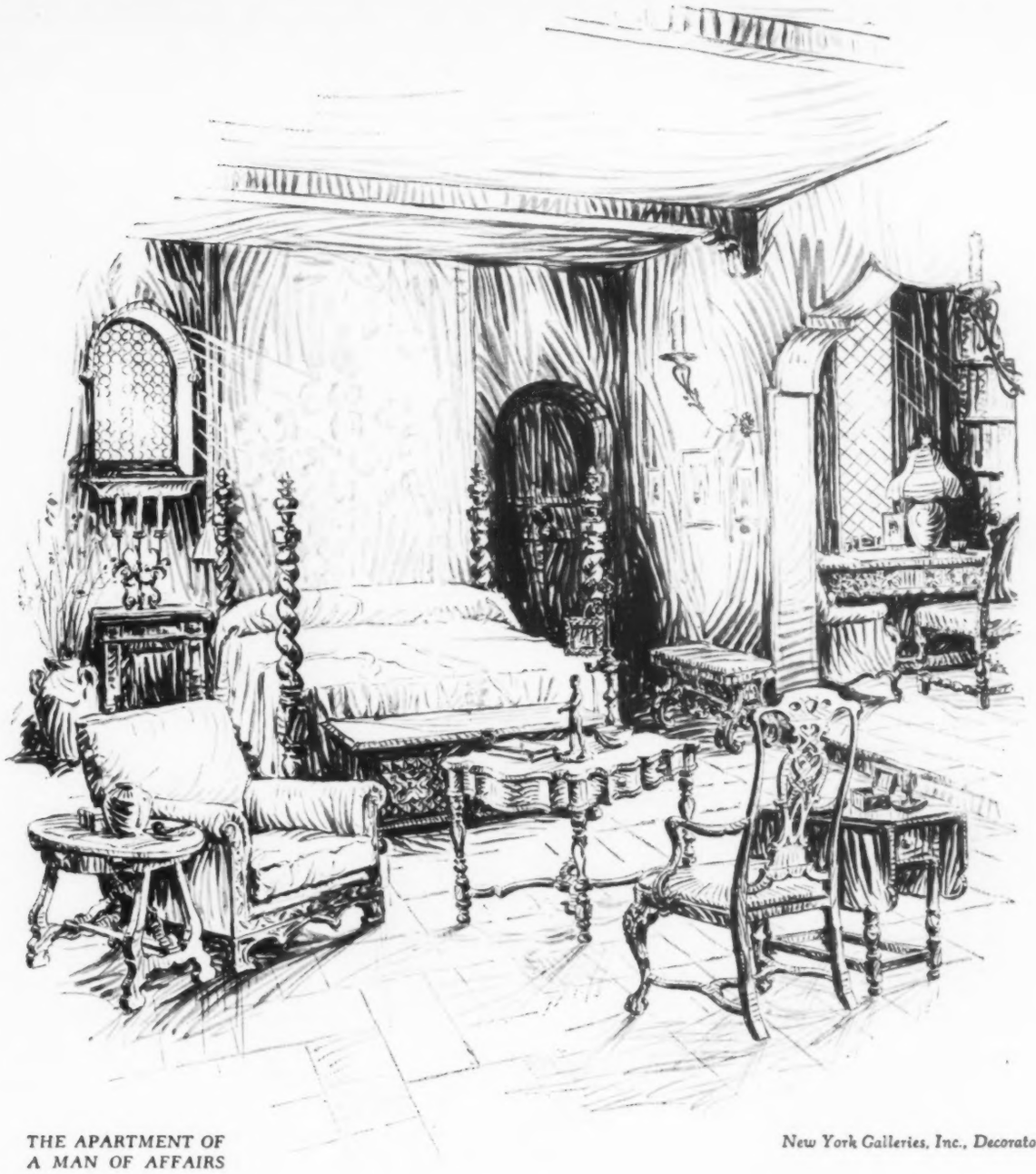
For the moment we have not reached these greater treasures. We are still upstairs, doing the bedrooms first, and the alternatives are unexciting. Item 11031, Velour upholstered couch. Item 11032, Curly birch settee. Item 11033, Louis XV bed. Item 11034, Pair of lace curtains. Item 11035, Another pair. Item 11036, Another. To be sure, the velour upholstered couch is amply overstuffed, the curly birch settee would do very well for the guest-room at the seashore, and rumor has it that Prince Henry of Prussia slept in this very Louis XV bed one night in 1910 or 1903. Nevertheless there is a certain monotony here, and the list grows repetitious.

UP in the roof garden on the sixteenth floor of this most national of all hotels, in the same broad halls where the Society of Independent Artists so often hung its cogwheels and its meaty nudes, the coy voice of Mr. Benjamin S. Wise chants the steady rise from one dollar fifty to nine eighty-five and the swan song of the most famous hostelry on the continent of North America. The crowd is placid, thrifty, undistinguished, varying from a corporal's guard at ten o'clock to six or seven hundred when the army of midtown lunchers is on the streets at noon. The bidding is two-thirds professional: the bidding of hotel men from western towns in search of suites de luxe, or second-hand men planning on re-sales. But out of the welter of bids comes a steady offering from private purchasers who are plainly in the market for themselves, not interested in re-sales, chiefly concerned about prices rather than the nature of the goods they buy, and sys-



"ALIBI"

Anything can happen in a night club, and the simple gaiety on the right of this picture is belied by the goings-on behind the scenes where the gangster (Chester Morris) is keeping his hand in by shooting a detective (Regis Toomey). Upper left: Two more of the lively incidents which make the film at the Forty-fourth Street Theatre grim and a little noisy.



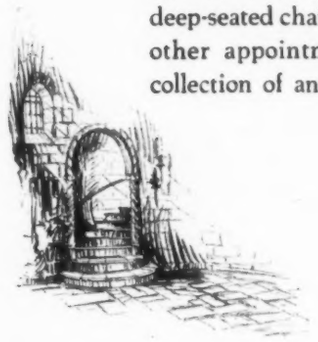
THE APARTMENT OF A MAN OF AFFAIRS

New York Galleries, Inc., Decorators

IN this alluring group of Old World rooms a Mediterranean background has inspired an apartment in which the man of large affairs may relax, oblivious to the modern world about him.

¶ The old Italian baroque bed and Spanish chest of mellowed walnut, the deep-seated chairs, convenient tables and other appointments chosen from the collection of antiques on view at these Galleries, create an atmosphere of ease and well-being . . . an environment quite essential to his masculine predilection for comfort and simple dignity.

¶ The charm and interest so apparent here suggest the studied care which this organization bestows upon each detail of an interior . . . that it shall meet the esthetic as well as practical requirements of this fastidious and sophisticated age.



New York Galleries
INCORPORATED
Madison Avenue, 48th and 49th Streets
CABINETMAKERS DECORATORS ANTIQUARIANS
ARCHITECTURAL REMODELING

© 1928, N.Y.G

This spring, Packard is completely attuned to the new season. Trim, jaunty and fleet of line . . . harmoniously gay and smartly turned out . . . with a world of thrilling power under its graceful hood.

See the open car as only Packard can interpret it! Roadsters, touring cars, phaetons and double duty convertibles are offered in all three models of the new Packard Eights . . . as well as superb custom-built Packards by renowned coach builders.

PACKARD

PACKARD MOTOR CAR COMPANY of NEW YORK
Packard Building
Broadway at 61st Street
and Broadway at Sherman Ave.
(near 196th Street)

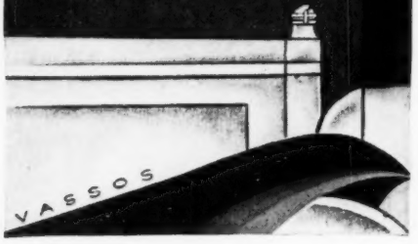
BROOKLYN
Atlantic at Classon Ave.

PARK AVENUE PACKARD, INC.
6 East 57th Street

WEST END PACKARD COMPANY, INC.
Broadway at 106th St.

PACKARD BRONX COMPANY, INC.
696 East Fordham Road
2110 Grand Concourse at 181st St.

Ask the man who owns one



tematically willing to bid once on everything that comes along until at last they have managed by these tactics to pick up something at a bargain.

That it is something they can conveniently put to use seems highly problematical. Ashtrays, bathmats, goose-lamps, bookends, armchairs, candlesticks, hatracks, and porcelain toothbrush-holders—yes; but it will be harder to find a nook at home for the great four-door wardrobes that have housed the overcoats of whole families of Waldorf guests for many years, the huge grandfather's beds, the twenty-by-twenty Wilton rugs, the Empire toilette tables and the plush window draperies which are sold in such profusion.

For most of these things seem far too large for the average New York apartment—or if not too large, at least too plainly out of style. By all the canons of style as style has been effectively preached for more than a decade by an alert household-and-garden press, these relics are a little dowdy: not old enough to satisfy the fanciers of antiques, not new enough to please the patrons of Grand Rapids. They are, instead, halfway between the ancient and the modern—leftovers from the eighteen-nineties, with all the scrolls, the gewgaws, and the doodads of that period, examples of the school of rococo which is sniffed at nowadays by every conscientious reader of the good-taste columns in the Sunday papers.

WHAT we are witnessing, it seems safe to guess, is not the equipment of ten thousand humble New York homes with a stock of useful and appropriate goods, but a sudden rush on a great treasure-house for the sake of its traditions. For thirty years the Waldorf has been building up its history and its prestige. In its last days it is rich in both. By a thousand ties it is linked to the march of events in New York life, and for an army of people who have been its patrons in years gone by it is the home of mellow memories.

Every corner of this place has its story. Old associations climb the stairs and line the walls. There are thousands of people in New York who can remember as if it happened yesterday the Phi Psi ball in 1903 and the girl with bangs from Louisville, the supper party on the first night Warfield played "The Auctioneer," the Christmas dinner when the twins came home, the night that Uncle Rob

91 CENTRAL PARK WEST

NORTH CORNER OF SIXTY-NINTH STREET

One of the Finest Apartment Houses in New York

Now Leasing for October Occupancy

Display Apartments Open for Inspection
Elevator Running

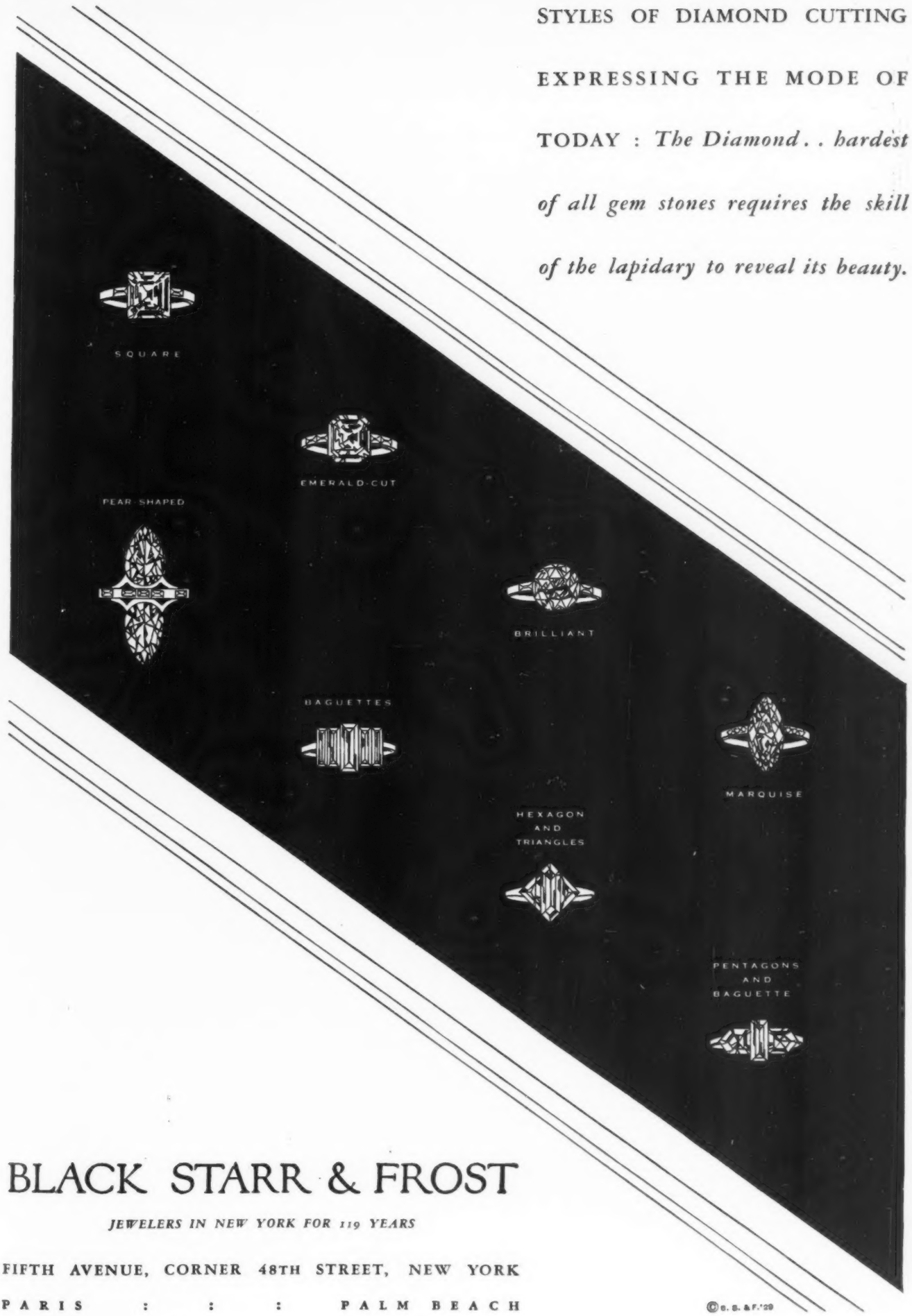
91 Central Park West commands a particularly attractive view of Central Park, its woodland, greensward and lake—offers the quiet seclusion of refined Park neighborhood—is convenient and accessible—receives a maximum of light and sunshine in all rooms.

Open Wood-burning Fireplaces, Electric Refrigerators, White Enamel Ranges, Four High-Speed Elevators, Brass Plumbing, Kitchen Ventilators, Completely Equipped Laundries and Separate Storage Space for Each Tenant are special features.

8 to 4 Rooms, also Doctor's Offices and Small Housekeeping Apartments Now Open For Inspection

EARLE & CALHOUN
Agents 265 West 72 Street

STYLES OF DIAMOND CUTTING EXPRESSING THE MODE OF TODAY : *The Diamond . . hardest of all gem stones requires the skill of the lapidary to reveal its beauty.*



BLACK STARR & FROST

JEWELERS IN NEW YORK FOR 119 YEARS

FIFTH AVENUE, CORNER 48TH STREET, NEW YORK

PARIS : : : PALM BEACH

©B. S. & F.'29

JOHN DAVID
Fashions For Men

STEIN-BLOCH CLOTHES KNOX HATS MEN'S FURNISHINGS MALLORY HATS

Double-Breasted Suits

TAILORED BY
MESSRS. STEIN-BLOCH

$50 Double-Breasted Suits of Blue Cheviot for business and all-round wear.

$55—Double-Breasted Suits of Gray Herringbone and rich cheviot blendings in handsome Spring effects just received.

$65 Double-Breasted Suits of fashionable Sharkskin Weave executed of fine worsteds in the new soft shadings of blue, tan and gray.

$75 Double-Breasted Suits of Unfinished Worsteds in complete variety, including dark Oxford Gray, lighter Cambridge Gray and smartest novelty tones of brown. Richly silk-lined.

These materials are also obtainable Single-Breasted.

EXCLUSIVE, BUT NOT EXPENSIVE

COMPARE!

Broadway At 32nd St.
1268 Broadway
338 Madison Avenue
125-27 W. 42nd St.
Broadway At Warren
Fifth Avenue At 43rd St.
Exchange Place At New
62 Broadway, Below Wall
Nassau At Maiden Lane
Cortlandt St. At Church

Two Convenient Shops In Brooklyn
Court Street At Remsen
Fulton Street At Smith

got drunk and gave his watch-fob to a waiter, the Musical Morning when Aunt Mary nearly left her overshoes, and the great evening when grandpa sat not more than twenty feet from Governor Odell at the annual banquet of the Genesee Society.

MEANTIME, for other thousands of people who never saw the inside of the Waldorf at any hour of the day or night, the place has achieved so vast a prestige that even the complete outsider seemed somehow to have stopped here, broken bread, and had a hand in these affairs vicariously. For thirty years fully half the stories of hotel life in a town whose local news is made by its hotels have been stories of the Waldorf. For thirty years incoming presidents, outgoing mayors, great divas, millionaire reformers, Oriental potentates and conquerors of land and air have been whisked up Thirty-fourth Street with a police escort and shot through these revolving doors into the acknowledged home of glory. For thirty years a never-ending stream of headlines has kept the Waldorf in the public's eye and made it a glittering symbol of the things which seem in a metropolis to make life vivid and worth living.

It is small wonder that a crowd of treasure-seekers descended on the old hotel when the last day came, the last guest had trundled his baggage through the lonely halls, and the hour arrived for the auctioneer to climb his pulpit with a gavel in his hand. History was going on the auction block, and the crowd had come to claim a bit of the Waldorf's glory or to pick up broken pieces of the past.

There was the Congressman who wanted the first purchase of the sale to go to Queens and got his picture in the papers with a dresser. There was the old lady from Tennessee who had been married in Room 915 when the Waldorf was a fortnight old, and remembered that the back of the armchair near the window had a lute embroidered on it. There was the gentleman who wanted a brick from the wall of the barroom for a paperweight and the gentleman who asked that a cuspidor from his favorite corner

Play *the* Silver King *now* 85¢

[*And still the world's finest dollar ball*]

Great news this to thousands of golfers who never felt quite willing to pay $1 for a golf ball.

And best of all the new price goes for the original King—the same fine golf ball—the only golf ball on sale throughout the entire world wherever golf is played.

With the King selling at this new low price, no man need deny himself the best in this year of 1929!

The Silvertown Co., London

John Wanamaker
NEW YORK
Sole United States Distributors

Lady Violet Astor

Hers is the serene beauty of the English countryside—hair golden as ripe wheat, eyes violet blue and skin as pink and white as a hedge rose.

She is one of the most beautiful and brilliant hostesses in English Society. She often entertains royalty in her magnificent London house.

AN ENCHANTING ENGLISH BEAUTY BEARS A GREAT AMERICAN NAME

LOVELY, lovely Lady Violet Astor! Hers is the serene beauty of the English countryside. Her hair is golden as ripe wheat, her eyes are violet blue, her skin is pink and white as a hedge rose.

Daughter of an Earl, Lady Violet grew up amidst the pomp of vice-regal courts. Now she is one of London's most brilliant hostesses. But she loves best country life—gardens and flowers, fishing, golf and riding to hounds. She is a devoted mother and her good deeds bring sunshine into countless lives.

Sweet as her shy name-flower, Lady Violet is yet a woman of definite convictions. It is no shallow vanity that has caused her to give her skin meticulous daily care with Pond's. She has lived amid Canada's snows, and under India's blazing sun, yet kept the bloom of that marvelous English complexion. She is outspoken in her praise of the "wonderful service Pond's have done for women."

"They've put in our hands the means of making our skin look younger each year," she says.

"Those Two Creams keep my skin so perfectly cleansed and protected! And the Skin Freshener, the filmy Tissues for removing cream—all four are delightful!"

Lady Violet leaving her London mansion for a ride in Rotten Row, Hyde Park.

You can buy them everywhere, Pond's four delightful preparations—the famous Two Creams, new tonic Skin Freshener and soft, snow-white Cleansing Tissues for removing cold cream.

THIS IS THE POND'S METHOD for home treatment:

First, for thorough cleansing, amply apply Pond's Cold Cream over face and neck, morning, evening and always after exposure.

Then, with Pond's Cleansing Tissues, soft, ample, absorbent, wipe away the cream and dirt. What an economy in towels and laundry!

Next, after a daytime cleansing, dab Pond's Skin Freshener briskly over your skin. It firms, tones, closes the pores and banishes oiliness.

The finishing touch—a little Pond's Vanishing Cream for protection and as a powder base.

Give your skin this care during the day. Always at bedtime thoroughly cleanse with Cold Cream and wipe off cream and dirt with Tissues.

SEND 10¢ FOR POND'S 4 PREPARATIONS

POND'S EXTRACT COMPANY, Dept. S
118 Hudson Street New York City, N. Y.

Name_____

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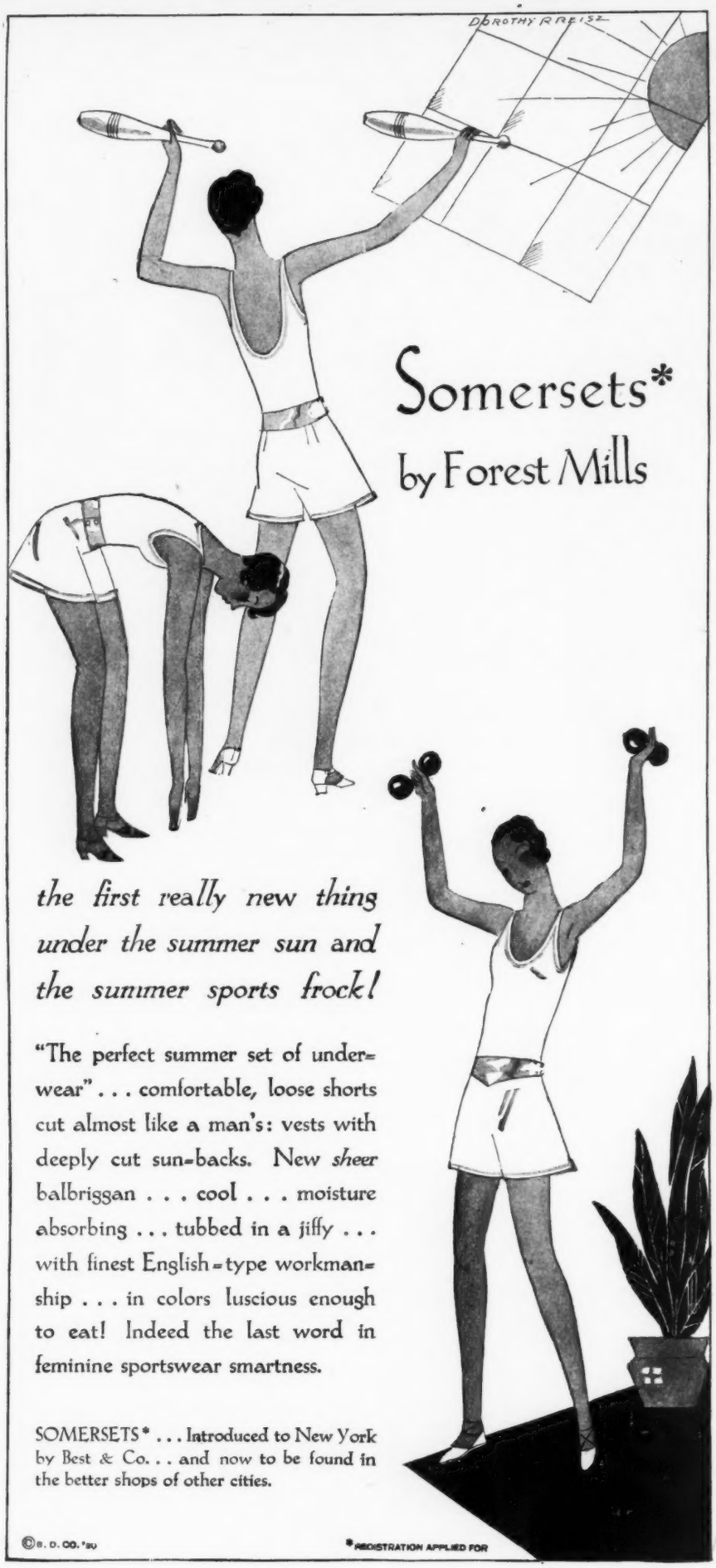

DOROTHY REISZ
Somersets*
by Forest Mills
the first really new thing under the summer sun and the summer sports frock!
"The perfect summer set of underwear" . . . comfortable, loose shorts cut almost like a man's: vests with deeply cut sun-backs. New sheer balbriggan . . . cool . . . moisture absorbing . . . tubbed in a jiffy . . . with finest English-type workmanship . . . in colors luscious enough to eat! Indeed the last word in feminine sportswear smartness.
SOMERSETS* . . . Introduced to New York by Best & Co. . . . and now to be found in the better shops of other cities.
©B. D. CO. '29
*REGISTRATION APPLIED FOR

of the café be saved to make a fern-bowl. There was even the gentleman who had met Mr. Hoover personally and arranged before the sale began to have a rug of his own liking put in Room 654 so that the President would walk on it when he came to New York to speak at a press luncheon.

WHAT will be the fate of hundreds of these special orders that have been piling up for weeks is uncertain at this stage of the adventure. We are up too near the eaves to guess what will happen when we reach the lower floors and whether competition will develop between various people who have been married in Room 915 or coveted the same corner of the barroom. For the moment the early throngs of purchasers are content to take things as they come, picking up odd treasures at random without reference to the numbers of their rooms and whether or not they have played a part in the lives of Pershing, Joffre, or Judd Gray, satisfied merely by the assurance that whatever they buy is at least good enough to be shown to the neighbors as a bona-fide trophy from this most historic of hotels—an iron grate, an electrolier, a bit of lace, a piano stool, a drop-lid desk, a mahogany whatnot, or a pair of china shaving mugs stamped with the famous monogram in which an ornate "W" falls into the faded arms of "A," under a wreath of roses.

One thing seems fairly certain. No matter how modest these lesser treasures from the rooms upstairs, and how humble by comparison with the tapestries and marble fauns still awaiting the hammer on the lower floors, a place of honor will be found for them in every home they now go out to grace. For these are Waldorf treasures. And the day will come when the shaving mugs from Room 1437 are no longer two items picked up by chance at an auction for a dollar and a half, but two items with a family history behind them.

Father will point them out to his oldest son as they blink down at him from the mantelpiece, and it will all come back to him (not for the first time, either) how the good old Class of 1911 was having its famous dinner at the Waldorf—the real Waldorf, not this new one, but the old one, long since deserted and torn down—when somebody made a bet with him that if they stole a shaving mug from the Presidential Suite and filled it with champagne, and filled another mug

SALES COSTS

ARE LOWER IN PHILADELPHIA

where one newspaper does the advertising job

MANUFACTURERS, today, are analyzing markets with an eye to *net* profits. *Selling costs* are being studied as closely as sales potentials.

They are measuring trading areas with the yardsticks of Economy and Effectiveness; comparing actual *costs* with possible *results*.

Philadelphia welcomes the most searching analysis of the sales opportunity which it offers—on this basis.

A trading area of three million people—America's Third Largest. A compact, accessible market where distribution costs are low. A city of homes and home owners creating a steady, persistent demand.

And a city where one newspaper has won the confidence of virtually the whole people:

548,573 copies of The Evening Bulletin are sold daily in this market of 600,000 homes.

Covering thoroughly an entire metropolitan market without duplication or waste.

Influencing a great people, because it is the newspaper they are conscious of, believe in, and buy—as an essential part of their day.

Since 1895, The Bulletin has built circulation solely upon its merits as a newspaper. Growing, without premiums, reader-contests or bold headlines to be far larger than any other newspaper in its city,—one of the greatest in America.

The Evening Bulletin offers today—Concentration, Coverage, and Economy—in a rich, stable market: An opportunity without parallel for effective advertising.

And in Exclusive Suburbs

Bala-Cynwyd, Bryn Mawr, Merion, Chestnut Hill, Haverford, Drexel Hill, the Old York Road Section—Suburbs that are world-famed for their palatial estates. In every suburb The Bulletin leads by far . . . exceeds the combined circulation of all Philadelphia morning papers.

The Evening Bulletin

City Hall Square

PHILADELPHIA

New York Office: 247 Park Avenue
Chicago Office: 333 N. Michigan Avenue
Detroit Office: 321 Lafayette Boulevard
San Francisco Office: 681 Market Street

Copyright, 1929, Bulletin Co.

"N"

a link to loveliness

In his disarming new perfume . . . "N" . . . Lucien Lelong captures fashion's last breath and then adds an aura of the season just ahead.

Fresh as a clean wind, softly feminine, "N" appeals to women who bind themselves indisputably to fashion and to loveliness with their perfume.

PARFUM
LUCIEN LELONG
PARIS

Inquire for "N" and the other Lucien Lelong perfumes and beauty aids at the smarter shops and department stores.

with rye, and shouted "Bottoms Up!" and so on . . .

"Sold to the lady with a gray hat at a bargain for ten-fifty. Show your number, please." Up on the sixteenth floor the gavel falls, and another brass bed goes down the river. Item 11031, Velour upholstered couch. Item 11032, Curly birch settee. More gavels fall. More tickets flash. More vans roll up. And more plots are laid for stories that will ring in the ears of another generation when nothing is left of the first Waldorf.

We are a reminiscent people, with a great passion for authentic souvenirs. And if we have had a great hotel which has touched the lives of many of us here and there, and become an abiding myth for many more, then it is fitting that when the day arrives at last to tear the place apart we should do it piece by piece and scatter the ashes far and wide.

"Item 11033, ladies and gentlemen, Item 11033. What am I offered for this Louis XV bed, this magnificent Louis XV bed with box springs and a hair mattress, this bed that Prince Henry of Prussia slept in, the night before he left New York to see Niagara Falls?" —CHARLES MERZ

•

QUICK CURTAIN

I could shut out the moon.
We put the curtains there
For just that purpose. Soon
I'll smother her bland stare.

But now, the budded tree
Against her lemon gold
Is delicate to see
And exquisite to hold.

So slowly in the sky
She moves; so slow and proud—
As if she could not die
Behind a little cloud.

There is no harm in her
Save beauty, which fades soon.
There! the young branches stir.
Shut out the lovely moon!

—ELSPETH

•

Sunkist Garment Factories—garments made with loving care in the heart of Southern California, in a wholesome daylight factory, fanned by pure-air breezes from sun-kissed orange groves.—*From the letterhead of Sunkist Garments.*

When night comes, we are told, they have to drive the workers away with sticks.

The STORY of a NEWSPAPER as told in its pages - - -

Typography

THE CHICAGO DAILY NEWS
BYRD FLYERS LOST IN POLAR SKIES
Nation's Worst Airplane Tragedy Costs Lives of Fourteen
BANDITS RAID HOTEL; COW 3 IN SHERIDAN ROAD
SHIP PLOWS INTO FREIGHT CAR IN FORCED LANDING
CAPONE COMING HOME TO MEET U.S. GRAND JURY
MEXICAN ARMIES PRESSING CLOSE UPON TORREON
hazards for landing away
base at this time of the y
not think the trip sho
and yielded reluctantly
when the scientific in
flight was emphas
the time that t
made in safety
became bad-
or more.

THERE is no better indication of the value of a newspaper as an advertising medium than the newspaper itself. *For in the character of its pages, in the worth and variety of its departments, may be seen the character of the readers it attracts.*

The general appearance of The Chicago Daily News is attractive and readable, reflecting in dress and typography the dignity, poise and good taste that characterize its editorial standards.

The Daily News is printed in Ionic No. 5, a 7-point type on an 8½-point base, the largest and most legible body type used by any Chicago newspaper. Pictures are freely used and reproduction is good.

Physically The Daily News is designed to be read with ease and pleasure by those whose interest in the news of the day extends farther than pictures and headlines.

THE CHICAGO DAILY NEWS

Chicago's Home Newspaper

Advertising Representatives:

NEW YORK	CHICAGO	DETROIT	SAN FRANCISCO
J. B. Woodward, 110 E. 42nd St.	Woodward & Kelly, 360 N. Michigan Ave.	Woodward & Kelly, 408 Fine Arts Bldg.	C. Geo. Krogness, 303 Crocker 1st Nat'l Bank Bldg.

Member of The 100,000 Group of American Cities

Only your BEDROOM *is truly* YOUR ROOM

SO simple a thing as a colored sheet can give your bedroom genuine *personality*. For your bedroom is the one room that is truly your own; the one room that can be the truest expression of your own personality.

What is the secret of charm and personality in a bedroom? Simply this—Color, on the bed! Follow the same principle that guides your choice of clothes—choose only those colors that are most becoming to *you*.

Begin with the bed because it is the most important thing in the room. On it place Lady Pepperell Colored Sheets and Cases in the color you love best—the color that makes you feel warm and *happy* every time you wear it—the color that brings out the full beauty of your hair and eyes and skin.

There are eight exquisite Lady Pepperell colors: three glowing shades of pink—shell pink, a soft rose, and peach.

There's blue—a real true blue, the blue of happy summer skies. And orchid, a shade that always makes white skins look whiter.

Nile green there is—the green of tender bud-leaves. And maize, a sunny yellow that is restful gayety itself. Lastly, there is white, for those bedrooms in which white is precisely the perfect "decorative" color.

Do these colors wash? Beautifully! They bloom afresh after each tubbing. The costly dyes are scientifically "fixed" in Lady Pepperell's own laboratories under the watchful eyes of her own chemists. And before it comes to you, each sheet has already been washed three times—to test its lasting color.

Lady Pepperell Colored Sheets are sturdy. They are light and firm, wear long, and endure much. They're smooth and even in texture. They average 400 *extra* threads to each sheet—a guarantee of longer life.

The good stores everywhere have Lady Pepperell Colored Sheets. Look for them when shopping.

Lady PEPPERELL COLORED

SHEETS *and* PILLOW CASES

make yours reflect YOUR PERSONALITY
Lady PEPPERELL *Sheets in* COLOR

Ask to see them in NEW YORK, at Bloomingdale's, Gimbel Brothers', Hearn's, McCreery's, Stern Brothers', Wanamaker's; in BROOKLYN, at Abraham & Straus, Loeser's, Namm's; in NEWARK, at Bamberger's, Hahne's *and* Kresge Department Store

Personality

BEDROOMS

READ THIS FASCINATING . . BOOK . .

We have a booklet with thirty color schemes for bedrooms carefully worked out. It shows you how to combine colors. Gives information on the colors most becoming to all types. Has dozens of hints you can use in your own bedroom. It is honestly a stimulating treasure book of ideas! It is 10c (20c in Canada). Send for it today.

© P. M. CO. 1929

PEPPERELL MANUFACTURING COMPANY
159 STATE ST., BOSTON, MASS.

Please send me the new booklet, "Personality Bedrooms." I am enclosing one dime—ten cents' worth of stamps (Canada: twenty cents).

Name.....

Street.....

Town and State.....

AFTERNOON on the boat deck . . . a game of deck tennis completed . . . or shuffle board . . . or simply relaxation under the restful warmth of an unclouded sun. Then White Rock—the skillful expression of hospitality in which a famous liner takes glory . . . the finesse of a Majestic, or a Belgenland. Inspiring thoughts of new lands to see . . . joy in the freedom of untroubled minds. And White Rock to be ever present . . . protection from changing water supplies . . . recovery from fatigue of too busy days . . . exhilarating . . . the perfect traveling companion.

Bottled at the Springs, Waukesha, Wis.

The Leading
Mineral Water

White Rock

Pale Dry
Ginger Ale

THE WAYWARD PRESS

CRIME FOR ALL

WHAT with murders, burnings, jailings and rippings, the metropolitan disciples of Horace Greeley and William Cullen Bryant have been as busy as little bees during the past weeks. Sometimes it has seemed as if we never *should* get through breakfast, there has been so much to read in the papers. Sometimes it has even seemed as if we didn't want to eat any breakfast at all.

The most recent, and least anatomical, of the newspaper records of crime has been the impressive incarceration of Mr. Harry Sinclair. The accounts of this ceremony have varied in tone with the attitude of the individual papers toward Mr. Sinclair himself. The reporters were inclined to make something of a good sport of him, but there was considerable divergence of detail in the matter of just what his first day in jail was like. Some had him eating a hearty lunch of beans and ham, others had him hardly tasting a lunch of beans and sausage; some had him going directly to sleep on the cot in the dormitory, others had him tossing and sitting up constantly to smoke cigarettes; most had him accepting with good grace the common drinking-cup, but the *Telegram* presented him with an individual glass later. His entrance to the jail, with bowed head and serious mien, was interpreted by some to mean that he accepted Society's verdict with good grace; the *Telegram*, however, in its editorial columns, seized upon this as a particularly contemptible gesture, saying, in comment headed, "SINCLAIR MIGHT HAVE WALKED IN WITH HEAD UP": "By walking into the jail through the gloomy night mists with halting, stumbling step and sombre face downcast, Sinclair assumed a contemptuous attitude toward a society which really has been very lenient with him."

It remained for the *Herald Tribune*, however, to beat all the other papers on a detailed conversation between Mr. Sinclair and his jailor concerning the time of his arising the next morning. Just where the *Herald Tribune* got the exclusive account of what was said is something of a mystery, unless perhaps Mr. Sinclair himself was covering the story for that paper in return for past favors from the Republican Party.

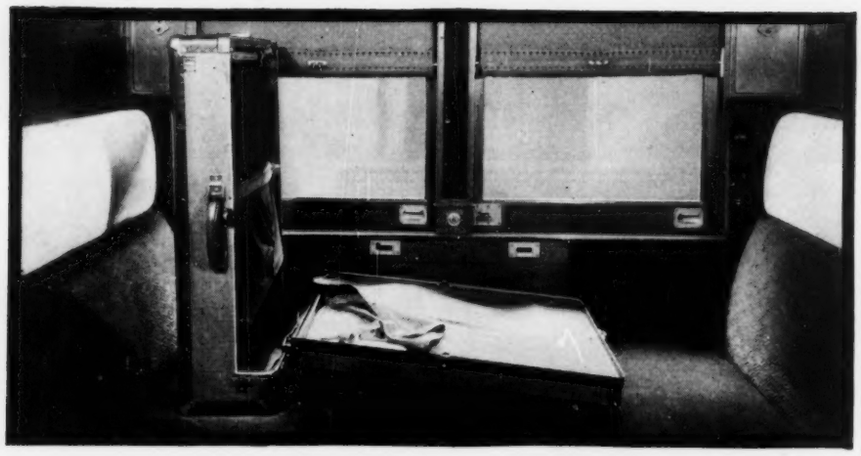
It seems a little strange that the *Morning Telegraph*, concerned, as it is, with horseracing and horsemen, should have entirely omitted any mention of the imprisonment of one of the leading exponents of that exciting sport. Those who are readers of the *Telegraph* exclusively were doubtless surprised not to see Mr. Sinclair at the Preakness classic.

A CHARMING feminine touch was injected into the Sinclair story by the discovery that the jail-nurse, under whose supervision Mr. Sinclair is rolling pellets, is "blonde and attractive." This makes it practically an ideal story for newspaper purposes and it is too bad that the warden has decreed that no more reporters or photographers are to be allowed to hang around the jail, otherwise we might have been treated to a very pretty romance.

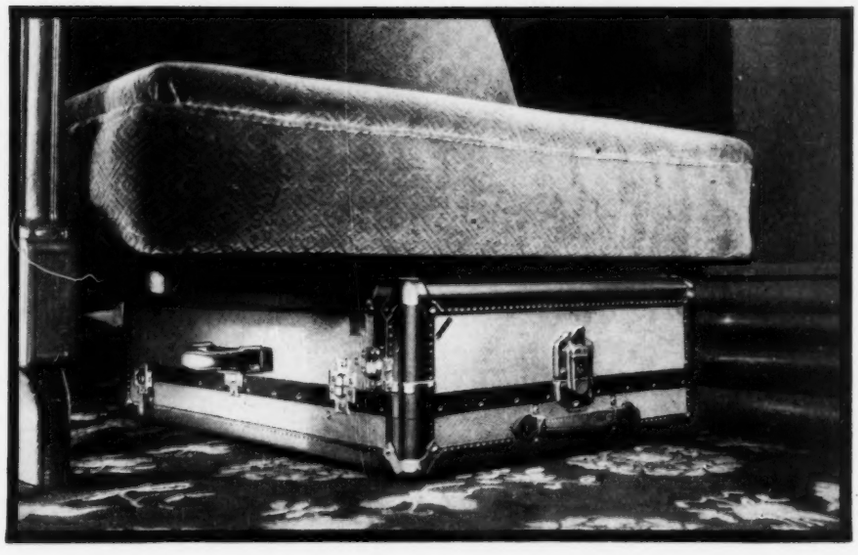
IN the matter of the other cases of infraction of the law, natural and otherwise, the press has been active to the point of being officious. In the several killings, burnings and knockings-about which have enlivened its pages of late, the reporters have not only reported such facts as they had at their disposal, but have interpreted them and either convicted or exculpated the various suspects long before the cases got to a jury.

You will perhaps remember that the reporters had it all settled that a certain Mr. Bell had done a great deal more than merely push a somewhat less certain Mr. Smith away from a taxi-door on the night when Mr. Smith was later found dying in the gutter on Park Avenue. The general feeling among the reporters, especially those employed by Mr. Hearst, was that Mr. Bell had beaten Mr. Smith into insensibility, and it was even asked what had become of the diamond ring which Mr. Smith had been wearing. The party at the Marguery, from which the unfortunate trio were coming, although it seems on the evidence to have been a perfectly decorous one of serious-minded bridge-playing, was referred to in these same papers as a "Park Ave. orgy" and "champagne

"She's not bad-looking, for Royalty."



This Full-Size Smartest-of-all-wardrobe-cases opens conveniently on a Pullman seat..... *and slides just as conveniently beneath it*



WE CALL IT the Tourobe....at Hartmann. And you'll like it immensely. Not only because it is so downright good-looking, but because it is the most ingeniously practical affair and has such a perfectly enormous capacity for its size. Without crowding it holds three to six costume changes in orderly, unwrinkled fashion plus more accessories than you'll probably need. $35

Hartmann Trunks

The following stores carry a representative line of Hartmann Tourobes—price $20 to $70

Abercrombie & Fitch
B. Altman & Co.
Mark Cross Company
Gimbel Brothers
W. W. Harrison & Co.
Lord & Taylor
John Wanamaker
Saks—Fifth Avenue
Saks—34th Street
Stern Brothers
Traveller's Luggage

debauch," probably much to the surprise of those guests who had been concentrating on getting all the spades out before leading diamonds. There was also a "love pact" discovered between Mr. Bell and the lady whom he was escorting home, and for a time it looked as if an ugly trail of murder, robbery, adultery and general degeneracy was being uncovered. The fact that Mr. Bell was later released by the police for lack of any evidence was not played up.

This was doubtless because the papers which had unearthed the "Park Ave. orgy" were busy with the activities of the "gin-and-petting set" among the *jeunesse* of Bronxville, Mt. Vernon and such colleges throughout the country as could furnish adolescent admirers of the unfortunate Mrs. Peacox. The reporter for the *American* was particularly active in the early stages of this affair, discovering a bundle of women's clothing which later turned out to have nothing to do with the case. It must be admitted, however, that the picture of a piece of dress-goods run in the *American* was directly responsible for the discovery of the identity of the victim. Encouraged by this *coup*, the Hearst papers and the tabloids have taken the handling of this case entirely over from the police and have succeeded in dragging into it almost every young boy and girl except John Coolidge and Marion Talley.

THE passing of the Waldorf-Astoria furnished a field-day for the papers and many a sentimental stickful of type was spread over pages which were otherwise occupied in the detailing of specialized homicide. We would almost rather read the homicide stories, especially after the first day's Waldorf eulogies. The Waldorf stories were all right in their way, but after the first day you more or less got the idea and from then on it was pretty tough sledding for those who had the assignment to keep on saying "Goodbye, old Waldorf" and "Going—going—gone!" with any degree of originality. We hope that the thing isn't going to go on until the last stone of the "famous hostelry" has been carted away, or it will soon become an incubus like the old *Tribune's* "Marjorie's Battleship."

WE congratulate the *Evening Post* on segregating its stories of cute animal-life on one page and under one heading "Pets" (and a very good

YOUTH . . now we may have it . . . now we may keep it . . . year after joyful year!

PINAUD COPYRIGHT 1929

FRESH as a dewdrop, silken as a flower petal, beguilingly young . . . how we all long for a skin like that!

And how we have dreaded the stinging winds and baking suns, the dust-laden air, the inevitable weary hours, that wipe the youth and sparkle from our faces!

How we have been appalled by the usual expensive combination treatments—so *uncertain* in their results, so *time-devouring!* . . For indeed most of us simply cannot spare the time for them. We are busy, busy, busy, we modern women—whether it be babies, bridge or business or all three that crowd our days so breathlessly.

But now—delightfully—to our aid comes PINAUD, with one light, silken cream that does three astounding things at once:

—*cleanses* each tiny pore more exquisitely than ever before—

—*supples* the tissues with delicate, swiftly absorbed oils—

—then, as it washes away, *tones* the whole underlying fretwork of tiny muscles and skin glands into vigorous life!

And it takes only half-a-minute to apply and remove!

NOW we need not fear the clogging bits of dirt and grime, the drying winds, the nervous hours, that prematurely age so many women's faces. For now—*with thirty seconds spent with* PINAUD'S CREAM *each day*—we can offset their cruel aging power! Can *keep* our skin velvet-soft, tenderly fresh as the morning! . . . You will find this amazing new cream at leading stores in Jars and Tubes. PINAUD, Paris and New York: Makers of French toilet preparations for over 150 years.

THIS *extraordinary New Cream of* PINAUD'S *triumphantly overcomes the common fault of ordinary preparations—a fault which skin specialists today are stressing with increasing emphasis. Instead of leaving waxy, fatty traces of itself deep down in the pores, as do ordinary creams—to clog and coarsen them slowly but surely*—PINAUD'S CREAM *gently 'floats' all the aging accumulations of dust and powder to the surface. For it has an actual magnetic attraction for dirt. Then—amazingly—dissolves instantly away in clear, cool water. Before one's eyes,* WASHES *away! . . .* Even after the very first experience with PINAUD'S CREAM, your cheek feels smoother, softer, fresher—actually a-bloom with new-born youth!

Or check the offer you prefer below and mail the coupon to PINAUD, Dept. N-5, 220 E. 21st St., N. Y. (In Canada—560 King St., West, Toronto, Ont.)

☐ Please send me FREE your New Beauty Book and enough Pinaud's Cream for 3 treatments.

☐ For 25c enclosed send two weeks supply and your Beauty Book.

Name_____

Address_____

THINK TWICE

BETWEEN the first puff of the morning and the last one at night, there's plenty of time for a second thought. Smoking can be ever so much more delightful if Squibb's Dental Cream is there to help you.

For, no matter how often you smoke, there's always new zest waiting, if you brush your teeth with Squibb's.

Start one of your smoking days with Squibb's. All day long, you'll notice a brisker, snappier smoke appetite. 'Cause the particles of Squibb's Milk of Magnesia that cling to the gums and tooth crevices refresh and protect your mouth.

40c a generous tube at all drug stores.

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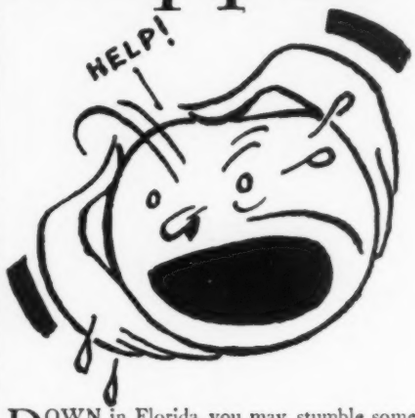
GUARD THE DANGER LINE

title it is, too). This column not only works off all that poisonous matter which the *World* lets seep through its entire system, but also gives advice to pet-owners on how to take care of their animals and how to develop their personalities. The only drawback is that the Monday Zoo stories can not logically come under the head of "Pets" and one is likely to run across those anywhere in the paper when one least expects it. The *Post* could keep up its good work by putting the Zoo stories on the same page as "Pets" and then, as this page happens to be one of its Feature Section, we wouldn't be reading it anyway. Sometime we really *must* read a Feature Page in one of the evening papers. There might be something funny there. So far, however, we haven't got around it.

THE *Herald Tribune* seems to have been the only paper which didn't give the impression that its own reporter was the only one who talked with his city-desk by telephone from an airplane on May 1. Evidently the Bell Telephone plane was loaded to the gunwales with reporters, including the City News man, each one of whom was given a few minutes in which to call up his desk and say that he would be late in getting in from his afternoon assignment. The *World*, it is true, mentioned the other reporters and said that they, too, used the air-telephone, but could not refrain from saying proudly that the *World* man sat right in back of the pilot. All the rest of the papers, especially the *Times* and the *Sun* (and, of course, the tabloids) gave their readers the idea that their man had been singled out to be taken up alone in this epoch-making test. The *Sun* and the *Telegram*, by mentioning the fact that their men were World War aviators, were evidently not averse to having it thought that they perhaps piloted the plane as well. This rather charming deception on the part of the press does no harm and probably gives their readers a little thrill to think that they are reading an exclusive story, and if nobody else complains, we certainly won't.

THE *World* is making a very successful attempt to have its ship news entertaining as well as informative by turning it over to John T. Parker, Jr. Embellished by thumbnail photographs of the celebrities interviewed and enlivened by Mr. Park-

this *squeezing* must be stopped!



DOWN in Florida you may stumble some day upon a great, bumpy mountain of grapefruit pits. It was we who left them there. How much more lovely to see them piled up so neatly upon Florida's ample bosom than dotted all about your kitchen floor! Who wants grapefruit pits anyhow?

Ah—but who wants grapefruit *juice?* The pure, strained juice of two plump, tree-ripened grapefruit — the rich, tangy juice, sweetened with just the faintest suggestion of pure cane sugar —who wants *that?* You —over there — you — slyly uncorking that suspicious-looking, square bottle—you want it quick—for shaking reasons we dare not mention. Think—you gay old bowwows—no more squeezing—no straining — no nothin' except a bit of injudicious mixing!

The best grocers will nod knowingly if you nudge them, hand over 15c, and whisper *"Florida Gold Grapefruit Juice."* Or, if you explain that you drink it straight for breakfast, you can bawl it right out loud—"FLORIDA GOLD GRAPEFRUIT JUICE!"

FRUIT PRODUCTS CO. OF FLORIDA
1 Hudson Street, N. Y. City
Phones: Barclay 1595 - 1596

Velmo Upholstery is the Smartest Dress for the Furniture in Modern Homes

Velmo has become the vogue in furniture coverings because of its richly luxurious appearance, its glowing beauty of color, its infinite variety of designs, which make it suitable for furniture of any period from Renaissance to "Moderne."

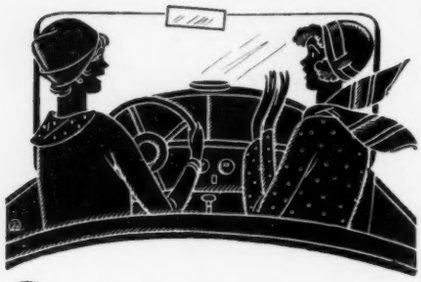
It is a vogue sponsored by women of exquisite taste; by famous interior decorators; by makers of the finest furniture.

Best of all, perhaps, it is a decidedly practical fashion . . . for Velmo's beauty is defiant of time and wear. It means a permanently smart and "well-groomed" look for your furniture.

Look for this Label when buying upholstered furniture, to make sure of getting genuine VELMO

CHASE
Velmo

Made by
SANFORD MILLS - SANFORD, MAINE
Selling Agents: L. C. CHASE & CO., BOSTON, NEW YORK, DETROIT, CHICAGO, ATLANTIC CITY, SAN FRANCISCO



She thought *"epicurean heights"* was in New Jersey

CLARABELLE was ACTually going. An invitation to a Makay-Leeds' dinner was an event! Into Park Avenue they turned. "But, I thought it was in Jersey!" ventured Clarabelle. "Jersey?", questioned Maxime. "How perfectly droll! Why, my dear, *epicurean heights* is not a sub-division. It's a tribute to a flavor—a perfectly heavenly cooking sherry Mrs. Makay-Leeds uses. Guasti, it's called, and it has made her dinners the envy of the Avenue."

~ ~ ~ ~

GUASTI Cooking Sherry is the same fine old sherry that has made the name of Guasti famous all these years—with enough salt added to remove it from the beverage class, yet *just enough* to season food for the average taste.

It is now legally available at leading grocers. There are other Guasti Cooking Aids, too, including Guasti Sweet Sherry Flavoring, Guasti Sauce a la Bercy, Guasti Sauce a la Bordelaise, Guasti Sauce a la Newburg, Guasti Sweet Port Flavoring, Guasti Sweet Sauterne Flavoring; also Guasti Wine Jellies in five varieties, Port, Sherry, Burgundy, Sauterne and Muscatel.

Send for free copy of "Treasured Flavors", a new kind of recipe book containing favorite recipes of famous chefs.

GUASTI

(PRONOUNCED GWAH-STEE)

COOKING SHERRY (SALTED)

(Permit No. L. A. Cal. H10033)

ITALIAN VINEYARD CO. *at Guasti, Cal.*

Operating the largest vineyard under one ownership in the world. Established 1883

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er's quite roguish sense of humor, this department has almost become a column, and a good one. Some of the people interviewed may not feel that they have been treated with sufficient dignity by Mr. Parker, but that is probably what makes it good reading for the rest of us.

The *World* also has the distinction of having its Washington man the first to unearth the new revolt against Mrs. Gann, headed by Mrs. Longworth. The other papers have taken it up now, but we have the *World* to thank for reviving a pleasure which was all too short in its initial stages.

WE can think of no more confusing job for a conscientious correspondent than to be in Boston covering Harvard University. Perfectly reliable news stories emanate from its classic shades one day only to be denied the next. There was no reason the news given out by officials of the Harvard Athletic Association on May 3 should not have been printed (anent the raising of a ten-million-dollar athletic fund) but on the following day President Lowell, after what was probably a frantic conference with the Overseers, Trustees and the heads of Lee Higginson (perhaps a redundant grouping) hotly denied that there was any truth in the story at all. Boston correspondents would be quite justified in asking Harvard authorities either to make up their minds or withdraw from such vulgar activities as publicity.

IF ever a ship came into port loaded down with coals for Newcastle it was the whaler Sir James Clark Ross which, according to the *Times*, entered New York harbor "with news of Byrd." It certainly seemed to us waiting here at home that that ship would never come and relieve us of the anxiety of not knowing whether the Byrd Expedition had reached the Antarctic or not. And the next ship bearing news from there may not be in for months!

—GUY FAWKES

•

IT'S MODERN TO GO TO BUSINESS. Stewart & Company is purposely creating positions for women whose social background no longer holds sufficient interest, for whom a business career will be a new lease on life . . . Stewart Also Has Openings On Its Selling Staff for Smart Women With or Without Experience.—*Adv. in the Times.*

Also has openings for smart women, eh?

FRENCH SHRINER & URNER

SHOEMAKERS FOR MEN

Style 145 tan calf
Style 146 black calf
Priced at
$14.50

The Joy

— a treat for tender feet

Shoe comfort has a new meaning when you slip your feet into a pair of these oxfords.

A steel shank, adroitly concealed by the smartest style lines imaginable, gives the arch a cushioned support that eliminates foot-fatigue—all day long.

Cut from choice brown and black calfskins.

Other models $12.50 to $18.00

SHRINER SHOES
$10.50 to $12.50

This mark identifies shoes as genuine Goodyear Welts.

NEW YORK SHOPS
350 Madison Ave. 131 West 42nd St.
153 Broadway 1263 Broadway
365 Broadway 1843 Broadway
BROOKLYN 367 Fulton St.

Shoe Departments of
Browning King & Company

NEW YORK
1265 Broadway
1 East 45th Street at Fifth Avenue

BROOKLYN
Fulton St. & De Kalb Ave.

There are two things an actress requires of the toilet soap she chooses

Women of the theater are always the cynosure of eyes. And they understand so well that lovely skin, clear and smooth and soft, is a first essential of that well-groomed look without which no woman is beautiful.

•

Lux Toilet Soap — white, and daintily fragrant — is used by such a great majority of the famous actresses because it does leave the skin so very smooth and soft.

Then, too, they find that when a play is on the road, they must often use water that is hard. In such case, it is more than ever important that the toilet soap should lather *at once*, and generously. Lux Toilet Soap fulfills this requirement *admirably*.

•

It is because of the actresses' enthusiasm for Lux Toilet Soap that leading theaters over the country have placed it in their dressing rooms. In New York alone, it is used in 71 of the 79 legitimate theaters—and in Hollywood, because nine out of ten screen stars use it, all the great film studios have made it the official soap for their dressing rooms.

If you aren't already using Lux Toilet Soap, do get several cakes—today.

BLANCHE YURKA is one of the outstanding actresses of the theater today, and this season she has been receiving the plaudits of both critics and public by her fine interpretation of difficult feminine rôles in Ibsen's *The Wild Duck*, *Hedda Gabler* and *The Lady from the Sea*.

Like all lovely women of the theater, Blanche Yurka must guard with care the soft smoothness of her skin—and she is one of the *many* famous stage stars who are using Lux Toilet Soap because it keeps the skin so beautifully soft and smooth.

She says: *"There is nothing more fatal to your appearance than an indifferent looking skin. Being on the stage, I am particularly careful of mine—and I do find Lux Toilet Soap a boon. It leaves my skin with the most delightful smoothness, and keeps it clear and fine."*

Lux Toilet Soap

Luxury such as you have found only in French soaps at 50¢ and $1.00 the cake — NOW 10¢

Anton Bruehl • Courtesy Roxy Theatre

George Bernard Shaw, in his early career as dramatic critic, used to appear at the theatre in a knockabout tweed suit that rivalled gunny-sacking for roughness and hairiness. He took a malignant pleasure in rubbing against colleagues dressed in the conventional black. • Nevertheless, for ordinary mortals, full dress is the handsomest and most comfortable of all theatre-going habiliments. • When rightly cut and tailored, the full dress suit conveys to the wearer a sense of ease and festive well-being that adds to his enjoyment of the play. We recommend our very smartly cut and modestly priced evening wear to your attention.

THE WEBER and HEILBRONER SHOPS

SHOUTS AND MURMURS

ASTERISK

IT is the custom of practiced biographers to look back over a work of their hands and sprinkle it thoughtfully with footnotes, as with cinnamon. If, as seems mildly improbable, an insane publisher were ever to issue in book form the monograph on the subject of George S. Kaufman which you will find gleaming like a needle in the haystack of this very issue, there would certainly be an asterisk inserted after the paragraph which reads as follows:

> Kaufman's reputation as a wag is equally justified, but of late years he has husbanded his jokes for the amusement of his fellow members of the Thanatopsis Inside Straight Club, so they are untainted by the hope of gain, except as he may occasionally expect to steal a pot in the relaxation of the general merriment. Also, they appear in print but seldom, usually sometime during the ensuing week and signed "Heywood Broun."

That asterisk would lead in turn to the following footnote:

It was Kaufman, for instance, who, when a niggardly stud-dealer started him out in life with a two-spot and a three, drew his breath in pain to cry out that he was being tray-deuced. But it is only fair to add that it was also Kaufman who, in accents properly mournful, asked his fellow members to see to it that at his death a King, Queen and Jack of Spades be interred with his bones. He wished, it seems, to be buried with simple honors.

Then, favorite of all Thanatopsiana, there was the night when the more hoity-toity members fell to talking of their family trees, vaunting a few baronets and some dubious Colonial generals. With quiet dignity, Kaufman explained that he himself was descended from Sir Basil Kaufman, who went on the Crusades. At this announcement, so many Nordic eyebrows rose in skepticism that he added hastily, "as a spy."

THE allusion, by implication, to a time when his little quips were decidedly tainted with the hope of gain glances back to the days when he used to write "Life-lines" for Mr. Gibson's weekly. In times of financial stress he would turn out as many as a dozen paragraphs for *Life's* "Charivari" at a single session, batting them out on one of the unsuspecting *Times's* typewriters, the while he sat with his own legs knotted around the legs of his chair in the manner of a four-in-hand cravat, and his pencil clenched between his teeth in the manner of a pirate with a dirk.

Envious of his bland facility as a jokesmith, it was my custom to express a preference for the paragraphs in *Punch*, and I taunted him once with his failure ever to have produced a double pun like the one wherewith *Punch* greeted the post-bellum news of the government's order to destroy all the temporary shacks and huts that had been built up during mobilization. Quoth *Punch*, "You who have sheds, prepare to tear them now." Goaded beyond endurance by this, Kaufman did not speak to me until he found a clipping which described the elopement of a Vassar girl. She had, you see, put the heart before the course.

I REMEMBER once recognizing, with a start, a joke of my own in *Life*, and just on a chance I charged Kaufman with sending it in. He hastily paid me $2.50 in chips, though whether as a fair division or as hush money I did not stop to inquire. The joke was about a Cat Hospital where they charged $4 a weak purr. A poor thing, but my own. Or so at least I had come to regard it. Since the $2.50 was long since dissipated in riotous living, I can now admit that I had read it a quarter of a century before in a Farmers' Almanac.

I came upon that Farmers' Almanac when I was by way of being a tot and, as one who knew even then that he had no fecundity in such matters, I thriftily stored away for future use another joke I found in the same issue. The likes of me must wait our occasions, which sometimes, alas, never come. Thus, I am still waiting for a moment when some anchorite will scorn all but the meat of a well garnished *filet mignon*, and, using my fork as a spear, I can, with seeming spontaneity, refer to myself as "a snatcher-up of unconsidered truffles." Perhaps it is just as well.

IT was after a thirty-year wait that there came my occasion to use the other joke in the Almanac. For years I had been patiently ordering applesauce, which I dislike intensely. Then one day I was lunching at the Algonquin Round Table when there in my applesauce I discovered a long hair. My heart, as the song has it, stood still. I could scarcely believe my good fortune. Having waited so long, I could afford another two minutes. What, after all, is thirty years and two minutes? Finally I snatched at one of the more promising lulls in the conversation, cleared my throat, called the waiter and pointed out what to anyone else would have been the unwelcome hirsute intrusion.

"Take it away," I said sternly, "and bring me some applesauce made from Baldwins."

After the laughter, which quite shook the walls of the old caravansary, had subsided, I heard the envious Kaufman surmising to his neighbor that the hair could probably be traced to the self-sacrificing head of a doting aunt, and that I had brought it to luncheon with me in an envelope.

BUT to return to the subject of this footnote, not all his quips fall where they might. Thus, he is at present in some disfavor with the *mispokah*. It seems he bore off his bride from Rochester, N. Y., whence, one gathers, she was not reluctant to depart. Recently, one of the more imposing matrons of that community, encountering him on Fifth Avenue, told him that, what with this and what with that, all Rochester was down in New York that week.

"You don't say," observed Kaufman, and then added, unnecessarily, "Sounds like a swell time to visit Rochester."

—ALEXANDER WOOLLCOTT

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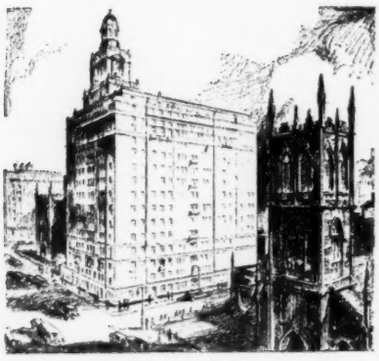

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And you can see in the making the rare quality in construction which enhances its attractiveness as a residential investment.

Note the assurance of quiet in the apartments, all of which have flues or stairways between — or Flax-li-Num sound proofing in double partitions. The floors of Ritter clear quartered oak, are soundproofed with *two* separated layers of Hydrex Saniflor. Note such details as brass pipes throughout — bathrooms tiled 6′6″ high — Frigidaire "cold controlled" refrigeration and every other factor that makes for comfort and convenience in living. Then you will appreciate why 36 of the 73 apartments have already been sold.

A 100% cooperative building with apartments of 4, 5, 6 and 7 rooms, at prices from $13,250. All with open fireplaces, some with glass enclosed loggias. 5 year terms of payment may be arranged. Occupancy this summer.

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THE RACE TRACK

Belmont—Dr. Freeland's Preakness—Sarazen II, or What's in a Name

IT is pleasant to return to Headquarters—Belmont Park—where, for the next three weeks, we shall go racing in a setting worthy of the Metropolitan, the Suburban, the Juvenile, the Coaching Club Oaks, the Withers, and the Belmont Stakes. We shall wander under the trees in the velvety-turfed paddock instead of peering at the horses through a wooden fence, we shall stand in the enclosure on the little iron chairs from France, and we shall cool off after losing a bet—perhaps—in the tiled palm garden under the stand while the singing Hawaiians play "Aloha Oe." We also shall see the Australian barrier in operation. It is placed at the four-and-a-half furlongs start for the two-year-old races on the Widener Course. It is a ponderous contraption requiring the services of four men and an electrician to operate it, and I'm fearfully interested to see how it works, for when it arrived from France detailed instruction was included for its erection and operation—fifty typewritten pages and a dozen blueprints, in French. And what a Long Island carpenter can do with a blueprint in French I don't know. Joe Widener has added more of his little refining touches since the track closed last fall; the Turf and Field Club section has been enlarged and the number of boxes increased—there are 144 of them and still a waiting list—a brick wall has been built at the back of the stand, and a new entrance and road made for those who motor in from Long Island.

MOST of the Kentucky Derby parties are on their way to Churchill Downs. Travelling arrangements have been made so attractive that I'm half sorry I shall not make the trip to see Blue Larkspur win. In other years, if one were not fortunate enough to go out in a private car or have hotel reservations a year in advance, one took a sporting chance on getting a place to sleep—though nobody sleeps much the night before

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An adorable foundation for all the frocks of Summer—you can't see where the sun-tanned skin meets the sun-tan Singlette! Its tones are so fused and graduated that—from skin to stocking top—the result is a melodious blend from pale nude to deep beach tan. No. 9866—ask for it at good stores, along the Avenue and elsewhere.

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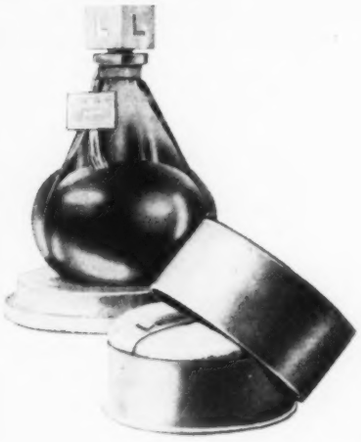

MONSIEUR LENTHÉRIC—amid the gay, glittering pageant of the Second Empire, a man, distinguished—his name spoken reverently in the silken-draped boudoirs of all Europe—*Lenthéric,* Chevalier de la Legion d'Honneur, with whose creations royal ladies conquered hearts and kingdoms. Today, the house of *Lenthéric* is new in inspiration—old in wisdom—poignantly expressing the more delicate nuances of the modern personality, yet the secret of this success is old. Again *Lenthéric* casts the ancient spell, creating perfumes,—seductive, alluring—powders and lip rouges which charm the most fastidious. . . . . .

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IT WILL be interesting, and gratifying, to men of a certain standard of dress to learn that they can now obtain straws by Stetson — sailors, leghorns, panamas—in a wide variety of styles.

Stetson felts, for generations, have been the choice of exacting men of affairs . . . men who take pride in their appearance. Now straws by Stetson are quickly taking their place in the most carefully selected wardrobes.

The list of Stetson patrons includes most of the well-known names of the United States. These men, leaders in finance, in public life and society, are the real arbiters of masculine style. What they wear today, America wears tomorrow. It is by observing the preferences of these distinguished patrons that Stetson is always first in every fashion trend.

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STETSON HATS

the Derby. This year, the New York Central and the Pennsylvania Railroad have run specials, with all the de luxe accommodations of the flash long-distance trains; one may sleep and eat on the train while in Louisville—the Pendennis Club is always crowded Derby Day—and the fare is decidedly moderate. Oh, well, next year, perhaps!

DR. FREELAND has won the Preakness, as I rather thought he would, but Walter Salmon, to the surprise of everyone, has declined to start him for the Kentucky Derby, reserving him for the Belmont Stakes. There was nothing really brilliant or electrifying about Dr. Freeland's victory at Pimlico. It was merely the showing of a good colt and a fit one. Let us judge him at that. In these notes last week I expressed doubt that he would leave the barrier with his field, but a change of riders over last season has remedied this. He is a powerfully built colt with bulldog courage; he needed both strength and gameness to fight his way through the field in the run around the stretch turn. The race was marked by rough riding but one cannot blame jockeys giving everything they've got when riding for a $50,000 purse and I daresay the stewards did wisely in dismissing the claim of foul after the finish.

THE Belmont will show whether Dr. Freeland was a sprat among minnows. Although he is a much improved colt, I cannot forget that Minotaur, who was beaten a scant length in the Preakness, ran against selling platers last fall and at the winter meetings, or that he changed owners twice in claiming races. He may be worth the $50,000 John R. Thompson, Jr., *sieur* of the one-arm lunchrooms, paid for him—at least the deal was a profitable one for Charlie Graffagnini, a New Orleans butcher who took racing in a serious way two years ago and claimed Minotaur last fall for $2,500. Essare, who was named (not that it matters much now) S. R. after Sam Rosoff, the subway builder, ran about the sort of race I thought he would. As for Beacon Hill, Jimmy Rowe thought so little of his chances that he would not make the trip down to saddle the colt but left that duty to his son. The Honourable George tells me that it was the poorest Preakness field he has seen and that according to Herr Startpreiswetten's blue figures all of them but the

winner should have a price on their heads.

THERE is a Rule of Racing that the name of a horse may not be duplicated until ten years after the death of the first animal. I daresay the Registrar of the Jockey Club did not have the heart or courage to refuse Mrs. Graham Fair Vanderbilt when she claimed the name Sarazen II for her two-year-old colt by High Time out of Talisman, although her other Sarazen was racing only two years ago. Or perhaps Mrs. Vanderbilt has introduced a charming French custom. Over there if a horse has run well in one's colors or if one likes his name—L'Incertain Boutillier, for example—one calls the next one L'Incertain Boutillier II, and so on until one has named ten or twelve. Alec Gordon, Mrs. Vanderbilt's trainer, tells me she named the colt Sarazen II because as a yearling he looked like the first Sarazen. However, to me the only resemblance is his ability to run.

Sarazen II is a most unprepossessing animal, leggy, so thin he has to run in breast plates to keep his saddle on, and looks generally, as Henry McDaniel would say, lonesome away from the shafts of a cart, but he's the best two-year-old I have seen under silks. He started twice at Jamaica, winning the first time without being off a tight rein, and the second time running away with the Youthful Stakes after being away next to last in a field of nine in a straggling start. He has the same smooth action of his namesake and the same dazzling speed. Sarazen was unbeaten as a two-year-old and if this colt can carry weight—the penalty he incurred in winning the Youthful—he will go far.

—AUDAX MINOR

•

Over 500 dogs will be exhibited at the Dog Show in the Armory on Wednesday and Thursday, April 24 and 25, from 10 a. m. until 10 p. m., with a special attraction of Hubert's Flea Circus direct from New York.—*Scranton (Pa.) Sun.*

The fleas will forget their lines, mark our word.

Only the tanned can wear the smartest color WHITE

THE untanned girl looks sick in white. Sleeveless arms, stockingless legs must be tanned... Just rub on the new Glory of the Sun Powder, smooth it in—in 2 minutes you're a sun-kissed peach! Can't tell it from natural tan—won't come off on your clothes. Nothing but soap and water or cream affects it. Two shades—Light and Dark. Brunettes use Dark all over—blondes, who can't tan outdoors without freckling, get a marvelous even tone with Light. In-between types sometimes use Dark for back, arms and legs, Light for face and neck. $2.00 large box.

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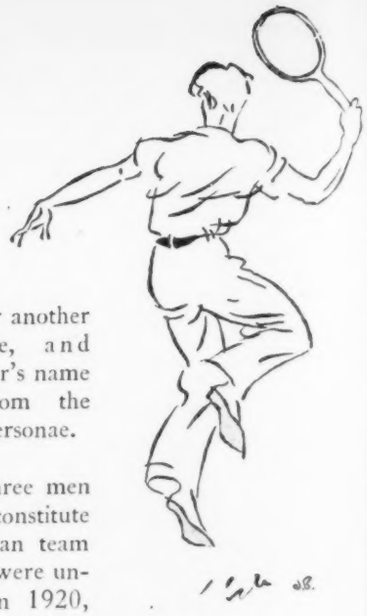
THE TENNIS COURTS

Decade—The Pick of the Crop—
Van Ryn and the Future—First Round



ON May 30, 1920, a government transport sailed out of New York harbor carrying, among others, Sam Hardy, William Johnston, Richard Norris Williams, 2nd, Charles S. Garland, and William T. Tilden, 2nd. These constituted the United States Davis Cup team which was to establish its supremacy over all others in Europe, and finally, with Watson Washburn substituted for Williams, bring back the Cup from Australia.

Now, on the courts of the Mount Royal Tennis Club in Montreal, another American team stands opposed to the best players of Canada, and history will record the occasion as marking the first time since that day in May, 1920, that the United States has started play for the Davis Cup with William Tilden voluntarily absent. This year may well be set down as marking the beginning of a new era in American tennis, as the year in which responsibility was passed on to a new generation of players. Tilden, and Hunter too, may yet see service in the interzone and challenge-round matches abroad; but those who have watched Tilden play a leading rôle in these world matches for a decade nevertheless feel all the melancholy of seeing a stage set for another performance, and with the star's name missing from the dramatis personae.

THE three men who constitute the American team in Canada were unheard of in 1920, although one of them, John Hennessey, was beginning to make his mark. John Van Ryn and Wilmer Allison were schoolboys barely in their teens. To date, none of them has done anything that merits their classification with Tilden, John-

Allison

Hennessey

Van Ryn

Lott

Chagrin suffused Napoleon B. Niblick as he viewed for the first time the well groomed gallery on the Wykagyl fairway. For he realized that he, alone, was IN THE WRONG HAT . . . *A few moments earlier in the day spent with* KNOX, *The Hatter, would have saved him hours of embarrassment.*

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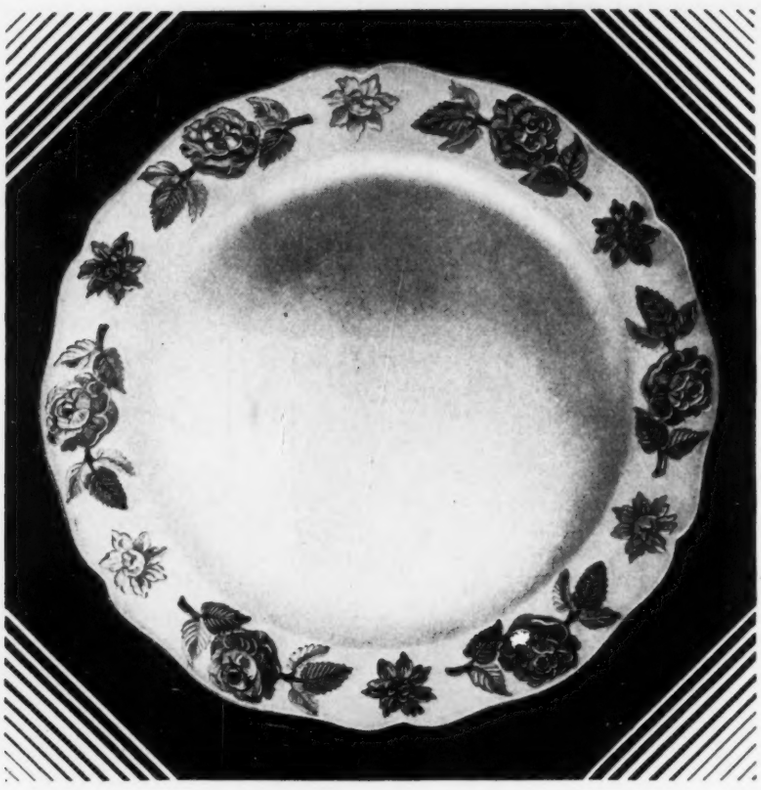

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ston, and Williams, and since, with George Lott, they represent the pick of the new generation, one is forced to the conclusion that the United States is not producing as good tennis players as it did ten years ago.

In my opinion Van Ryn has the biggest future of the four, though Hennessey and Lott may excel him today. His temperament and his attitude toward the game are great assets. He has a first-class backhand and a forehand that is good enough. There is no real weakness in his play. It is not, however, merely because he has technique that I regard him as the coming American player; others with equally good equipment have failed to scale the heights. In fact there is one young player whose stroke work is more highly thought of, yet he is not likely to go as far as Van Ryn, for he has failed to make the most of his talents.

One may be sure that Van Ryn will not stand in the way of his own advancement; he is a hard-working, level-headed young man who knows the price he must pay to be a first-class player, and pays it.

IT is because of his powers of endurance that Van Ryn will probably carry the greater share of the burden in the American-zone ties. It would be a mistake not to use him in the doubles, for almost any player will tell you that in team play Van Ryn has no superior in this country, and with Lott out, at least temporarily, he will share the singles play with Hennessey.

This pair looks sufficiently strong to dispose of Jack Wright and Willard Crocker at Montreal, in spite of the fact that the latter will have the advantage of playing on their home courts, before a sympathetic gallery, and with balls that are slightly heavier than those used in the States. Before sailing for Paris Hunter predicted that in this zone the United States would win every match at 5–0. Tilden wasn't so optimistic. But although Crocker and Wright can play exceptionally good tennis at times, and were never keener than in this tie, any match that they win from the United States can be regarded as an achievement. —A. D.

•

Johnny Farrar, whom, as you know, is now with Doubleday, Doran & Company. . . . —*Yale Alumni Weekly.*

Is him indeed?

Simon Werner painted the portrait alongside in the same setting as the one shown below, which he executed ten years earlier. Both people and Pierce-Arrows of the former day share with today's group the distinguished quality of the patrician.

The finest traditions of Pierce-Arrow *are reborn in the New Straight Eight*

FOR many years our best families have owned Pierce-Arrows as a matter of well-bred habit. But this generation demands more than character in a motor car—more even than beauty and fine tradition. And the new Straight Eight by Pierce-Arrow provides lavishly against the new demands.

Beneath its distinguished hood, for example, there is a volume of power such as few cars know—and a corresponding fleetness.

There is a slender grace, too, about this new creation, which is Pierce-Arrow at its very loveliest—a refreshing departure from "the dowager" type of fine car.

Pierce-Arrow, in short, has brought forth a new automobile out of its finest tradition, its richest experience. And that it arrives at the psychological moment is evidenced by the greatest waiting demand in Pierce-Arrow history.

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One silent gas flame – takes the place of all machinery — makes noiseless, endless cold

most..*have Gas refrigeration*

TODAY, most of the better apartments have mechanical refrigeration. Gas refrigeration is the mark of distinction.

So discriminating apartment hunters look the kitchen over carefully. If it has an Electrolux, it indicates a building with the most modern equipment throughout.

For only The Gas Refrigerator has these unique advantages: permanent silence, freedom from mechanical trouble and lowest operating cost.

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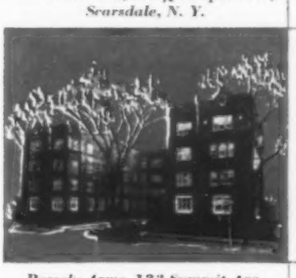

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THE most famous parfumeurs of France could create no more exquisite fragrance. The chemists of Germany could produce no finer ingredients. The skill of the Orient could compound no more beneficial qualities for the complexion. Glyco Thymoline Soap will win international supremacy *by your own verdict.*

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THE OARSMEN

Semi-Centennial—Of the East—Lightweight—"California Next"

AN idea that came to a man in a singles scull more than twenty years ago has sent Columbia to the top of rowing with a vengeance. What lingering doubts remained of Columbia's ascendency after the race with Yale at Derby were removed at Princeton, where seven old gentlemen watched the semi-centennial of the Childs Cup regatta which they had started one day on the Schuylkill River. They saw four Columbia crews run the string of Columbia victories up to eight straight, and with a stroke discovered by the father of the Columbia coach two decades ago. The elder Glendon, then coaching up around Boston way, had found it hard to keep alongside his crews in his single. He tried lying back further than usual, and it helped. There was born then the Glendon stroke that sent Navy to the head of the river, and now, with the megaphone of his son, has sent Columbia there.

The race at Princeton was a beautiful one mainly to the eyes of a technician. The youths who ruined white flannels on the towpath had no thrills to cheer. There is not much that is sensational in watching one crew sail over the line lengths ahead of the second. Those, however, who follow rowing more closely had an unmistakable thrill in watching Columbia's varsity. It is by far the prettiest crew that young Dick Glendon has given to Columbia, and it is very probably the best one.

THE season, as it matures, is becoming more important to rowing's serious devotees. The success Glendon is meeting at Columbia in the face of more difficulties than the average coach encounters marks the first real resistance offered to the wave of western rowing success. The Glendons and the Glendon stroke are distinctly of the East, born and nurtured in New England itself. Moreover, there is also the steady development of Cornell. Last year the crews there made something of a return to the Pop Courtney tradition. Coached by Jim Wray, the Australian sculler, Cornell led for two miles in

IT IS SUGGESTED that arrangements be made for next season's suite at The Barclay before leaving the city for the Summer. Naturally a hotel characterized by such a superlative service cannot meet all last minute demands for its accommodations.

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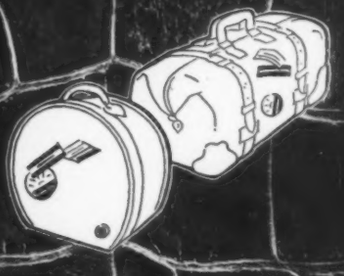

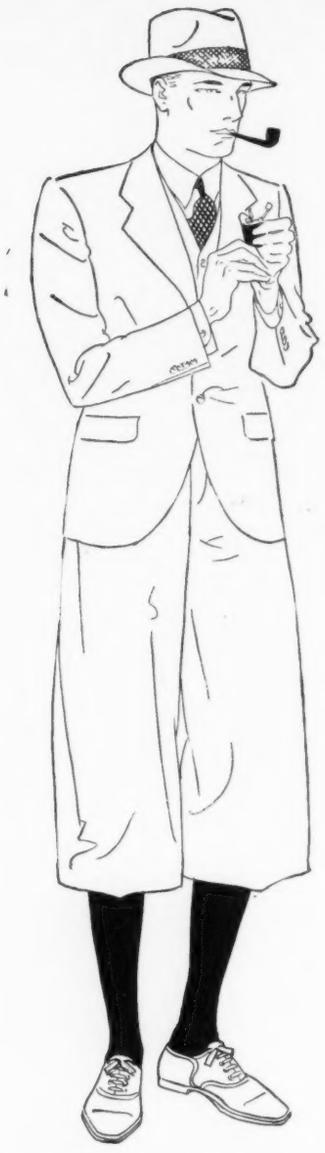

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Establishment

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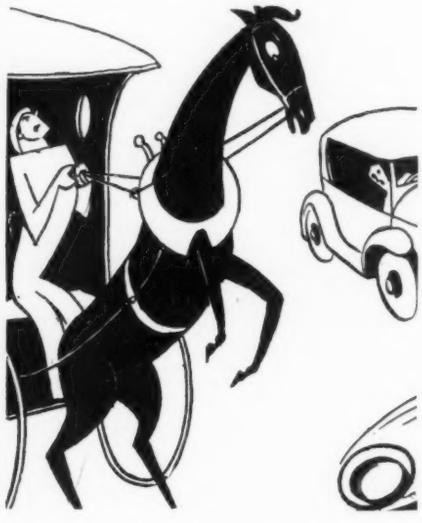
the varsity race at Poughkeepsie. Having started this season with a victory over Tech and Harvard on the Charles, Cornell will be worth watching. They will be worth watching this very weekend, as a matter of fact, if the often turbulent waters of Lake Cayuga are calm long enough to let Yale, Princeton, and Cornell get away at the start. Yale has made the best showing so far after Columbia, and Yale will be the hardest crew Cornell will face before Poughkeepsie.

THE decision of Columbia to send its lightweight crew to the British Henley must have pleased Joe Wright in his Canadian lair, though Wright, of course, would rather see a Pennsylvania crew go. If Columbia makes the trip, and probably they won't unless they defend their title at the Philadelphia Henley on May 25, it will mark the first foreign trip taken by a 150-pound crew, and a new high point for that form of rowing.

Of course, lightweight crews are no innovation. In the first days of college rowing there were plenty of oarsmen weighing 138 pounds and close to that. At times Ned Hanlan, the great professional sculler, was in the thirties when he raced. Even now there is an occasional light man in a crew. After the close of the war, however, crews ran more and more to brawn; now varsities average between 175 and 185. About 1919, when Joe Wright was coaching at Pennsylvania, he hated to see so many fine oarsmen shut out of college rowing by their weight, for he was always fond of form and a snappy stroke. So he formed the first 150-pound crews. Yale, Princeton, and Harvard soon followed suit, and then Columbia and Tech adopted the



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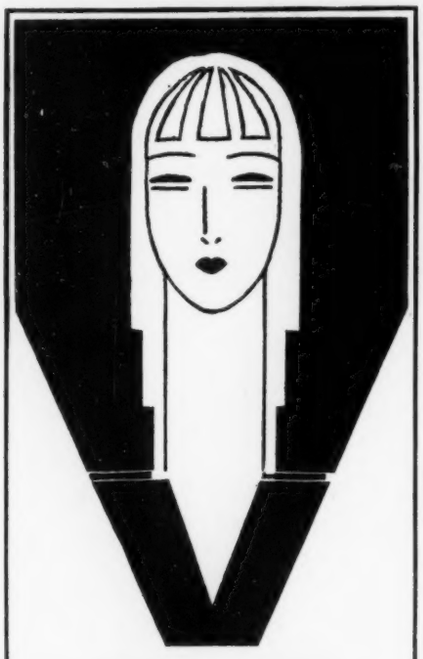
Odd as it might seem to those of us inclined to look upon Balzac as a droll fellow, given more to writing than adorning his figure, one bright sartorial fact is pinned to the man . . . he owned thirty-one waistcoats, at one and the same time, thirty-one . . . purchased at one sitting, with the first funds from his first taste of prosperity. And his ambition, it is said, was to possess one for every day of the year. How directly the attitude of Balzac is reflected in the man of today! How quickly he indulges his sartorial desires when a measure of opulence arrives. How we all love to dress up. More cravats, more shoes, more clothes, more everything from hats to hose to adorn our figure, not forgetting the current fascinating flannel waistcoat. And . . . consider . . . how effectively the merchant or manufacturer reaches men of means by employing well-worded, tasteful and uniquely designed advertisements in The Sun . . . for substantial, aggressive and successful men read The Sun, and abide by it . . . it is their kind of a newspaper.

The Sun

The Newspaper of Distinction in its Readers, its News and its Advertising

TWO-EIGHTY BROADWAY, NEW YORK



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Flower
Cleaning... Nourishing... Satin

MARGARET BRAINARD

idea. Now and again, according to the disposition of the ruling officers, Navy has had lightweight crews. They have one this season.

The American Henley has recently had the lightweight race as its feature. With six or seven crews entered each time, this has more starters than any other college race of the year except Poughkeepsie. The regulations are that the crew must average 150 pounds or less the day before the regatta. They never go further than the Henley distance of one mile and 550 yards.

PICKED UP at Princeton, in addition to the dust of the tow path: John Arthur Brown of Penn, disconsolately watching from the stern of the referee's launch. . . . Bill Lightbowne, of Columbia's 1928 crew, making notes in the press truck. . . . Tom Kerrigan, of the same eight, saying "California next" after it was all over. . . . Domenech, Columbia's lightweight cox, bellowing "No!" to the referee's question, "Are you ready?" . . . The same coxswain saying, "Ready now" when he was a half-length ahead. . . . The same referee backing them down. . . . Rutherford, of last year's Princeton Olympic-trial crew, winning a special singles race. . . . Johnny Schulz' Hun School crew finishing second in a special event.—R. F. K.

•

BEAUTY AND THE PRINCE

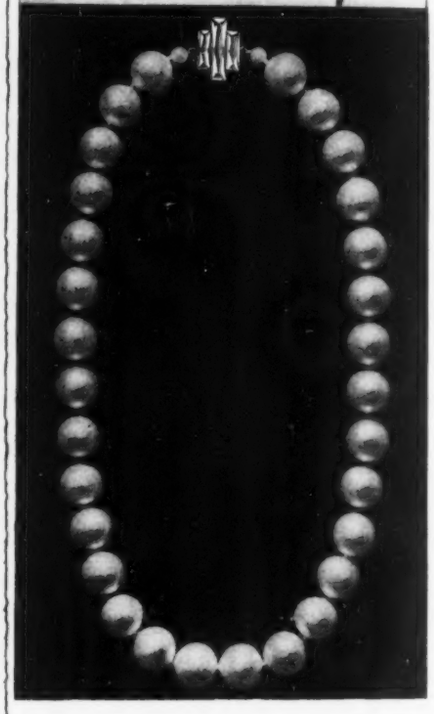
The dragon limbs, the scaly mail,
Have shrunk to silken cape and hosen.
The tongue that spat a fiery hail
Is sweetly calling me his chosen.

So fair is he! So spruce and trim,
With perfumed hair and courtly phrasing!
No longer need I cower from him,
Shaken with terrors blind and crazing.

Serene. Content. No cause for dread;
No keen and exquisite revulsion
From yielding to that fearful head
The kiss to break the spell's compulsion.

Only his voice: "My sweet adored,
Be happy and forget the pain!"
My Prince, I'm—well—a little bored. . . .
Couldn't you be a Beast again?

—JEROME BARRY



30 shimmering Richelieu pearls... each an authentic reproduction of a fine Oriental pearl . . . all perfectly matched for iridescence, color and texture... the last a beautiful twin of the first. This is, indeed, the smart choker for the chic silhouette. So successfully have Richelieu craftsmen duplicated the elusive loveliness of nature's masterpieces that it takes an expert to differentiate. Price, $500. to $5. Beautiful jeweled clasps to match, if desired.

Exhibition Salon, 389 Fifth Ave., New York

RICHELIEU PEARLS

SALVAGING LIFE'S LOST MOMENTS

. . . when the matinee orchestra swings into the third act (a gorgeous love scene) . . . and your interest is at fever pitch

. . . but you've got a mental picture of an irate male coming home bellowing for a hot, home-cooked dinner . . . remember

Hormel *Flavor-Sealed* Ham

For Flavor-Sealed Ham is already cooked by the exclusive Hormel process. Serve it cold or simply add your favorite garnishments, heat through and brown. Flavor-Sealed cooking retains all those natural, unmatched flavors and savory juices formerly lost in water and steam. There is no bone, no skin, no surplus fat, no waste. Keep on the pantry shelf and you'll always be prepared.

At leading stores, or write, naming dealer

GEO. A. HORMEL & CO.
Austin, Minn.

HORSE SHOWS AND HUNTS

Local and Amateur—Outlaw—Royal Pearler

THE outdoor season officially opened last week with the Soldiers and Sailors' Club horse show at Portchester. Once again we had the flapping tents, the mêlée of horse vans, the impressive assortment of cars in the parking spaces, the cold and hurried luncheon, and the stentorian cries of Eddie the gateman. The show was a purely local and largely amateur affair, with a most impressive number of entries; no other community could provide almost five hundred entries for a one-day show. People brought one old favorite horse, or they brought strings of eight and nine, but the one-horse exhibits staved off the rush of the big corporations pretty well.

A great many of the jumpers were making their first appearance, using the show as a school for the larger ones to follow, with the result that a record number of bad performances ensued. People were hurled right and left on refusals, fences were knocked down with monotonous regularity, but no one seemed to mind—it was all in the family.

Perhaps Devon will produce some new stars—at the present time not only the people but the horses present old and very familiar faces.

THE most exclusively family-party horse show is the Philadelphia Indoor. Society there takes this show as its very own, completely ignoring the admitted doubt whether there are any horses concerned in the affair. At one end of the Armory an enormous tearoom presents serried rows of backs, and a continuous, animatedly well-bred babel of conversation; close by, those débutantes of the season who are not eating serve as models for the more persuasive stores, on a high and spotlighted platform. All through the audience husky and indefatigable subdebs peddle, with a costly pertinacity, roses at a dollar apiece, home-made fudge wrapped bulgingly in paper napkins, dripping ice-cream cones.

Meanwhile, in the ring itself a class of cockchafer-like Shetlands, driven by little boys dressed in English clothes

WHO LIVES AT THE PARK CENTRAL?

AMONG guests at The Park Central are prominent leaders in every phase of human endeavor—Art, Music, Science, Aviation, the Diplomatic Service, Society, the Professions—all are represented here in numbers befitting New York's newest and finest hotel. And the large majority are permanent guests.

WITHIN the past year construction of apartment hotels in New York City has been almost negligible, and owners of modern buildings realize that there will be an unprecedented demand for apartments for Fall occupancy. We therefore recommend that you make reservations now.

Leases now being made for Fall occupancy for Apartments of 2 to 6 rooms, Furnished or Unfurnished.

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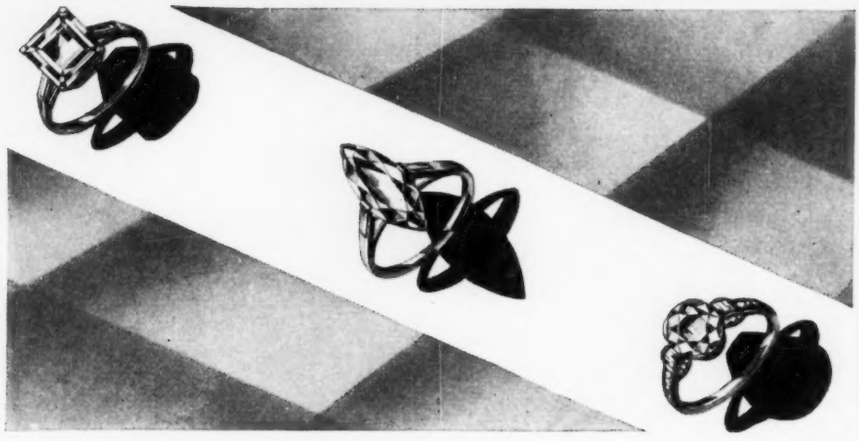

AN
ENGAGEMENT RING
OPPORTUNITY

TO further emphasize our specialization in engagement rings—the present time appearing most appropriate—we present an exceptionally fine collection of both round and fancy cut diamonds, in engagement ring settings, for your inspection.

And most interesting is the fact that each item has been attractively priced for this particular presentation.

May 18th to June 1st.

GRUEN WATCHES

Betteridge inc.

Fifth avenue at 45th street
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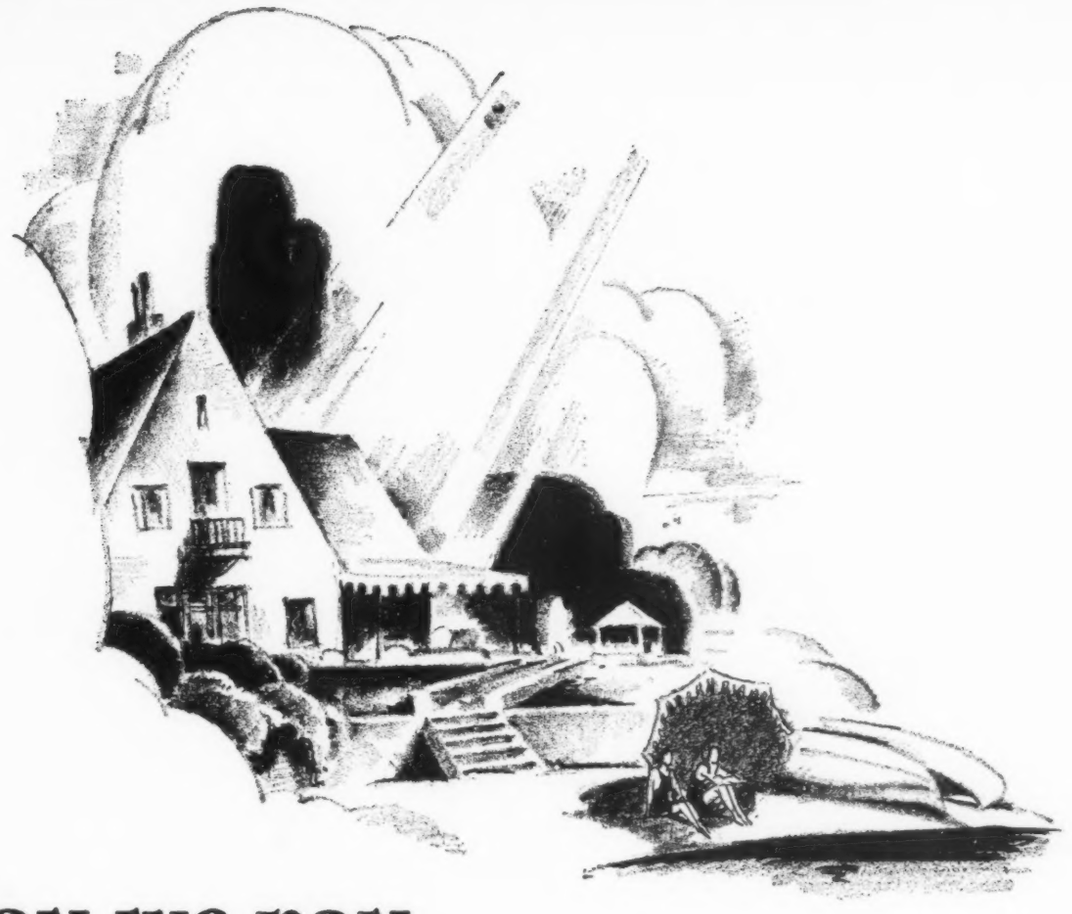
JEWELS—WATCHES

Counselors in the selection of Diamond engagement rings

but betraying their heritage by strained white faces, is succeeded by a rumbling and a chiming of bells as Reid's Ice Cream Company, the Abbott Dairy, and the Newtown Coal Company display draft horses. Liz Altemus created a sensation one evening by driving one of these teams, and was slightly run away with at a trot, amid the encouraging jibes of her friends. A jumping class is always preceded by a somnolent half hour in which some dozen negroes illustrate what inefficiency really is, carrying one flimsy rail to a nice smooth place and laying it down; wandering back for another, putting it somewhere else, till the place looks like an easy jackstraw game. Very few of the hunting people show, except those who keep horses especially for the purpose. The army of seasoned campaigners are all enjoying the grass of the Main Line meadows by now, unmindful of the cloud which hangs over hunting thereabouts.

THE presence of Van Meter's outlaw pack of hounds in the Radnor country has caused trouble for three years, but this spring things reached such a pass that Radnor tempers, frayed by the appearance of the enemy's men with aniseed bags—with which they caused Radnor hounds to desert their proper huntsmen and run a drag over the surrounding fields—finally snapped and caused a factional war in the club itself. This led to the resignation of Horace Hare as master, of Stanley Reeves, Gardner Cassatt, and others from various committees, and produced a tense atmosphere of "are you with us or against us?" in a group of people for years inseparable. The mastership must be filled during the summer, and there is a rumor that a stranger to the whole affair will be installed, in hopes that his unbiased newness may reconcile the factions with each other, the Radnor hounds with Van Meter's, and the farmers with the whole business.

THE running of the Virginia Gold Cup proved conclusively that Dunk's Green is the master of Alligator whenever they meet at equal weights; and in being that he is just about the best timber horse in the country. For the week before, Alligator had won the Maryland Hunt Cup, stiffest race of the year, in a manner reminiscent of Billy Barton's win when he fell two fences from home, was caught, remounted, and pushed in front. Charlie Plumb on Alligator came a royal



May we pay For your Summer Home?

WHEN summer comes—lighthearted and gay—pack up your bathing suits and tennis racquets and be off to the shore. The rent of your summer home will be free—if you live at 75 Central Park West. The actual difference between the rents you pay now in the same vicinity and the maintenance charges here is anywhere from $1500 to $3400 a year, depending on the number of rooms you require. $2300 on a 6-room apartment, for example.

75 Central Park West is a Fifth Avenue cooperative on the west side of the Park. Units of 4, 6, 8 and 9 rooms, some duplex, with every modern equipment, ready in September. Rosario Candela, Architect—Fred T. Ley & Co., Inc., Builder. Ask us today for details of this remarkable saving.

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NEW YORK

From a different angle

A personal angle, one that you alone enjoy . . . from the balcony of your apartment at 730 Park Avenue. It is a different city from each individual balcony. Nearly every apartment above the 13th floor has a balcony, terrace, loggia or conservatory. Many have sunny breakfast porches. Apartments of from 7 to 16 rooms—fine proportions, interesting arrangements of rooms—large fireplaces—as many as 27 closets. On the crest of Lenox Hill, 730 Park Avenue is worthy in every detail of its commanding location. Occupancy in September. Plans are ready now for inspection. Representative on premises.

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Near 71st St.

pearler right at the beginning, and everyone forgot all about him and watched Verdun Belle—the mare Mrs. Ben Leslie Behr got from the army team last summer—and the ever-dangerous Reelfoot battling it out. Four fences from home the mare looked a sure winner, catching Bill Streett at every bound as Reelfoot tired; but she fought for her head just a bit too hard at that big fence, and down she came. Streett, with nothing in front to beat, heard the crash; and he and the crowd automatically looked back to see where the rest were, if any. To his surprise, and the delight of the crowd, he saw Plumb's grassy silks right on his heels. From there home it was a real horse race, with both boys riding as though they were at Belmont, and four-foot-six chestnut rails were circus hoops. At the finish it almost needed a wire to see Alligator's nose in front.

ALLIGATOR can give that good horse, Reelfoot, a fall and a beating, but Dunk's Green has him beaten in the paddock. The course at Warrenton is not so big as in Baltimore, but it is completely, provedly unbreakable; and being all up and down hills is very trying. Dunk's Green, jumping like a stag, was never even challenged, although Alligator made a brave bid coming home; perhaps he missed Charlie Plumb, who was not "acceptable to the committee" in a Virginia gone unwarrantably high-hat. Nevertheless, Lyman Wright put up a good ride. —TOUCH AND GO

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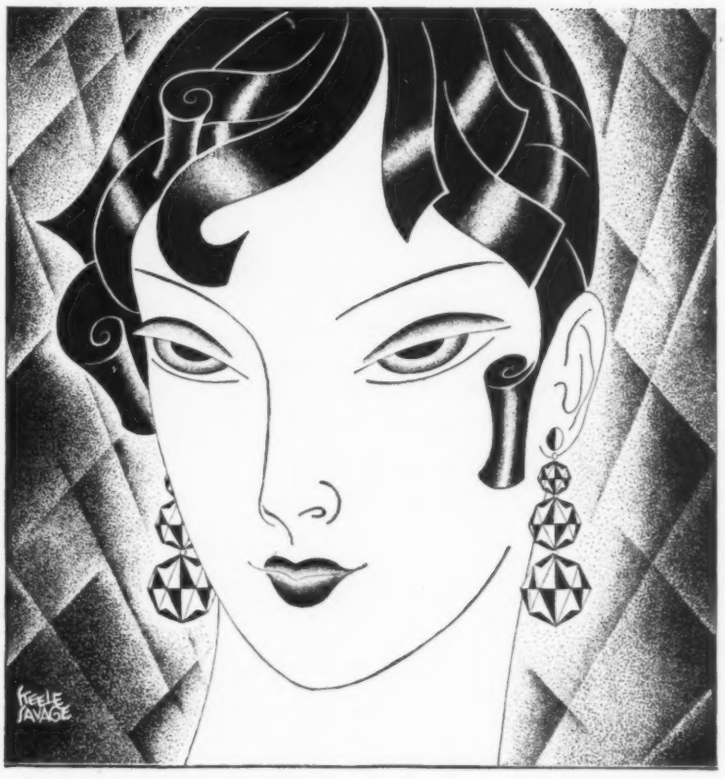
HOOPLA DEPARTMENT

[*Note found on our desk*]

Mr. J. J. O'Connor of 99 Adelphi Street, Brooklyn, called to say that while listening to the broadcasting of a radio program from a station at Eindhaven, Holland, a Mr. Numann who was sending the English part of the program requested that any American who was listening in call The New Yorker and say that he had come across several copies of the magazine and wanted to send the editors of it his compliments.

Thank you, Mr. J. J. O'Connor of 99 Adelphi Street, Brooklyn. And thank *you*, Mr. Numann of Eindhaven, Holland. God give ye both good den!

Created for New York's Socially Elect, Primrose House became the most famous beauty institute in the world.



SKIN FRESHENER—After cleansing, a dash of this cooling lotion is most refreshing after a busy day. It tightens the renovated pores and brings bloom back to the cheek. Three sizes, from $1.25.

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CHIFFON POWDER, SOFT AND CLINGING—You have dreamed of the perfect powder, but never known it until you have touched your cheek with Primrose House Chiffon. Soft as eider, impalpably fine, it clings and clings and clings. In every imaginable shade to match every imaginable complexion, $1 and $3.

IN THESE LUXURIOUS TOILETRIES BOTH YOUTH AND BEAUTY DWELL!

If the first cost of Primrose House Preparations seem a trifle more than you have been accustomed to pay, ask yourself if the bargain counter is the place to search for beauty . . . Remember this—Primrose House is not the whim of an individual, nor are its incomparable beauty aids the result of guesswork or chance. Primrose House is an institution dedicated to the scientific study of the feminine complexion. Nothing that bears its name has been made to meet a price. Its only aim is the best for each specific need . . . If you are a-bargain-hunting you will not be interested in the offerings of Primrose House, but if you are in search of the benefits that only the purest and most luxurious beauty preparations can bring to you, then you will prize the Primrose House name above all others. Write for our booklet entitled, "Here Dwells Youth."

Primrose House Preparations may be obtained at leading stores throughout the country

PRIMROSE HOUSE

5TH AVENUE AT 52ND STREET, NEW YORK CITY

"HERE DWELLS YOUTH"

ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

FEMININE FASHIONS

IT has come to the point now where everyone is trying to confuse a well-meaning girl. Formerly, when I looked at something that had a nice lustrous quality, I said, "Goody, goody, silk!" and so stated it. Now, however, the rayon people are getting more and more expert in their complete ability to deceive you as to what is rayon and what is silk; the silk people have become artful in their ability to make their product resemble wool or cotton. Rayon, as you bright little girls must know, is a chemically manufactured product which has not even a bowing acquaintance with a silkworm. The advantages of it are that, being created in a certain color, it does not fade, nor does the white turn yellow in an effort to get back to its unbleached state; it is washable, does not shrink or stretch, and deceives the eye quite masterfully. You may be glad to know that rayon, when burned, leaves no ash, whereas silk does—but no shop has been so anxious to prove a dress one or the other that they were willing to burn up the stock. All of which is a great attempt to state that, in hasty peregrinations about town, I am not always technical in my distinctions, and you must forgive my charming ways. The rayon moire and velvets are worth seeing—cane-bottom chairs have less effect on rayon velvet than you would believe—and both, by their nature, are **available** for bathing suits if you care to be so fancy.

WHEN Stewart moved uptown and stopped off at Fiftieth Street to await the blessed event of the finishing of the new shop further up the Avenue, the firm sold out all the old stock (you should have been there, my dears) and started life afresh. And prominent among the new things, naturally, are many, many new clothes for summer.

There is a shantung suit from Paquin, for instance, in pale beige coloring with a crêpe blouse to match. The coat has a brown-velvet puffed collar, and circular effects emphasize the down-in-back trend of the short jacket. There is a pert black-and-white checked wool suit from Goupy, the jacket and piqué blouse scooping up to a point in front. This has a skirt that, by virtue of many tiny insertions, is quite circular; the jacket buttons tightly around the hips and has a gilet effect of its own material at the neckline. For the very hottest days, Stewart is at present working on town suits of black linen with colored linen blouses, which will be cool and yet look appropriate as long as you don't rumple them about too much. For the country, linen in black, navy, and brown colorings is being used extensively for jackets. With a sleeveless dress of flowered French cretonne; with white-jumper-and-pleated-skirt costumes in linen with a nautical motif

"What size dress do I wear, Miss?"

YEARS and years ago, a little Primitive lady sat gloomily in her hut. All alone in the darkness she longed for the coming daylight to complete the lovely head-dress she was making. But while she bewailed the dark, she conceived a most illuminating notion. Going to the tribal campfire, she extracted some burning coals, placed them in a brazier, and then—at last, there was light for the dark, dark ages. And as the years went on, the improvements were great and many, and lamps became more beautiful and more ornamental. Lighting became a science, and lamp-making an art. Now at W. & J. Sloane you may find the products of our ancestors' efforts. Table and floor lamps in pottery, blown glass, Chinese jade, rose quartz, or wrought iron—all startlingly beautiful yet surprisingly moderately priced.

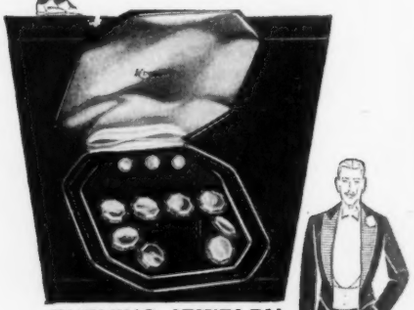
W. & J. SLOANE

575 Fifth Avenue at 47th Street

NEW YORK CITY

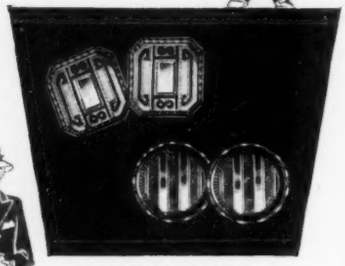
WRIST WATCH BANDS

by Krementz are, by design and quality, associates of fine watches. Entire band slips on or off—over the hand due to a clever expanding link arrangement. $17.50 up.



EVENING JEWELRY

the first word, the last word, the only word in smart, stylish Full Dress and Tuxedo sets—is "Krementz." And how men appreciate such gifts! $7.50 to $50.00.



CUFF LINKS

Design is a big word in cuff links. So is *Quality*. Say both by saying "Krementz". If you want to see links that "dress up" cuffs, see Krementz Links. $1.50 to $7.50 a pair.

Leading men's shops and jewelers everywhere recognize the desirability of Krementz Jewelry for Men by featuring it. Write for booklet and name of Krementz dealer nearest you. Address us at Newark, N. J.

Krementz

Jewelry for Men

applied somewhere about the neckline, they are most decorative. Vionnet, bending a thoughtful eye on nautical things, presents a tennis dress of crêpe de Chine and, over this, a jersey slip-over cut in a very deep V in front. The brown, navy, or black of the jumper is repeated in the casual lacing that appears below the neckline. Your flapper daughter, not to mention yourself, will adore a crêpe de Chine tennis dress that seems to have a pleated skirt until strenuous movements are indulged in, at which point it is revealed that the skirt is panties—and not extreme in appearance, either.

Elsewhere in the shop they are creating active-sports shoes and spectator-sports shoes with high leather heels of pigskin to match bags of that estimable leather. There is also going on in the shoe department a frantic pursuit of the perfectly constructed opera pump. The one they have produced is unusually satisfactory, being firm around the top, narrow at the heel, eliminating to a great extent that bulging-out look at the back of the heel, and fitting the foot closely through the high arch. On the inside of the foot, most shoes tend to give extra width through the instep, and this has been my woeful plaint for years. Try these—they are available in all kinds of fabrics, and are very inexpensive.

WARNING: If you plan to go barelegged this summer, be certain that your shoes are lined with kid throughout, or howwible things will happen to your tootsies. I'd try shoes on barelegged if I were you. Shoesalesmen never blush.

UP Jay-Thorpe way, they are showing their elegant customers some enchanting one and two-piece dresses of handkerchief linen in color, beautifully embroidered in France with white

• •

AVANT LA COURSE!

Ensembles
Silk Suits
Chiffon Dresses
Sleeveless Dresses
Scarfs, etc.

Weekly shipments received from our Paris house

KARGÈRE

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39 Ave. des Champs Elysées, Paris

dots, eyelet work, inserted bits like handkerchiefs, and other delicacies. The most elaborate ones have a full gathered skirt, V-neck, and simple general construction; in the sports department there are more tailored ones. People are cuh-razy for them. You should also look at a veritable queen among raincoats, summery in appearance, of rubberized crêpe de Chine in any color you fancy. (Beige is very swell.) This has patch pockets, applied strips of self material down the back, a belt that ties in front only and gives a sleek appearance in back, and a chic appearance generally. It costs $45.

Also for summer is a collection of shantung or shirting dresses in the tennis-dress vein, these having V-necks finished with a bow, a tight band about the hips that is so arranged as to be immensely flattering to the chassis, and pleats at the side of the skirt. The way it fits is its main distinction. You must look at Patou's new bathing suit, terribly low in front, having two straps crossing like your grandchild's sun suit down to below the waist in back, and going into straight panties at the bottom. In jersey. Honestly, what is the world coming to? And Jay-Thorpe has also found the perfect solution to that motoring-to-dinner problem. I know perfectly nice women who, in sheer desperation, still tie tulle around their locks for these windy rides. Now Jay-Thorpe has produced a custom-made cap of chiffon in any color you select, with two ends that wrap around your head in the fashion you find most becoming, and snap there. They are decorative and appropriate for restaurant dining, for afternoon wear with chiffons, and so on. The price is $25.

WHEN it comes to the question of evening clothes that merit the doting term "exquisitely feminine," all you sophisticates must know that Mary Walls, 2 East Forty-sixth Street, is a good choice, being adept at creating the ethereal impression with evening clothes that many a theatrical producer has tried with his slim blonde types in revues. She is using starched chiffon extensively, particularly in a faint pink tone—the fabric looking like a very soft organdie. It is used like tulle on dresses of the tight-bodice-full-skirt mold; it fashions youthful dresses which are all soft circular tiers on a skirt that descends lower in back; it makes picture dresses with deep berthas, an applied bowknot on the

Late Spring in town . . . and the silk ensemble begins its season. A typical Franklin version of an important summer theme is this dotted silk suit . . . in a supple crepe that lends itself to the newer, softer tailoring . . . completed by the cape-collared, sleeveless white blouse.

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OLD FRIENDS

Old friends to know. Old books to read. Old wood to burn. Old lawns to walk on. And let us add to this list of things that time improves—old shoes to wear. But they must be shoes that had it in them to grow old. The Lotus Veldtschoen Shoes will be the possession of years. Watch them take the polish, and mingling the polish with the stains of grass and earth and weather, get the complexion of an old violin. A possession did we say? Yes, and a prize and a pride as well. .

LOTUS SHOES

LOTUS SHOES INC., ROOM 648, 130 WEST 42ND STREET, NEW YORK CITY

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Jordan Marsh & Co., Boston, Mass.
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LOTUS SHOES FOR MEN ARE MADE IN NORTHAMPTON, ENGLAND

RESTAURANT CRILLON

Luncheon at the Crillon is a tonic for the afternoon's work . . . dinner an apt prelude for any sort of evening

OPEN SUNDAYS AND HOLIDAYS

277 PARK AVE 116 EAST 48TH ST.

front in contrasting color, and a skirt that is long and circular but not bouffant. There is also a divine lace dress here for evening, in a beige-lavender (or maybe it is a lavender-beige) molded through the centre of the body, quite long, turning circular in the skirt, and stiffened there discreetly with horsehair.

For elaborate outdoor-restaurant dining, look at a Patou dress of beige chiffon, plain, tucked, and combined with lace to match exactly. This is fitted through the waistline in Patou's 1929 manner, is quite long, and has a jacket to accompany it. Or, if you prefer a black costume, look at one consisting of a black crêpe skirt, a blouse of net with ciré strips all over it, and a crêpe jacket edged with the net and ciré to match.

Field-flower prints appear in great quantities on daytime dresses of crêpe de Chine or satin, on evening dresses of chiffon or marquisette. The latter fabric makes a lovely afternoon dress with Chanel's cap-sleeve cape over the shoulder and many ruffles in the skirt; field-flower crêpe de Chine is particularly successful in a street ensemble having a pleated skirt, a longish jacket, and a white blouse with a wide scalloped collar that is worn outside the coat. —L. L.

THIS AND THAT

Voyages and Vanities

MURMURS have occasionally reached my ears that there are often summer travellers who are anxious to acquire information other than how to drink in any language—who are, in fact, interested in history, cathedrals, art, and other minor facts of various civilizations. These can be satisfied at the Travelers Book Shop, 11 Broadway, which not only sells all kinds of books concerned with travel, but also has a special service to pick out the correct book for individual needs, including children's. The shop delivers to all piers around New York, and mails books to any part of the country.

STILL they come. The newest bronze lotion to arrive in this office is a product called Mor-Tan, not an artificial stain, but a preparation that is supposed to protect the skin from burning, soreness, peeling, and freckling while allowing it to tan naturally.

Since I have not done much lying around in the broiling sun on Long Island beaches lately, I cannot testify to its practical value, but it has already endeared itself to me by virtue of not being either oily or creamy. I do hate the affection sand has for both oil and cream. However—to eliminate vain thoughts—it is the formula of one Dr. Bowditch Morton; it has been tried and found successful on the California beaches; and is on sale at various department stores and at Alex Taylor's.

THE ensemble idea has been stretched a bit further than heretofore at the Forty-sixth Street shop of I. Miller. Cigarette cases are now being made up to match your handbag which matches your shoes. For instance, pastel kidskin in your pumps, your bag, and your cigarette case should satisfy you ensemble-hunters until some enterprising tobacco company decides to cover its cigarettes in kidskin as well.

—L. L.

ABOUT THE HOUSE

Summer Without Tears —Argentine Curtains or Venetian Blinds—Rugs

IN the face of all manner of persuasion, I remain unconvinced that the population of this metropolis departs in the general direction of the countryside on the first of June. The shops are working valiantly on me, and I may yet turn convert, but in the meantime no one is going to dissuade me from speaking what is in my heart on a subject that lies close to it; to wit, making life bearable in a town apartment while the heat waves roll.

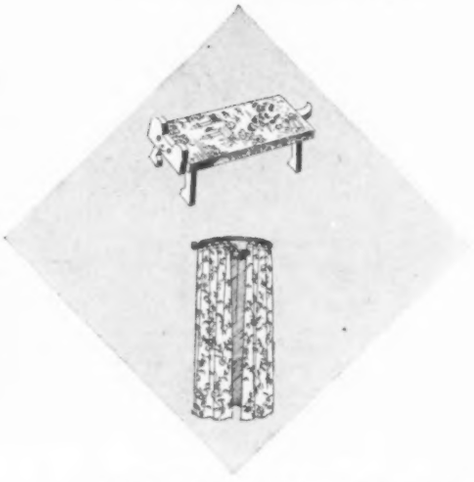
STAYING in town through the summer without tears is largely a matter of curtains, slip covers, rugs, and discrimination. Taking off with curtains, then, my inclination is to urge you to use Argentine cloth wherever you can. This is that glazed tarlatan they use for dustproof garment bags. It comes in all sorts of colors —chartreuse, turquoise, yellows; it has a silly, slippery, iced look you can't find in anything else; it sheds dust and grit like nothing you ever saw; and it costs around forty cents a yard and sometimes less. The unglazed kind has all these advantages except

SHOPPING WITH Janet Gray AT LEWIS & CONGER

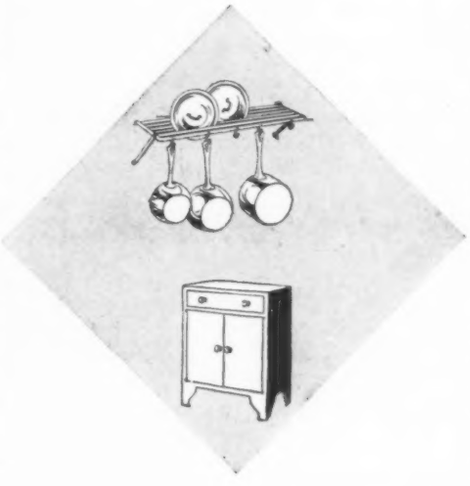
THE One-Legged Table fits across the arms of your chair or settles comfortably down on your lap. One side of the top is padded soft—for cards. The other side is hard—for writing or what you will. Ours is finished in currant red. Also comes in apple green. $7.50

"GOSH! my figure absolutely ruined!" groaned the asparagus as it limply broke upon being fished out of a pot. Such tragedies simply don't happen if you use an Asparagus Boiler. This is oblong, with an inset tray with handles. Place the asparagus on the tray. And when it's cooked just lift out the tray. Of aluminum. $8.00

STEP-PUP boosts the youngsters up to the wash basin. His puppy face forms one end, his jaunty tail the handle. He's painted pink and has oilcloth around his middle. (Comes in blue, too.) $3.00



THESE Shower Bath Curtains were my daughter's idea of how to cheer up my bathroom. They certainly do it. They have a sprightly little flower design in rose, green and blue. Are made of rubberless waterproof Peritex Cretonne that doesn't readily crack or get moldy. $13.25



IN my kitchen I have my pans all within arm's reach—thanks to Pan and Cover Racks. These fasten to door or wall. Each one has strong hooks for the saucepans and space right behind each pan for its own particular cover to slide into. Of copper-plated steel, 21″ long. $3.00 a pair.

A HALF portion White House Kitchen Cabinet is a mighty useful piece of kitchen equipment, so I've found. It's of white enameled steel, 26″ wide, 12″ deep, about 35″ high. Has one drawer and a cupboard with two shelves—which provide grand stowing away places for all those things I haven't room for elsewhere. $35.00

Janet Gray

LEWIS & CONGER

45th Street & Sixth Ave., New York City

VANderbilt 0571

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what a whale of a difference just a few *minutes* make

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for a definite extra
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the icy quality, and is even cheaper.

Don't try to drape this stuff, or put too many frills on it; its best effect comes when you press it into flat pleats and pull it taut on rods both at the top and bottom of the window. Stiffly stretched crisscross curtains are smart this way.

Of course, those printed voiles are perfect. For the regulation window, try them hung in two tiers, each controlled by a drawstring—one rod over the top sash and another halfway down. This is one way of controlling light and air.

Organdie is good, and really practical if you buy a quality that won't go limp. Then there is a new cotton net, made of thin coarse cord. Alice Starr, 151 East Forty-sixth Street, has this in bright, clear colors. Printed foulards are another safe draw-curtain bet; use them without a lining. Crêpe mohair makes good over-curtains, if you really can't do without them, and so do the Sunfast stripes. Neither requires lining.

A thin flannel stamped with crazy modern designs in gold comes at ninety cents a yard—also for over-curtains. In white it is a grand affair, looking like white velvet brocade; this is fairly stiff, and looks best pleated. You could design a knockout gold and white modern dining-room with it, and one helping ought to last through the summer. Also at Alice Starr's.

THIS is almost parenthetical, but in case you haven't seen the non-rubber shower-sheet fabric called Hydro-tex, I want to remind you it's pleasant stuff, with an elegant smell to it and an ethereal transparency. Actually, it's waterproofed silk and chiffon. Altman has it, made up into shower curtains, plain and figured.

Also, Venetian blinds, it occurs to me, are noble for your summer windows, inasmuch as you don't need glass curtains with them at all. Probably you thought of this long ago; the note was only for scatterbrains, anyway.

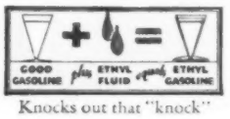
SLIP covers are a great help even if you don't care particularly about protecting the chairs. Giving all the upholstered pieces in the room new

C E.G.C. 1929

POWER . . . SPEED . . . PICK UP

A LOT of words might be used to compare the performance of an Ethyl-using motor with the silky power of the panther pictured above. And they would be true! Any kind of automobile will give its best performance with Ethyl.

For Ethyl Gasoline is good gasoline . . . *plus* Ethyl fluid, the anti-knock compound which was developed by General Motors' Research Laboratories to increase the efficiency of all automobiles.



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However well your car runs now, Ethyl will make it run still better. And if you have one of the new high compression cars . . . well, Ethyl Gasoline made them possible . . . insures that it will give you the best performance of which it is capable. Fill up at the next Ethyl pump and find out for yourself. Look for the Ethyl emblem. You will not go back to ordinary gasoline.

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STOCKHOLDERS of General Motors should be informed with regard to the constituent parts of the Corporation, including the extent of its interest in and control of other companies.

A complete list of the divisions that make up General Motors and how the Corporation coordinates its subsidiary and affiliated companies will be found in a booklet entitled "Plants and Products of General Motors."

A copy of this booklet will be mailed free upon request to Department R-6, General Motors Corporation, Broadway at 57th Street, New York.

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covers—some plain, some patterned; or maybe several solid colors—is one way to start a completely fresh color scheme a-rolling. The Camden Shop, 872 Madison Avenue, has a way with slip covers; for instance, their designs for those problem chairs that require protection only on seat and back are inspirational.

INTERPOLATION: The Bodo Gallery, 39 West Eighth Street, has, among other things, a large and healthy lot of parchment-paper lamp shades, all shapes and sizes, at $1. These are mostly in bright, plain colors, and my idea is that if all the big, beautiful, expensive shades in town were packed in cotton wool and laid away for the season, and Bodo substitutes put in their places, life would become a bit jollier.

The other things at the Gallery include such foolishments as silly animal figures and caricatures in wood, wildly painted; modern dressing-table mirrors perched on a drawer (these Viennese in style and also painted, at $12); wall cabinets and shelves, all new and different; wrought-metal stuff—plant-stands, lamps, etc.—actually without gingerbread adornment; modern European pottery. All sorts of things, in fact, in large quantities, and at solid, old-fashioned bargain prices. Have a good time.

I HAVEN'T a great deal to say about rugs, except that Lewis & Conger, Sixth Avenue and Forty-fifth Street, have a sort of super-rugbag, with a zipper fastening, to put your Oriental darlings away in.

Further than that—all the shops have variations of woven linen and cotton carpetings; the rugs in plain colors with slightly deeper borders are best, although they do not shatter any precedents. Then there is that striped and plaided rag-rug-effect carpet that comes in three-foot strips. Macy has this in all colors.

Some day someone may happen to do something drastic about the summer-rug situation. To date, the rayon people have done something about everything else but, and somehow one hopes . . . —B. B.

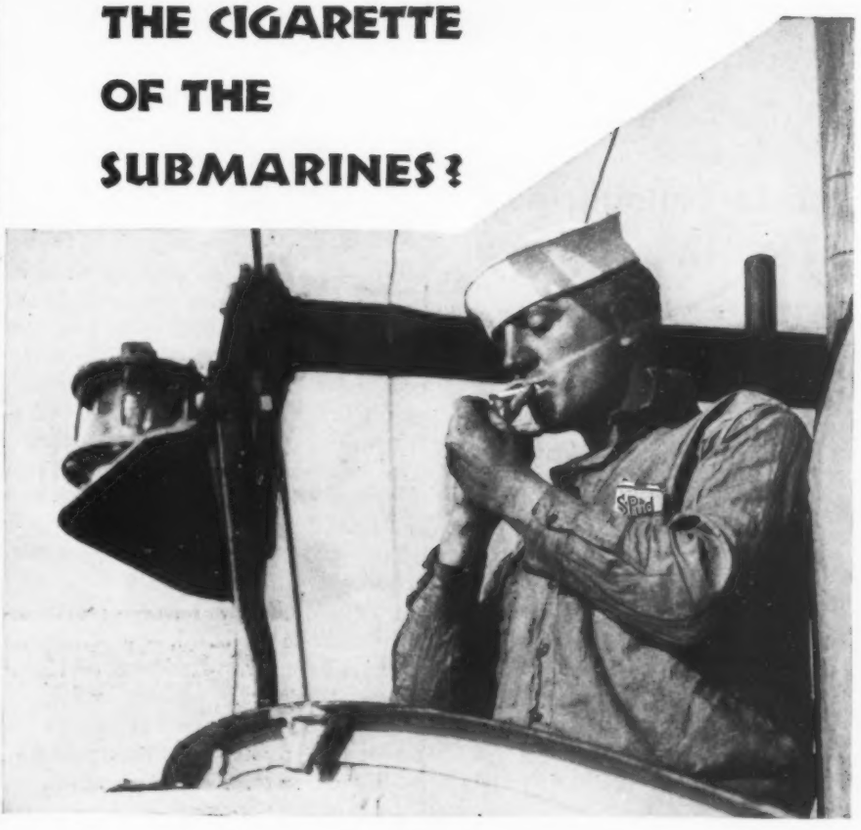
•

British birds are monogamous; that is the rule, and the exceptions are few.—*"The Charm of Birds," by Viscount Fallodon.*

What can you expect in an empire on which the sun never sets?

DO YOU KNOW . . .

THE CIGARETTE OF THE SUBMARINES?



. . . IT'S COOL, CRISP TOBACCO ENJOYMENT!

Out of stale, gaseous air into sunlight and sea breeze . . . up from a dive and hankering for a cigarette! From the undersea fleet comes hearty praise of Spud . . . for throats coated . . . for throats clouded. Where a more dramatic test for Spud's refreshing, cooling smoke? Landlubbers, too . . . emerging from stuffy offices . . . know the joy of Spud and its cooling effect, proved 16% cooler. It heightens Spud's full tobacco flavor. It makes Spud the new freedom in old-fashioned tobacco enjoyment. At better stands, 20 for 20c. The Axton-Fisher Tobacco Company, Inc., Louisville, Ky.

"SMOKE 16% COOLER BY TEST" . . . a little book telling how Spud's greater coolness was proved scientifically and what it means to you . . . sent gladly on request.

JUDGE SPUD . . . Not by first puff . . . but by first pack. Surprise of first puff soon forgotten . . . continued coolness heightens enjoyment of the full tobacco flavor.

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STUTZ

BLACK HAWK

Dos Golondrinas No Hace Verano

"Two swallows do not make a summer," nor do one or two widely advertised features make a motor car modern.

Like a thoroughbred horse, today's fine car must be judged on many points—individuality, smartness, restfulness and maximum-performance-with-maximum-safety demanded by faster traffic.

In fourteen major improvements Stutz alone scores one-hundred per cent—and no other American car sold *at any price* can be rated higher than twenty-five per cent!

That is why Stutz sales in New York the first three months this year were one-hundred-seventy-two per cent greater than during the same period in 1928—New Yorkers who can afford their choice in distinguished motor cars are finding Stutz unique in those basic engineering developments *without which no car can be considered modern.*

Boastful? Not at all. Any one of the host of new Stutz owners would say that we were shrinking violets. May we demonstrate what a truly modern car should be—and do! Just 'phone Columbus 7070.

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MOTORS

Lighter Liabilities—Radio as You Go—Tips for the Literate

ONE of the painful elements underlying our unwillingness to give spring anything more than a slight endorsement is the annual payment of the insurance on our car, now falling due. The insurance tariff laid upon the residents of Manhattan is high enough; it is almost unbearable when you learn as we did that the rate here is more than twice that paid in the suburbs. For example, a policy which costs $137 in East Seventy-third Street may be had for $54 in Paterson, New Jersey—a discrimination which is based, apparently, on moral character. Residents of Hackensack, Bronxville, and Valley Stream, it is explained, are more pious than the inhabitants of our crowded little island. They do not indulge in ambulance-chasing, fender-smacking, and the various other metropolitan insurance rackets, and accordingly their rates are less.

MOST persons take out liability-to-others policies on the basis of $5,000-$10,000, $20,000-$40,000, and so on up. This means, in the first instance, that $5,000 will be paid by the company as the maximum liability for one person in one accident; and $10,000 will be paid if more than one person is injured upon the same occasion. After scanning the records, we offer the opinion that this ratio is a foolish one. In the average collision there is seldom a serious injury to more than one person, and serious injury to more than two occurs very rarely. The ratio of $10,000-$10,000 is much more reasonable in view of these facts, and taking out a policy on the even-ratio basis costs comparatively less for an equal coverage. Those who want rock-ribbed protection might emulate one man who takes out $75,000-$75,000. The extra cost is relatively slight, but, of course, the potential insurance risk to the company is such that its inspectors are on their toes if anything happens.

One company, possibly in a spirit of fair play, is issuing a "moral hazard" policy, which works on the basis of good behavior. If you go for a year

The Navarro

Exceptional hotel suites with serving pantries overlooking Central Park, for immediate occupancy.

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The home of many prominent in art, literary and musical circles. Single room and larger suites, furnished or unfurnished

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A few 2-room corner suites with serving pantries are available with or without hotel service at minimum rentals.

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It's new . . . the very last word in modern convenience! Thousands of up-to-the-minute New Yorkers were pleasantly awakened this morning by T-M-B. Tomorrow thousands more will be awakened to the many uses of this newly perfected, modern telephone service.

Like a magic private secretary, T-M-B "calls" you every morning, receives your calls when your phone "does not answer" and relays the messages to you wherever you are, transmits messages for you to numbers you call that "do not answer", and serves you in many other ways heretofore impossible — even to arranging for emergency refreshments when unexpected guests arrive late in the evening — and for only 6½ cents a day! Are you "awake" yet? Call SUSquehanna 4500 for details.

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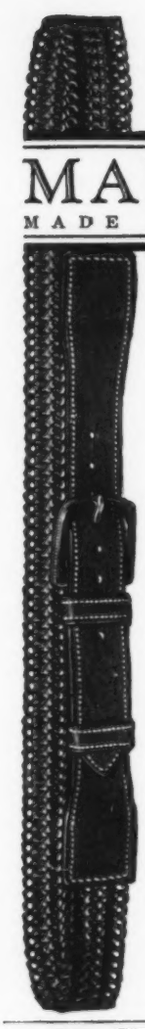

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Martin's Expanding Spring gives with every move of the body. Delightfully cool. Smart in appearance. English Pigskin or Cowhide fronts. Leather covered buckle. Guaranteed not to rust or lose its spring.

Cowhide Front $2.50
Pigskin Front $3.50

Every Belt is stamped: "Martin's — Made in England"

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Golf Garters to match
In Cowhide $1.50
Pigskin $2.00
Also, Braces $4.50

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GREAT BRITAIN'S MOST POPULAR GOLF BELT

Clearance Sale of Entire Stock

GOWNS	*formerly $45—$75*	$25
COATS	*formerly $75—$150*	$50
ENSEMBLES	*formerly $110—$225*	$75
HATS		$10

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Also desirable offices and lofts.

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without turning in any claims, your rate is lower the following season; and if you maintain a spotless record for two or three years, you may achieve the low rate accorded residents of Peoria. We predict a bright future for this type of policy. Ask your broker about it.

MOTORISTS who cannot bear to be away from the chatter of the stock-ticker, Broadway music, and lectures on the soy bean, will be pleased to hear of the Transitone, a new radio designed for installation in an automobile. The idea is not a new one, but in this case the result is unusually satisfactory. The instrument can be conveniently placed in the tonneau of your car, and it may be had in colors which blend with the upholstery. Arrangements have been made with most of the motor dealers for installing the instrument neatly and without damage to the body of the automobile.

MOST country houses are still on dusty country roads, away from the hum of Sunday traffic, all of which is pleasant but does create the problem of keeping the automobile's upholstery clean. This can be solved by keeping in the estate garage some such vacuum cleaner as the Premier, which has a motor-driven suction brush that can be passed over the surface of the upholstery by hand, as one uses an electric iron. There are several models, ranging in price from $20 to $60. Also, the commuter who drives to the station in his Ford will find a certain amount of cheer in a new clamp-on ashtray built especially for this car, and offered in three different models costing from $1 to $1.25.

The makers have been active in providing some new refinements on their cars. For example, the intake manifold of the Windsor White Prince now has a decent sheath of white enamel covering the formerly naked iron. . . . The new bodies on the Cadillac-La Salle have broadlace panelling in place of the old walnut. . . . The twin-cylinder hydraulic shock-absorbers which used to be obtainable only on the larger models of that house are now standard equipment on the La Salle as well. . . . And Reo continues to issue its "car-of-the-month," with special upholstery.

HAVING recently been late to an appointment in Port Chester because our driver had neither a map nor any knowledge of local roads, we have

Seen at Reuben's

"Spring is Here" says GLENN HUNTER. And the boy who made "Merton of the Movies" a memorable character in the American Theatre—whose splendidly poignant characterization of "Young Woodley" has gone down in Thespian history — celebrates the vernal season—and his successful rôle in the aforesaid musical—with a visit to Reuben's. Our chef's versatility, so aptly demonstrated in the sumptuously different Pancake *à la Russe*, with Fresh Caviar and Sour Cream, met with Glenn's whole-hearted, convincingly visible approval. We hope to hear from you soon again, Glenn, and beg to remain "yours sincerely".

That popular Ziegfeld constellation—BOBBE ARNST—on closing her two-year run in "Rosalie"—honors us with a friendly visit. Before sailing for Europe, this vivacious charmer wanted a touch of the Continent she will visit . . . and got it in the form of Boneless Squab *à la Veronique* with Grapes and Parisienne Potatoes. Only in Paris will you find the equal of this ravishingly concocted delicacy! *They* say that Ziegfeld will star Bobbe in a forthcoming production . . . and *we* say—why not? She's got what it takes!

United States Senator ROBERT F. WAGNER . . . product of the Sidewalks of New York . . . authority on labor questions . . . is "in the know" on other questions, and finds his way to the best food in town unhesitatingly. Of fine German stock—a connoisseur of *good* German food—he will tell you that here *Schnitzel Holstein* is a triumph! Breaded Veal Cutlet, of the tenderest!—*saute*—blanketed with a fried egg, sprinkled with capers . . . a palate-tickling creation of rare deliciousness. Come again, Senator . . . and let some of the boys at Washington in on a good thing!

REUBEN'S

Always Open: **Breakfast; Luncheon; Dinner; After Theatre**

Madison Ave. at 59th — Broadway at 81st

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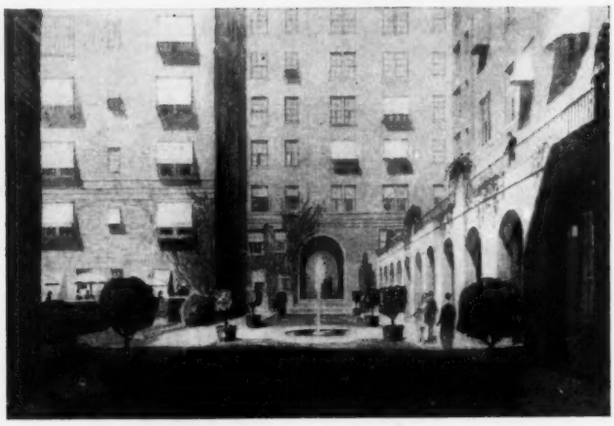
from a sandwich to a National Institution



The *Closed Garden*

The noise and confusion of New York leaves you at the gateway to this peaceful garden. The splash of a fountain, green trees, smooth out tangled nerves, refresh tired bodies —whether you linger in the sunny garden at the Buchanan or look down upon it from your windows. The rooms are large, and light: there are big foyers, fireplaces, real kitchens with Domestic Science Kitchen Units, Electrolux Refrigerators. Occupancy this Fall, and the building is already 25% rented.

1 room from $1050 **3 rooms from $1150**
4 rooms from $1800 **5 rooms from $2450**

The
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CHANGE OF ADDRESS

The following blank is for the convenience of our subscribers who are absent from the city this summer. We will be pleased to observe any change of address order received and request only that we be notified at least three weeks in advance of the date with which it is to take effect.

THE NEW YORKER, 25 WEST 45TH STREET, NEW YORK.
You have been sending the magazine to—

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become rather acutely conscious of the importance of good guidebooks. These are readily obtainable, and free maps are distributed by many concerns. The Standard Oil Company, for one, distributes maps at filling-stations, though to tell the truth they are not all they might be, for they show only the main routes and do not give an indication of the condition of road surfaces. Many of the states, including Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Pennsylvania, and Wisconsin, will supply information without charge. Of these, Pennsylvania probably gives the most thorough data, providing all sorts of detail about places to visit, road conditions, camp-sites, and the like. The best method of getting information is to write to the State Highway Department at the capital of the state in question. They will refer you to whatever bureau, public or private, has the matter in charge.

FOR the benefit of motorists who plan to make trips across the continent this summer, the United States Bureau of Public Roads, Willard Building, Washington, D. C., has prepared a series of maps and special articles describing the condition of highways along various routes. These main routes, according to the Bureau, have their Eastern terminals, strangely enough, at Atlantic City and other seaboard cities, but not in Manhattan. Upon investigating this, we found the reason to be that the New York State Highway Department refused to use the federal system of highway numbering, and therefore New York has been slighted. So there! But if you can find your way to the points where the numbered roads begin, the information is useful.

Among the books on the subject we recommend the familiar Blue Books, although they are a bit unwieldy; and we are especially enthusiastic about the Hobbes Guides, which give not only distances, but grades and types of road surfaces. Anyone going in for motoring on a large scale will find that it pays to join the New York Automobile Club (AAA) or the Automobile Club of America. We give warning that all maps, even those of the AAA, are never strictly up-to-date, because of the passage of time between compilation and printing. One advantage of a club membership is that a telephone call before the journey will secure warnings concerning detours, speed-traps, and other unpleasantnesses which cannot be foreseen.

—NICHOLAS TROTT

Pirate Kidd sailed Seven Seas
. . . but this was PORT to him

Historic Montauk light! Beacon of legend and poetry, this famous maritime sentinel flashes the first friendly welcome to inbound liners . . . and to Americans bound for this new theater of play.

If you are the skipper of a fast-stepping cruiser or a sea-going yacht . . . and have a bit of the vagabond in your soul . . . point her nose eastward to Captain Kidd's old rendezvous—Montauk.

Lake Montauk's new million-dollar yacht basin provides excellent anchorage . . deep channel 200 feet broad gives entrance from Long Island Sound . . . there's draft enough for a Diesel-driven yacht . . . the latest type of floating fuel station . . . and the palatial Montauk Yacht Club salutes you from tidewater.

Ashore, more treasure—in pleasure—than the buccaneer is reputed to have buried there.

The fashionable Island Supper Club tucked among the pines...majestic Montauk Manor with its unsurpassed cuisine, appointments and diversions . . . thirty miles of bridle paths for a cool morning canter . . . two rolling 18-hole golf courses reminiscent of Britain's best . . the world's largest glass-enclosed tennis auditorium . . . 1,600 feet of broad, smooth boardwalk fronting the ocean . . silky-soft beach and bathing in sparkling, unpolluted surf 125 miles nearer the Gulf Stream. Truly, Nature's choicest playground on the North Atlantic coast—and the ideal site for a summer home. Fast transportation from New York City—rail, motor and ferry.

Make reservations now at Montauk Manor or write for descriptive literature Montauk Beach Development Corporation, Montauk, Long Island New York Office, The Savoy-Plaza Hotel, Fifth Avenue at 59th Street, Telephone, Regent 8872

montauk beach

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The CURTISS
"ROBIN"

Completely
equipped
FLYAWAY,
ST. LOUIS
90 H. P.—$4,000
170 H. P.—$7,500

*Curtiss-Robertson
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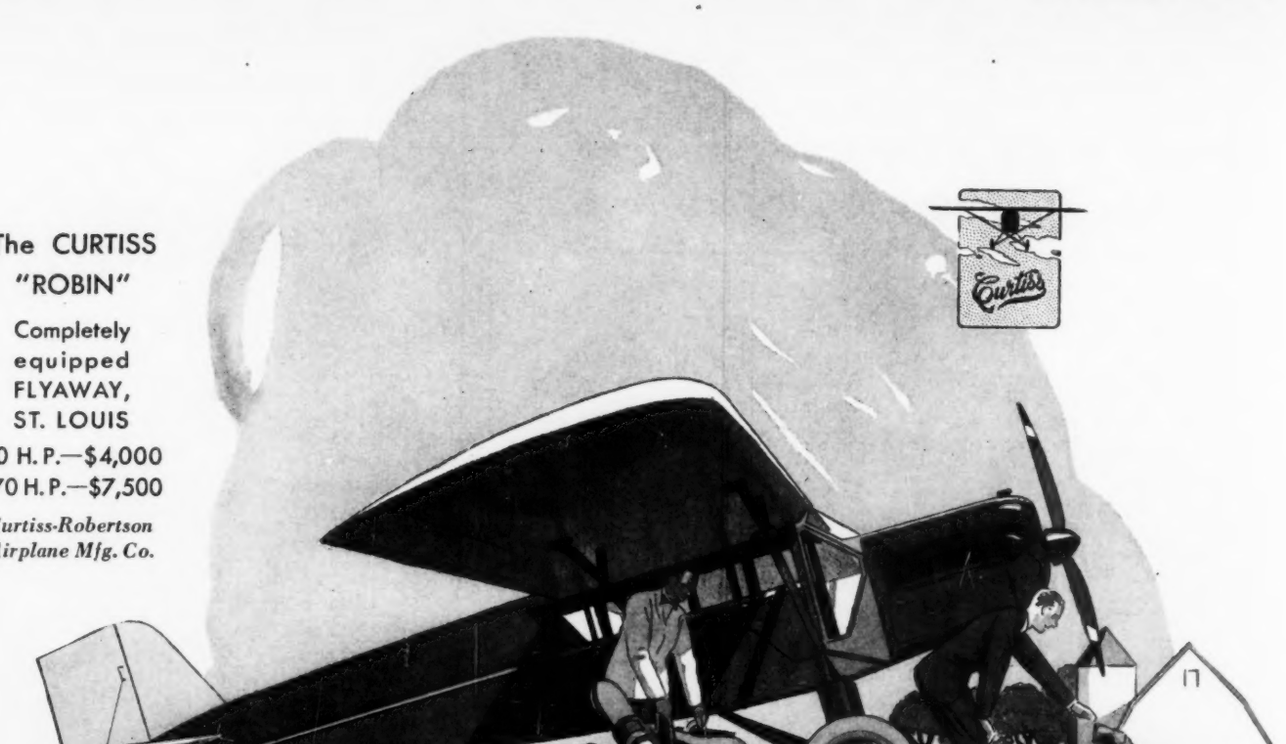

LESS WEEK and MORE WEEK-END

Mr. John W. Gillies, Jr., General Manager of the Mercer Pottery Co., Trenton, N. J.

At 4 o'clock on Friday afternoons, Mr. Gillies leaves his office, drives in 10 minutes to the Trenton airport, steps in his closed-cabin "Robin" airplane, and at 5:15 p.m. lands on a private field directly behind his home at Stony Point, N. Y.

(A COMPARISON OF SCHEDULES)

By TRAIN, 4 Hrs. By MOTOR, 3 Hrs. By "ROBIN," 1 Hr., 15 Min.

Mr. Gillies flies the plane himself; he avoids heat, soot, delay, traffic congestion, cities, bridges, changes (including clothing)—in a word—he substitutes convenience for inconvenience, and arrives home immaculate, refreshed, and in time to play tennis before dining.

Perhaps you, too, are in a position to use an airplane to advantage—if you are, we recommend the Curtiss "Robin" as an excellent plane—it is a three-place, closed-cabin monoplane that is easy to handle, comfortable and economical to fly. ***Distributed and serviced by***

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COIFFEUR POUR DAMES

LADY who has always considered her appearance modest but not altogether displeasing sits in front of well-lighted mirror at the hairdresser's waiting for Mr. Anatole. Wonders gloomily whether she often looks like this or whether it is merely that a sheet tied tightly around the neck is so unbecoming. Wonders whether all those little lines she never knew existed are the signs of approaching age or recent dissipation. Decides to give up cocktails and go to bed early. Decides to go home now and come back some day when she can look at her own face without understanding the temptation to suicide. Starts to untie sheet. Is halted and a little embarrassed by the entrance of the exuberant Mr. Anatole.

MR. ANATOLE (*holding up two limp abbreviated strands of her hair and admiring the effect, which is undoubtedly comic*)—Madame wishes it cut?

LADY (*too depressed to do more than whisper*)—I—I thought so.

MR. ANATOLE (*examining top of lady's head with a minute interest that cannot fail even under the most favorable circumstances to be a little upsetting*)—Madame—but madame is getting gray.

LADY (*who pulled out six gray hairs last week but hoped they were her secret. A shade too eagerly*)—Yes, you know premature gray hair runs in our family—

MR. ANATOLE (*who has heard that sort of thing before and isn't interested. Offering Christian consolation*)—But after a certain age a woman looks younger with white hair.

LADY (*uncertain as to what a certain age may be but gathering from his tone that it is between fifty and seventy*)—Well, it isn't white and I'm not so old that—

MR. ANATOLE (*le grand seigneur*)—It is no doubt the life madame leads. The theatres. The night clubs. But in spite of that distinguished touch of gray it is easy to see that Madame is still comparatively a young woman.

Lady is bleakly silent, trying to feel cheered by the implication that she is still able to go out a little in the evening. Wonders whether her friends have been as observant as Mr. Anatole. Wonders for what hellish reason he has found it necessary to part her hair in the middle, giving her that meek

A Summer home afloat...

RENT FREE

"IT might well be called Elco harbor," say Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Meissner* of the harbor in New Rochelle which is the home mooring for their Twenty-Six during the summer months. Here, secure and sheltered, a whole happy family of Elcos lies expectantly at anchor.

The "Miramar," its owners point out, is not only a graceful, seaworthy little boat, but a veritable summer home on the water. A home in which they can cruise at will, drop anchor whenever whim may dictate.

During the week Mr. Meissner commutes from New York, to find each evening on the Miramar's friendly decks complete escape from the oppression of city noise and heat. Mrs. Meissner speaks delightedly of the ease of the Elco housekeeping. Provisions and ice are delivered regularly by boats in the harbor, and the galley equipment is a miracle of convenience. A signal to the yacht club brings the club launch alongside for visits to other boats or to the club.

Week-end trips to Lloyd's Harbor and to Northport—sometimes to Montauk and Block Island—add to the interest of life afloat. The Miramar often shelters six for these short cruises—four sleeping in the cabin and two in the cockpit. For supper parties and daytime picnics it can comfortably entertain eight.

These Elco owners are particularly impressed with the economy their boat makes possible. No rent, no taxes, no expensive repairs. Plenty of room for guests and yet, with the lifting of the anchor, the possibility of complete privacy at any time. Certainly, Mrs. Meissner says, here is an ideal kind of summer home!

• • •

The history of every Elco boat is as thrillingly individual as the man who owns it. For each owner finds in the opportunity for independent voyaging a constant stimulation and a challenge, and each responds in a characteristic way.

At Port Elco, where we will be glad to receive you at any time, you can get right aboard a Twenty-Six (or any other model on display). Or write to Port Elco for Catalog NY.

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247 Park Ave., at 46th St., NEW YORK

Distributors in Boston, Detroit, Los Angeles and Fort Lauderdale. Plant and Marine Basin, the Elco Works, Bayonne, N. J.

The Elco Fleet: Twenty-Six, $2,975; Veedette, $4,875; Cruisette, $5,950; Thirty-Eight, $10,750; Forty-Two, $16,500; Fifty, $25,500.

*Although this series of advertisements recounts bona fide experiences of Elco owners the names used are fictitious.

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RESOLUTE QUEEN OF CRUISING STEAMERS

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Over 38,000 miles and a remarkable program of shore excursions included in the rates—$2000 and up.

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wet-spaniel look. Is a little shocked to find herself wondering what it would be like to have nice red hair.

MR. ANATOLE (*snipping at random*)—Madame has heard of our vegetable shampoo?

LADY (*coldly, not being fond of Mr. Anatole*)—No, I have not.

MR. ANATOLE (*dusting lady's neck with a brush full of highly scented talcum powder*)—It is our special preparation which by natural methods restores the natural color of the hair, gives it life, and—

LADY (*who is, after all, a real lady. Gasping a little because of the talcum powder*)—Oh, I wouldn't use a dye!

MR. ANATOLE (*cut to the heart*)—Have I said it was a dye? To use a dye would make of madame an old woman. (*Lady cringes slightly.*) This shampoo brings out the natural auburn lights—

LADY (*uneasily conscious that this shameful conversation can be heard in both adjoining booths. Sotto voce*)—But I don't want my hair red.

MR. ANATOLE (*brandishing the brush so that the room is a haze of talcum powder*)—It will not—mon Dieu, did I say it will turn your hair red? Mon Dieu, no!, You shall try it. If you don't like it I remove it.

LADY (*secretly a little curious to find out what her natural auburn lights really are*)—I might come in next week and try it if you're sure—

MR. ANATOLE—At once, madame.

LADY (*weak, yet protesting*)—But—

MR. ANATOLE (*cutting off further speech by pinning a black waterproof around her neck so tightly that she is strangled*)—It is being prepared for madame—the shampoo number two.

Lady gurgles feebly, remembering the woman at her hotel whose hair must have been a mistake because nobody would choose tomato color. Thinks of an elderly acquaintance who had her hair done in Paris and it turned bright green. Considers the possibility of bolting. Pictures the Grand Guignol scene that will be staged by Mr. Anatole if she tries it. Decides that since she has already proved herself a moral coward she had better stay and see it through.

MR. ANATOLE (*holding a steaming saucepan under her nose*)—It is nice. It smells good. You can eat it if you want to.

LADY (*noticing that the mixture is a*

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NEITHER do you want to bathe in a crowded ocean. Membership in Castle Beach Club, Atlantic Beach, allows you to swim where the beach and ocean are free from crowds—where the people you meet are your own friends.

Membership is by invitation only. There is room for a limited number of new members . . . if you wish further information, write today!

Open week-ends for inspection

CASTLE BEACH CLUB
ATLANTIC BEACH, L. I.
Executive Offices, 812 Broadway, New York
Telephone: ALGonquin 8313

peculiarly nauseous shade of green and remembering the woman in Paris)—I don't want it. I think I'll go home.

MR. ANATOLE (*applying the stuff with enthusiasm and a small paint brush*)—We must work quick or it is ruined.

Lady, unable to face ruin, closes her eyes upon the ghastly scene.

MR. ANATOLE (*unceremoniously and quite unexpectedly plunging her into a bowl of hot soapsuds. Panting with strain*)—*C'est fort. Ça marche vite.*

LADY (*smothered, strangled, and sure that it has turned out* plus fort *than was advisable*)—Oh, dear! Oh, dear!

MR. ANATOLE (*dragging her out triumphantly by the neck*)—*Voilà!*

Lady, dripping and breathless, cocks one soap-filled eye at the mirror. Is confronted by a streaked and grimacing countenance, fantastic and horrible. Closes her eyes again with a low moan.

MR. ANATOLE (*mopping her face tenderly with a stiff towel*)—It is perfect, madame. Madame will be delighted.

LADY (*who asks only to get out of this chamber of horrors into her old, carefree life. With unwonted bitterness*)—Yeah, I look simply charming.

MR. ANATOLE (*just a playful old grandpa*)—Madame is impatient. We must wave the hair.

LADY (*who would like to be firm about something*)—No!

MR. ANATOLE (*pulling a large, black bag well over her ears and turning on a scorching blast of hot air*)—Ah, madame, as we say, "*Il faut souffrir pour être belle.*"

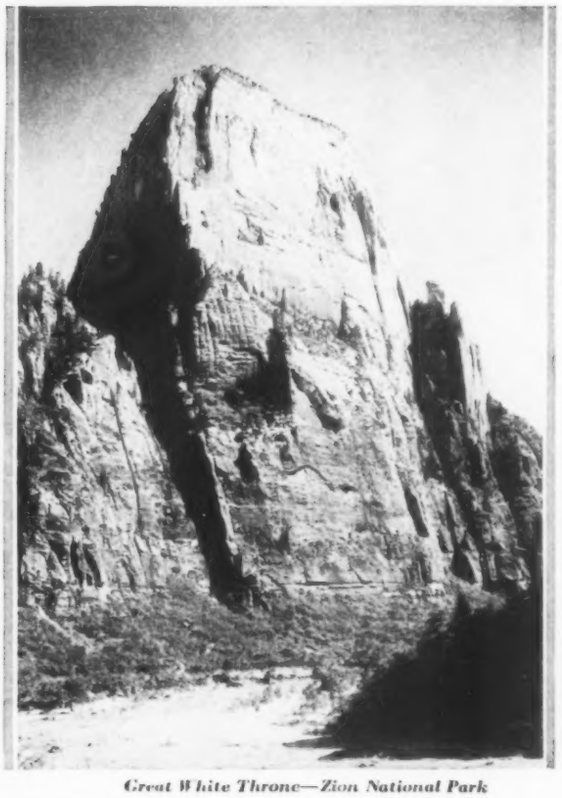
LADY (*muttering vindictively as Mr. Anatole departs*)—Yes, and that's just the sort of thing a bald-headed man would think of saying.

Lady is shocked to find that she can't hear her own voice. Wonders whether the deafness is permanent. Remembers hearing about somebody who used hair-dye and expired as a result. Wonders about the crick in her neck. Wonders whether Mr. Anatole has forgotten her. Decides to tell him what she thinks of him if she is spared. Welcomes his return with a wan, propitiatory smile.

MR. ANATOLE (*removing the bag and beaming with artistic pride*)—It is

Union Pacific

VACATION OFFERING EXTRAORDINARY 5 NATIONAL PARKS IN ONE LOW COST TRIP



Great White Throne—Zion National Park

YOU wouldn't believe so much of the grandeur of the West could be seen in a single two weeks' trip! The geysers, canyons and great cataracts of Yellowstone...the sheer, soaring, ice-clad summits of Grand Teton, our newest National Park...the majestic towers of Zion Canyon, rising like great altars, nearly a mile into the blue Utah sky...Bryce Canyon, a new National Park, entirely different from all others in its fantastic sculpturing and rainbow colors...and, finally, the overpowering immensity of Grand Canyon, the most awe-inspiring spectacle in the world!

All these! And a host of fascinating sights on the way: colossal forests, friendly wild animals, snow capped mountains, Alpine lakes, wild flowers, quaint Mormon villages, Rocky Mountain National Park, Great Salt Lake... every hour of this greatest of American scenic tours brings something new and thrilling.

An exclusive Union Pacific offering, it can be made independently or by Escorted All-Expense Tours with interesting people as companions. You go on the finest trains via Chicago, St. Louis, Kansas City or Omaha. And the cost is amazingly low. Mail coupon below for full information.

LOW SUMMER FARES TO ALL THE WEST *via*

Union Pacific

THE OVERLAND ROUTE

C. J. Collins, General Passenger Agent, Dept. 350
Union Pacific System, Omaha, Neb.
Please send me complete information including cost, and booklet: Western Wonderlands (tells about *all* the West)
I am also interested in:

☐ Zion-Bryce Canyon-Grand Canyon National Parks ☐ Hawaii
☐ Yellowstone ☐ Pacific Northwest and Alaska ☐ Colorado
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THE·RITZ·CARLTON

THE PERSIAN GARDEN designed by J. Monroe Hewlett (of Beaux Arts Ball fame) will open Tuesday evening, May Twenty-first. A roof retreat for those whose presence will make it as renowned as the hotel it crowns. Dinner Dancing. Reservations by telephone: Murray Hill 7600. THE RITZ-CARLTON HOTEL, Madison Avenue and 46th Street.

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EUROPE CRUISE June 29 ss. "LANCASTRIA"
CUNARD LINE, 52 days, $600 to $1300
Spain, Tangier, Algiers, Italy, Riviera, Sweden, Norway, Edinburgh, Trossachs, Berlin (Paris, London, Rhine, etc.). Hotels, drives, fees, etc. included.
Mediterranean Cruise, Jan. 29, $800 up
Frank C. Clark, Times Bldg., N. Y.

admirable! (*turns lady with a flourish to face the glass.*)

LADY (*strangely disappointed*)—Why, it looks just the same! (*As Mr. Anatole significantly turns on another light*) Oh, my God!

Wonders whether Mr. Anatole spoke the truth when he said he could remove it. Decides from his expression that it was merely a figure of speech. Wonders how she will explain to her friends why she has gone slightly Titian. Decides it is one of the things you simply can't explain. Observes with guilty satisfaction that her natural auburn lights are rather attractive. Finds herself thinking that now she may be able to wear black without looking as though she had been recently bereaved. Feels suddenly very gracious and light-hearted and younger than she has felt for days.

MR. ANATOLE (*wistfully*)—Madame is satisfied?

LADY (*speaking the truth against finer feelings*)—It is becoming.

MR. ANATOLE (*proudly*)—Madame will look now not a day over twenty-one.

With an exhilaration from which guilt has almost vanished, lady wonders whether perhaps that isn't perfectly true. Puts on hat. Bestows a suitable gratuity on Mr. Anatole, with her usual subconscious dread that it may offend him. Goes out to tell those of her friends who are guileless or catty enough to bring up the subject that there is nothing like sunshine and plenty of brushing to bring out the natural lights in the hair.

—ALICE FRANKFORTER

•

TRIOLET AFTER DUE REFLECTION

Be off, my dear, you bother me,
You complicate my little life
By mixing joy and misery.
Be off, my dear, you bother me.
I hanker for serenity,
I've had enough of cardiac strife—
Be off, my dear, you bother me,
You complicate my little life.

—MARNE

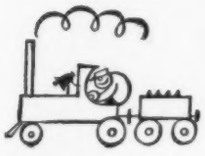
•

Thrown into a different environment in his youth, Henry Ford might have been a successful fiction writer.—*Writer's Digest.*

We're satisfied with things as they are, if he is.

OUT OF TOWN

Far North and Quite a Bit West—Train Bleu —London Season



NO matter what your mood for summer travel, you can probably satisfy it with one of the offerings of the Raymond-Whitcomb Company. First, and dearest to the hearts of the young generation, are their North Cape Cruises, introduced some eight years ago and now grown so popular. The Carinthia, which leaves New York June 26 with the first shipload, is booked to capacity, but on the Franconia, sailing June 29, accommodations are still available. These cruises last until July 30 and August 3, respectively, and end at Southampton, in England; return passage on a Cunard steamer is included in the price of the cruise. After the scheduled North Cape trips end, there are a series of possible extension cruises to choose from, which run through to the end of August and are charged for according to their length.

I have been told repeatedly by people who have been on the Raymond-Whitcomb cruises that they have none of the regrettable features of organized group activities, and that everything is done in an efficient, civilized way. Being popular with young people, the trips are gay, with constant dancing, and endless sports and games. Each ship has a deck and inside gymnasium, a fine swimming pool, and, of course, the excellent Cunard food and wines.

A LARGE proportion of the staterooms on the Franconia (the Carinthia, as I said, is sold out) have comfortable beds, windows, private baths, and smart furniture, and may be arranged *en suite;* the public lounges, rooms, and halls are all delightfully decorated. Incidentally the Franconia has hundreds of friends among former passengers, for she is almost exclusively a cruising ship.

The cruises include stops of varying lengths at Iceland, the North Cape, and Norway (including Hammerfest, the northernmost city in the world, the Norwegian fjords, Bergen, and Oslo), Sweden, Esthonia, Finland, Denmark, and so to the Continent—the Midnight Sun shines from July 9

PAST OREGON LAKES AND MT. SHASTA

"*The* Cascade"

San Francisco · Portland · Seattle

San Francisco—with all California nearby. Portland—and the "Evergreen Playground of the Pacific Northwest". And in between —the 22 smooth, speeding hours of the superb "Cascade".

This swift-coursing conqueror of the rugged Cascade range is colorbearer for Southern Pacific's spectacular SHASTA ROUTE. When you go West by northern lines or by Southern Pacific's southern or central routes, and return by northern rails, it is through the "*Cascade's*" gleaming windows that you see Northern California and Oregon.

Same fine appointments as grace the leaders on Southern Pacific's other three routes—"*San Francisco Overland Limited*", "*Golden State Limited*" and "*Sunset Limited*". Rooms en suite, if desired; club car, barber, valet, shower; ladies' lounge with maid and shower; unsurpassed dining-car service.

Southern Pacific

Four Great Routes

Send your name and address, or call and ask for free illustrated book, "*How Best to See the Pacific Coast*". Two convenient New York ticket offices; uptown at 531 Fifth Ave. (old Delmonico corner), phone Murray Hill 8400; downtown at 165 Broadway, 20th floor, phone Courtland 4800. H. H. GRAY, *General Agent, Passenger Department.*

Invade the NORTHWEST "EMPIRE" *this Summer!*

NAPOLEON won his Empire by conquest; James J. Hill built his—a vast American Northwest "Empire." As he built the Great Northern Railway, he established communities which supported him along his line of march. Napoleon, in his advance across the Alps, beheld no more of scenic grandeur than James J. Hill did on his march to the Pacific through the region that is now Glacier National Park and many other marvelous vacationlands.

Low round trip fares to Spokane, Seattle, Tacoma, and Portland include liberal stop-overs at all points of interest. Special Escorted All-Expense Tours to Glacier National Park, the Pacific Northwest, and Alaska relieve you of all details. For illustrated booklets and further information write or telephone

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tune in on the Great Northern Railway "Empire Builders" broadcast every Monday, 10:30 P. M. Eastern Daylight Saving Time over WEAF of New York City, N. Y.

GREAT NORTHERN

The New Cascade Tunnel Route

to July 13, so don't expect to see sunsets. Viking ruins and Danish pastry will occupy much of your time ashore, when you are not being whirled around in automobiles under the baton of a Raymond-Whitcomb director.

Of the side-trips that can be made at special additional rates, the most interesting is certainly that to Leningrad and Moscow, by way of Oslo and Stockholm. The passport requirements for this are complicated, so arrangements should be made at once.

Raymond-Whitcomb will attend to every detail of booking, visas, baggage, and so on; the cruise rates are all-inclusive, except for tips, automobile hire, and similar personal expenses. The rates vary from $800 (per person, in inside double room) to $3,000 (per person, outside single room); suites cost $3,800 per person.

THE Raymond-Whitcomb summer plans also include a series of "land cruises" in America, on those amazing trains that apparently have everything but a golf course and football field. The arrangements are so flexible—you can join the cruise almost anywhere you happen to be—that it is confusing to describe their actual doings. At any rate, they take in thirteen different routes: among them the Southwest, California, eight National Parks, the Rockies, Montana, Wyoming, and the ranch countries; the Grand Canyon, and other canyons; Alaska and its furthermost points north; and Hawaii. The equipment of the special trains includes an entertainment car with radio and movies, a gymnasium, a recreation room for dancing, a library, and a barber shop. Baths and other luxuries may be taken for granted. There are side-trips of all sorts, sometimes by motor, sometimes by boat, often by air.

Rates are unexpectedly reasonable; for instance, on a trip lasting from August 1 to September 9, one person

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5 Rooms and Dressing Room: 3 Master Bedrooms—3 Baths, Duplex Studio 18 feet high, over 30 feet long—Large Wood-burning Fireplace—Tremendous Roof Terrace—Completely Equipped Serving Pantry—Enormous Closets.

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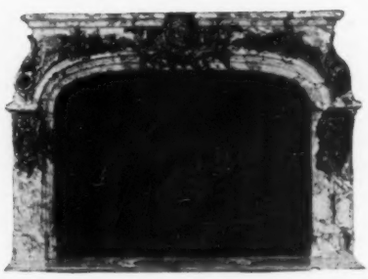

A wonderful display of over 150 exquisite mantels in different marbles. Original Colonial doorways, etc.

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Individual Diets and Exercises for Trim Silhouettes; Sun Baths; Massages and Mineral Baths.
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Can you resist that impulse to make your "Boston by Air" reservation? Phone Ashland 7750 for reservations—or leading hotels and travel agencies. Bus transportation from Hotel Pennsylvania.

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17 East 45th St. New York
Murray Hill 9724 Vanderbilt 1860
BRANCH—PHILADELPHIA

can have a compartment for $1,600—which covers all but the usual small exceptions.

IF you mean to be at Atlantic City on Decoration Day—Thursday, May 30—I advise your writing for reservations and, if you are looking for something new, making the trip down by the Blue Comet, a new special train of the Jersey Central Railroad. This leaves New York (Liberty Street) twice daily, and makes the run to Atlantic City in three hours flat. It carries no Pullmans, but reservations must be made in advance. The cars are called DeLuxe Coaches, painted ultramarine blue with a cream stripe; inside they have blue plush carpets and upholstered seats—two chairs alongside each other instead of isolated as on a parlor car. There is much chromium-nickel hardware, an observation car free to all passengers, and diners on trains that require them. The fare is $4.93, or $8.40 round trip.

WHEN you see this, the London season will be under way with the usual number of young girls chattering about plumes and unembellished complexions. Some, to be sure, rent houses in London, but others will be interested in Grosvenor House, the new hotel in Park Lane, London, W.1. This very large place seems to have made unofficial acknowledgment of American ideas, for it includes everything we demand of hotels, and a lot more beside. Particular interest is taken in athletics, for the International Sportsmen's Club has its headquarters there; this is the easiest channel through which to avail yourself of all sports in London. The hotel harbors squash courts, a swimming pool, gymnasium, ice-skating rink, Turkish baths, and courts for outdoor games. It is accessible to the parts of London that court-presentees are concerned with, is beautifully decorated, managed with that certain something the English know so well how to put into service, and is a good place for Americans to entertain in.

—FOOT-LOOSE

•

Police pursued him from the bank building at Michigan Avenue and the killing of a robber by Harry Hibbe, owner of a drug store, and in the shooting that preceded the capture of a burglar seen leaving a home on South Campbell Avenue. —*The Times.*

Twilight in Chicago.

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THEATRE TICKETS , , BOOKS AND MAGAZINES

MUSICAL

About a Lorelei and M. Ben

THE Women's University Glee Club is one of our most enterprising musical institutions, and it has in Gerald Reynolds a conductor who seems to devote most of his summer to excavating novelties for his well-educated charges to sing. The latest program put together by the industrious Reynolds was a Pan-American affair, which ranged from North American Indian explorations to South American discoveries.

All of Mr. Reynolds' folk-song finds are worth hearing (and any singer who bothers to obtain copies of two Brazilian ditties which were on the program will have on his hands two guaranteed hits), but perhaps more important are the original compositions which Mr. Reynolds collects and presents. By this I do not imply that all of these manuscripts are good, although Mr. Reynolds maintains a much better batting average than most societies for the advancement of the contemporary composer; the importance lies in Mr. Reynolds' readiness to encourage young musicians by bringing forward their works without homilies or apologies. His chorus sings them, and you may take them or run from the hall. There is a delightful lack of missionary spirit in the presentation.

AMONG the composers whom Mr. Reynolds introduced at the recent exhibition was Robert Russell Bennett, best known to American audiences as the orchestrator of "Show Boat" and many other scores. At present, Mr. Bennett is a Guggenheim Fellow, and is composing his own music instead of lending his enormous technical skill to the arrangement of other people's. Mr. Reynolds produced "About a Lorelei," described officially as "Theme and Variations in the Form of a Ballade," for which Mr. Bennett was his own librettist, and a good one, too. A mezzo and a contralto tell the story. A soprano supplies the voice of the Lorelei, and the chorus and piano "comment on the affair."

Everything begins pacifically. "Once upon a time there was a Lorelei," sings the mezzo narrator, after a short introduction. "Half of her was bathing in the cool, clear Rhine—the other half was bathing in the warm sun-

LA EVENTS

id M. Bennett—Chamber Music

shine," adds the chorus, which starts its comments early in the ballade. "The poor thing was really quite bored," announces the contralto—and then, "a tall New Yorker came sightseeing by the place."

Mr. Bennett does not weary the auditor with love interest. "What's the use of talking?" sings the chorus, *allegro vivo*. "He fell in love and married her." They went to New York, which was "quite an adventure for a Lorelei." Now there is a charming episode, in which one learns that "Lorelei was happy on the forty-first floor; bathing in her private pool, seeing clear to Boston from her own back door . . . dreaming she'd only been dreaming before, lazing, luring and lovely!"

"And that," remarks the mezzo, "should be the end of the story—but it's not, because along came temptation." "Oh!" glissandos the chorus. "No!" comes back, in imitation. "It wasn't what you think! It wasn't a man, and it wasn't a woman, and it wasn't any other of a thousand little things that hunt New York girls down." "Don't tell us what it wasn't—tell us what it was!" snaps back the chorus, although this rejoinder runs counter to the solo voice and is not intelligible in performance. That, by the way, is Mr. Bennett's only error. The clash of voices occasionally obscures the sense.

NOW the piano begins to take an interest in the events. A slow, languid fox-trot accompanies the statement that temptation was "a warm, soft, summer-night breeze, creeping through the window, whispering a melody and rum, dum, dum of a jazz band on Broadway and that was all." Lorelei is haunted by this music.

Husband realized something was wrong;
Something slightly wanton had come into her song.

The catastrophe is on the way. Husband takes her to a dance in the hope that the exhibition "might send her back happy that she was only a Lorelei." Lorelei, however, hears only the jazz instruments screaming, "Little girl, we know you don't know it, but you're just a jazz babee!" Here is the climax, a brilliant choral episode, against the warbling of Lorelei and a dazzling piano passage. It

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by-the-sea... New Brunswick, Canada

ends suddenly; and the melody which accompanied the "cool, clear Rhine" is heard again in the piano.

Mr. Bennett does not waste time.

Back where she belongs there is a Lorelei,
Half of her is bathing in the cool, clear Rhine,
The other half is bathing in the warm sunshine,
Her poor drooping shoulders still shaking.

"That's always the trouble with a Lorelei," is the final remark of the mezzo; the chorus caps it with an expressive "O!," and the piano concludes the ballade with a staccato plunk.

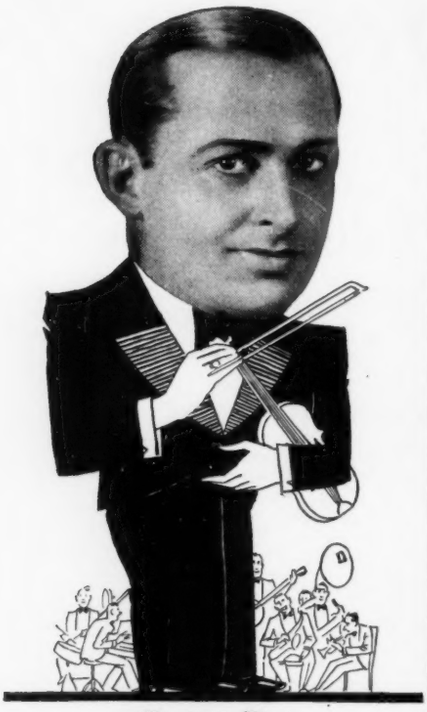
Really, an amusing, fanciful work, this "Lorelei," and it ought to be heard again. Mr. Reynolds has ideas.

MORE new attractions arrived at the concert of original chamber music by students of the graduate school of the Juilliard Musical Foundation. These included a string quartet and a fantasy for two pianos by Nicolai Berezowsky; a sonata for piano and violin by Celius Dougherty; and a movement from a quintet for piano and strings by Amedeo de Filippi.

Mr. Berezowsky's work is already familiar to concertgoers, and his two offerings did nothing that would make or break him. The quartet was uneventful music, better written, I suspect, than the performance indicated; the piano fantasy paid noisy tribute to Debussy. My lack of enthusiasm for these compositions does not mean that Mr. Berezowsky has no gifts. He has obvious gifts and a good deal of craftsmanship, but there was something unduly tentative about this music.

The Dougherty Sonata was marked for "piano and violin," and with justice, for the piano predominated vigorously. Like the Berezowsky pieces, it showed expert knowledge of the instruments and uncertainty of ideas. Nevertheless, I should like to hear more of Mr. Dougherty's output. The de Filippi Quintet was the most orthodox of the evening's demonstrations and the most tuneful.

I doubt whether any of these compositions will be heard soon again, but the concert was worth while, for it is only by public performance that a composer can learn his business; and the sure-handed scoring of all of the music was a tribute to Rubin Goldmark, who seems to be able to teach a young musician method without imposing on him his own musical individuality. —R. A. S.



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Vocal chorus by "Scrappy" Lambert
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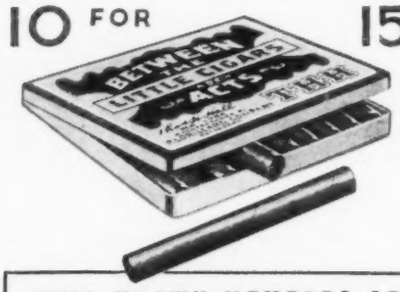

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THROUGH THE WALLS

THE boys across the hall were having a very wild party. Even for Saturday night in the Village, it sounded wild. What with the strange confusion of sounds that seeped in through the walls and our own curiosity, we had difficulty in going to sleep. Indeed, when I waked at dawn, it seemed as though I had not slept at all, for the sounds were still seeping through, only louder. One girl's high voice was rising above the tumult.

"You got no right to kick a lady," she wailed, "you got no right!"

Another girl's voice arose.

"Aw shut up—" and then followed something I didn't quite get. But the first girl got it.

"Ow!" she yelled, as though stuck with a pin. "She called me out of my right name!"

Then a lot of voices told her to shut up, but she wouldn't.

"You're no gentlemen," she wept, "that's what! You beat me up and then you let me get called out of my name. I'm not going to stay here any longer. I'm going to go get a cop!"

We heard the door across the way open and slam. Then her footsteps down the stairs and her shrill sobs rising up after her. She was back very soon with someone whose voice was deep and full of importance and sympathy. We heard her crying all the way up the stairs, and telling him about her right name. Outside the door, there was a pause.

"That's what you cops is for," came the tearful voice, "to protect us girls."

Then came a loud knock on the door across the way. It was followed by perfect silence. The apartment across the hall had become as still as our own. It developed there was something technical about entering someone's apartment. The cop decided to wait for the sergeant, who was on his way. He started to give advice. He learned the girl had just met the boys the day before, in Flatbush.

"Don't you know better than to get drunk with people you don't know?" scolded the cop. "First thing you know, you're liable to get insulted."

"I know, sir," replied the plaintive voice, "but they got no right to kick you."

TWO new policemen and the ambulance men came up the stairs. The girl received them all and

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told them about her name and being kicked. She wasn't sure she needed the ambulance, but she was certain she wanted everybody arrested.

Came more loud knocks on the door and threatening commands in a big voice which must have been the sergeant's. But there was no sound from the apartment across the hall. They either knew about that technicality, or they were all scared unconscious.

There was a consultation in the hall. Then the sergeant decided the lady had better come with them and make out a complaint. Someone would be at his desk at nine o'clock. She could wait till then.

"Nine o'clock!" cried the girl. "Did you say I got to wait till nine o'clock?"

They all assured her that wouldn't be so long.

"Oh my God!" she wailed, much louder than she had wailed before. "I can't even lock 'em up—I can't even lock 'em up—"

"Sure you can, lady!" said all the cops together.

"No I can't," she sobbed, "it's Sunday morning, and I got to be in church in Flatbush at nine o'clock."

—JULIA COBB

•

IL PENSEROSO

Sad weird figures garbed in white,
With their headgears tall and fearful,
Faces drawn—druidic sight,
Seated dumb—not gay, not tearful.
How they scan unconscious mortals,
As they come and go again,
Crossing through forbidden portals.
Are they happy or in pain?
Do they plan the fate of nations,
Gathered round, this mystic seven—
Good or evil machinations?
Do they think of hell or heaven?
Do they ponder living? Dying?
Pestilence? The battle axe?
No, their thoughts are all on drying
Waves put in by Antoine, Saks.

—BUNNY

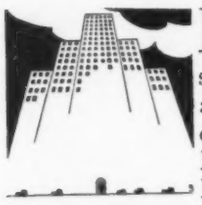
•

The Spirit of Architecture was represented by the Woolworth Tower, impersonated by Mrs. Marian Roach. In the American Literature Group were Mrs. Conde Nast, as Literature; Mrs. Taylor Hardin, Poetry; Miss Natica Nast, Romance; Miss Jane Forster, Satire; Miss Natica de Acosta, Mother Goose; Miss Cornelia Kelley, Magazine; and Miss Marian Wharton, Humor.—*Report of the Aztec Gold pageant in the World.*

We went as Grammatical Error, but were kept out.

NEW APARTMENTS

Presto, Change—Park Avenue and Third



FOR the past year I have been stealthily circling about the vast, blank, deserted pile at Park Avenue and Fifty-ninth Street, trying to discover its hidden destiny. Now I know. It is to be the new Hotel Delmonico—a place of thirty-odd stories and much elegance. Its strange year of emptiness, now ended, was the result of litigation, but its future looks bright. Everybody concedes that the builder was inclined to be a bit erratic, but the results of his temperament are all being obliterated by Messrs. Benjamin Winter and Douglas Elliman, who have taken over the project. French doors, therefore, are being substituted for the windows that fronted on superb roof-terraces to which there was no access—one example of the reforms that were crying out for attention.

By the time it opens, in August, the Delmonico will have a high place among hotels, and leases are already being signed—all, I may add, long-term leases, since mere trivial transients are not going to be seriously considered.

THE room arrangements are completely flexible. On any floor you can arrange the layout and dimensions of your own suite, since there are communicating but eradicable doors everywhere, and the management will cheerfully knock down walls to suit your plans. In some cases expansion will be demanded; the average parlor or bedroom (but not bath) is about 12 by 20 feet, and could be enlarged without troubling anything except the purse of the lessee. Windows are abundant and the light is excellent; there are no fireplaces, but you can have a nice imitation mantel if you feel it will make the room more cheerful. There are plenty of closets; the serving-pantries (included in all but one-room apartments) are complete with Frigidaire and toy sink. The bathrooms are not above average size, and are nearly all inside. No suites will be rented unfurnished, but tenants who sign long leases will be allowed reason-

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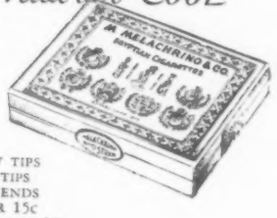

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able voice in choosing the decorations.

Prices: One room and bath, $1,600 to $2,200 a year; three rooms, two baths, and serving-pantry, from $4,800 to $7,200; four rooms, three baths, and pantry, from $6,400 to $8,000. The highest-priced apartments have roof-terraces from which you can see both Hell Gate Bridge and the Palisades. Full—and, of course, most elaborate—hotel service is included, and the public rooms downstairs will be really handsome, judging from the wall decorations. The manager will be Mr. John F. Sanderson, who did so well by the Madison and the Barclay.

BING & BING, who are building (but are not in charge of leasing) the lovely 784 Park Avenue, have had a change of heart about its future. It is to be entirely a rental building, instead of operating under a partially coöperative plan, as was originally announced. On the other hand, it is the firm intention of the authorities that occupancy in the house will be restrictive to the last degree, the tenants being selected as if for a club roster, and the rentals scaled accordingly. The house is planned with a dégagé haughtiness that places large bathrooms on the Park Avenue front, and gives the servants some of the airiest quarters I have seen.

There are two types of one-floor apartments—the west, of eight rooms and four baths; and the south, of seven rooms and three baths. The seven-room apartment has an arrangement dear to a practical hostess' heart: living-room and dining-room end-to-end, with wide doors between, and a set of windows at the end of each room—which makes a beautiful setting for entertaining. The rooms are all large and the ceilings are slightly higher and much better done than in most of the new apartment houses. The corner apartments, in Park Avenue and Seventy-fourth Street, are all duplexes, and of the nicest kind. On the lower floor these have a dignified living-room, large foyer, service quarters, kitchen, library, and dining-room (the last two with an amazing little place called a "storeroom" between them); on the upper floor they have three bedrooms and two baths. All the finishings, hardware, plumbing, kitchen fixtures, and lighting will be of the finest type; open fireplaces, of course, and sufficient, though not superabundant, closets. Grandiose penthouse apart-

ments are still available. Rentals run from about $5,500 for simplexes to $11,000 for the higher duplexes; fall occupancy. Douglas Elliman is the renting agent.

THE much-discussed Buchanan, Third Avenue between Forty-seventh and Forty-eighth Streets, has been seen and admired, and it justly deserves the attention it is getting as one of this season's good, centrally located, but low-priced houses. The question of proximity to the Third Avenue "L" can best be settled, if you ask my advice, by selecting an apartment on the other side of the building. You can hear the "L" if you're on Third Avenue, and that's all there is to it; only the very reasonable rentals for apartments on that side make them plausible dwellings. Perhaps in compensation for outside noise, the management is providing the silent Electrolux (gas icebox) in all apartments.

You can have from one room, kitchenette, dressing-room, bath, and three closets (beginning at $1,050 for those remaining) to five rooms, including dining-room, two baths, and seven closets, at from $2,450 to $3,200. Most of the apartments have three rooms: living-room, bedroom, kitchen with dining-alcove, and bath; though there are all sorts of variations of the three-room plan. From $1,300 to $1,950 is the average range of rentals for suites of that size, and they are well worth it. There are no fireplaces below the eleventh floor, but the rooms are well balanced, and what they lose in floor-space and mantels they make up in excellent planning. The kitchen fittings are fine—all-white stoves, and built-in cabinets with a place for everything from the broom to the pepper-castors.

The public parts of the house show much forethought; the house forms three sides of a square, with a large garden court in the centre, and the open side admitting ample light and air. There will be a public restaurant with an extension into the garden, and shops on the Third Avenue side, extending back into a cloister that borders the court. Service-elevator arrangements are not complete, and a few householders will have to receive their groceries at the front door. The Buchanan is, in a way, a daring venture, and upon it I compliment the builders and Brown, Wheelock: Harris, Vought & Company, who are renting it with speed. Occupancy in the fall. —PENTHOUSE

WHERE PARK AND RIVER MEET

One
Gracie Square
CORNER of 84th ST. and EAST END AVE.
FACING CARL SCHURZ PARK
100% Cooperative

An Outlook of Beauty
You can Own Forever

FORTUNES have been paid for *pictures* of landscapes far less alluring than the living panorama that is yours—as the owner of an apartment in this distinguished building—

The park—the East River—the distant hill and countryside live before your windows in inspiring interest and beauty forever. And all amid quiet, pleasant surroundings of established character.

Duplex and simplex apartments of 6, 7, 8 and 11 rooms, are now selling from plans at prices from $24,000. The 11 room apartments each occupy an entire floor. All are planned with consummate skill—roomy, convenient, inviting — affording unusual value with a decidedly economical maintenance.

ANTHONY A. PATERNO, *Builder*

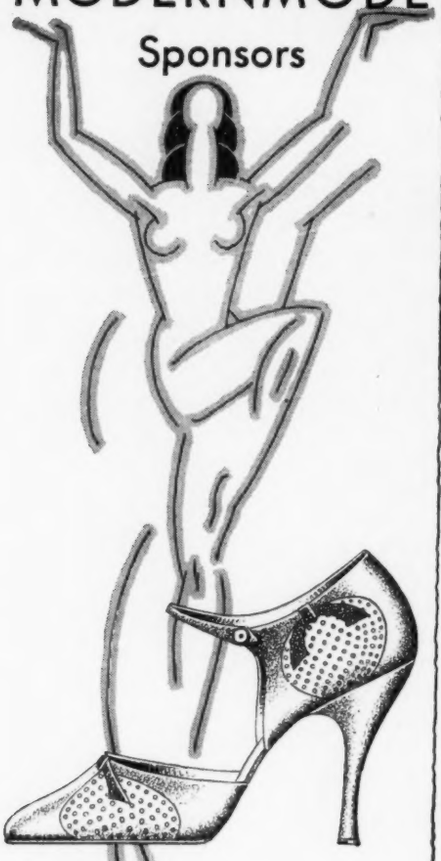
Architects
WILLIAM LAWRENCE BOTTOMLEY
ROSARIO CANDELA

Architects for Purchasers
SHREVE & LAMB

Ready this Summer—Agent on premises daily and Sunday

Douglas L. Elliman & Co. INC.
15 East 49th St. *Selling and Managing Agent* Plaza 9200

MODERNMODE
Sponsors



The
BAREFOOT
SANDAL

The sunburn vogue is chiefly responsible for the development of this slim, sophisticated slipper with its many tiny perforations. For, lined with soft white kid, it may be worn without stockings at the fashionable resorts. Combining tan and beige, butter yellow and beige, butter yellow and green or purple and blue.

MODERNMODE
Footwear
535 Fifth Avenue
Between 44th and 45th Streets

THE ART GALLERIES

The Worldlings

THE Eighth Annual Exhibition of Advertising Art is upon us, and at the Art Center the men who make art pay are winning whatever smiles are due them. For about seven years they have had a vision that was denied us: they felt that their endeavors were somehow connected with art, and they went ahead on that basis. It is not until now that we are willing to succumb and admit that there might be something in this business. When one of the most reputable firms puts out as its display a head by Hugo Gellert, and when another concern boasts of hiring Bobritsky, we can see that a breach has been made in the last wall of American selfsufficiency.

WE have never blamed the artists for their relations to the American advertising manager and commodity producer. We have known enough serious and honest ones to know that they have been ready, these many years, to give the public a whole lot better than has been exacted of them. Somewhere in between has been this middleman, who was more artist than the creator himself, and more businessman than the merchant. He has, in effect, told the artist that he must not only draw a picture that will make the populace want to eat Peerless Bacon or ride on Worldsbest Tires, but that in his picture must be a message of good cheer, an inspiration for family life, regular church attendance, park betterment, and a serene belief in a life to come. Under this little commission the painter has repaired to his studio and ground out the inspiring academic study that later is to be filtered through the four-color process and go out to all the world, making it a better place in which to live.

The foreign merchant has been content with less. The London Underground has felt that a hint of lilac and a wisp of a verse would make people want to go out to Kew. Mr. Felix Potin, in France, or Mr. Nicolas, knew what a couple of bottles in a basket would do for their product. We have always dreamed of the day when the advertising firms would ac-

this is the party season!

it's true that the most successful children's party can be something of a trial to its hostess. but it needn't be.

the PARTY FACTORY will take over every detail---from that sleuthing business of looking up addresses to the wilted period following the last farewell.

experience has given us an adroitness in these matters which is hard to equal. so - - - as soon as the party idea pops into your head - - -

consult the party factory

saks-fifth avenue
new york
plaza 4000, extension 165

we read your "permanent" future . . .

and see . . . that your hair will be fresh and bright . . . that your wave will be softly and becomingly moulded to the contours of your face. . .

for at last you will have found *jean's!* and you will discover that *jean* artists can impart so much chic and distinction to your wave as to leave you utterly glorified!

phone for an appointment

G. JEAN
32 west 58th street, plaza 1470

cept the reader as a person somewhere above the moron class, possessing some whit of imagination. Perhaps the day is approaching. For art's sake, we hope so.

THE present show is still heavy with the past. The great oils of fireside family life and the narrative pictures of one-hundred-per-cent representation contribute the majority of examples, but with such firms as Batten, Barton, Durstine & Osborn, Inc., leading the way, the more timid are bound to follow.

For some reason or other we found a lot of stimulation in the designs of Walter Geoghegan for Cheney Brothers. We also thought, in the category of illustration, the washes of Will Hollingsworth were a good deal out of the rut. They had a quiet charm and considerable dignity. To mention a few others, we liked the Frank McIntosh for Steinway & Sons, the Rico Lebrun for the Mohawk Carpet Mills, the Harvey Dunns, and the E. A. Georgi. One of the high spots of the craft we found in the *Literary Digest* ad done by Gustav B. Jensen. Another technique that is especially fitted for his client is that of S. Garnet Goesle, drawing for the International Mercantile Marine.

We would like to see a year in which all the so-called art directors went off on a round-the-world cruise out of touch with their clients, leaving the business of ads to the artists. In the meantime we hope that the artists fight their slow way along.

AN unusual occurrence in the history of American collecting is the issuance of a book on the Chester Dale collection of modern French art. The volume is called "Before Manet to Modigliani," a rather fancy title for a simple subject. The book itself is one of the handsomest ever printed in this country, and might be considered in the nature of a philanthropic enterprise. It will, in a measure, give access to pictures that are denied the public otherwise. There are one hundred and two reproductions in the volume, two being in color, and the subjects have been well chosen. We hope that the remaining masterpieces of the group will find reproduction in future volumes.

Maude Dale has written a preface to this book, but is a little too modest, both in her expression and use of text. A collection as noteworthy as this can easily bear more writing about.—M.P.

Like the subtle blendings of light and shade in old Italian portraits, the delicate interplay of lustre and shadow serves to accentuate the individual beauty of every woman who wears "La Loie Silvel".

In gay little sports jackets, in colorful ensembles, or in the soft pastel witchery of the most feminine evening wraps, women are quick to appreciate the charm of this truly *durable* Transparent Velvet —"La Loie Silvel".

"LA LOIE SILVEL"

the durable TRANSPARENT VELVET

The Shelton Looms ONE PARK AVENUE, NEW YORK

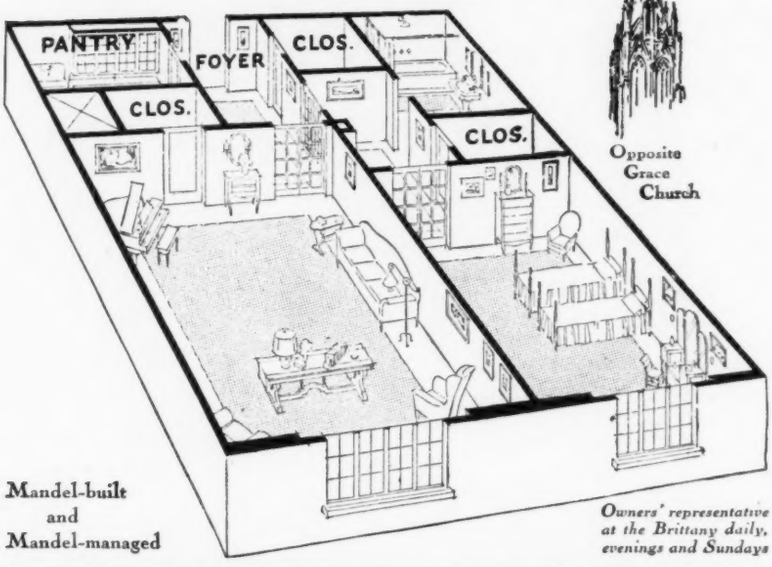
The Ideal 2-Room Apartment

(Come and see the model suite—furnished)

Living room 22x14 . . . Bedroom 18x11 . . . enormous closets . . . complete equipment in pantry including automatic refrigeration . . . perfectly appointed bath . . . floods of sunshine . . . restaurant of the highest order . . . all transit lines close by. Reserve now for Fall occupancy . . . or better still, take occupancy now at minimum rental rate up to October.

The Brittany

55 EAST 10TH



Opposite Grace Church

Mandel-built and Mandel-managed

Owners' representative at the Brittany daily, evenings and Sundays

*For the June Bride

166 E. 96th St.

Now Ready

Every modern convenience to delight the heart of any bride.

Rentals within the reach of every newly married couple.

3 & 4 ROOMS from $1200

Agent on premises

For full particulars inquire

PEASE & ELLIMAN INC.

660 Madison Avenue

Telephone Regent 6600

R. H. Howes Construction Co., Builders

*Brides of other years, will appreciate these money saving rentals.

*For the Fall Bride

240 E. 79th St.

Ready September

Whether this year's bride or last, you will adore these charmingly arranged apartments. There is a bath for every bedroom.

PARIS

PARIS, MAY 8

SPRING and literature are both late here. It will probably not be a big year for wheat; it is certainly not a big year for books. The few famous men of France are momentarily quiescent; the lesser lights have been hiding under rather distressing bushel baskets. Among them the most discussed has been Kessel and his "Belle de Jour." Kessel started as a man of some talent and will end as a man of considerable means. As proof, the heroine and titlebearer of his last work is a well-born lady who when adolescent received an emotional fixation from a passing plumber and spent the afternoons of her married life in a workingmen's *maison tolérée*. Her husband's discovery and paralysis cap the fitting climax to such goings-on—and pretty far-fetched they seem to be. However—and we hope M. Kessel is satisfied—"Belle de Jour" has been the book of the month for many months.

Next in interest, and not dissimilar enough in material, has been Julian Green's "Leviathan," a novel that presents him as competent, morbid, and old-fashioned and humorless as only the young can be. Without one smile his well-knitted plot presents prostitution, assaults, sadism, secrecy, and suicide all centring around a village where Wickedness Week is celebrated fifty-two times a year, the most fun being had on Sundays. Ever since the translation of his "Avarice House," Mr. Green's literary position here, and with you, has been peculiar in its possibilities. Hailed by the French for writing inaccurately about Virginia, but at any rate in their own tongue, he received praise now denied him for writing probably much more accurately about a French village.

A THIRD important new spring book is "Le Seconde" by Colette, who here creates, as she has before, a new type of heroine whom the other women writers will promptly copy, and a new side to the eternal triangle which the male authors will not disdain to borrow. Her discovery consists of a mature wife clever enough to make an ally of her husband's favorite, whom she uses against the lesser flirts who are

ARIETTER

their common enemy. As a prose writer of charm and a presenter of odd women, Colette appears each spring unique and fresh.

AGAINST these romances of restless flesh, old Marcel Prévost's "L'Homme Vierge" is a decided change, for it is a tale of a chaste and Protestant Frenchman. Of the handful of high-society novelists popular long before the war, Papa Prévost is alone in having renewed himself since then; he moves through his sixties with literary competence and resiliency. Only his writing seems pre-war, being grammatical.

The latest and seventh of the Thibault family series, of which you have earlier translated volumes, has appeared, entitled "La Mort du Père," and is dull. A complete absence of ideas marks this number in Martin du Gard's endless documentation of family life.

Maurois, of "Ariel" fame, has written short bits entitled "Les Mondes Imaginaires." He has also penned another critical piece now running the rounds of billboards and journals, to wit: "*Il est agréable de suivre, dans la fumée d'une Lucky Strike, le visage d'une héroïne.*"

WHILE the French reel producers are having their annual spring rumpus about the Hollywood film quota, there has appeared a French film any intelligent person would rejoice to see. It will probably still be showing, when you arrive, in the Rue de l'Etoile's L'Œil de Paris, that charming bandbox which is the last small theatre to go *avant-garde* movie, and the first to do so with comfort and decent ventilation. The film was directed by Epstein, one eclectic interested in filming drama rather than cubist dreams; its actors are kelp fishers on the island of Bannec, and its name is "Finis Terrae." Finisterre, as it has been miscalled for centuries, is the land's end of Brittany, where the peasants speak Celtic, the women wear their hair over their shoulders, and those men who are not drowned still go down to the sea in ships. The plot of the cinema is that of Damon and Pythias; the lighting is mediocre, because the Brittany sun is like that; and in composition the shots are perfect. The pathos and the acting of two nameless fisherboys and the village of sailors and

TWICE THE LUXURY . . . . twice the wear . *with rugs laid over Ozite Cushion*

EVERY rug worth laying is worth the added comfort and economy of an Ozite Rug Cushion! Ozite will double* the life of the rug . . . and more than double your enjoyment of it. This remarkable cushion is so soft, so yielding, so springy that it makes every rug feel rich and deep-piled as an oriental. Ozite gives old rugs renewed life . . . makes inexpensive rugs seem worth twice their cost . . . and is used by connoisseurs to protect their finest rugs from wear. Its cost (so soon repaid!) is so low that you can use Ozite under every rug and carpet in your home.

Ozite is a soft cushion of sterilized, "ozonized" animal hair, like a thin hair mattress. It is sold and recommended by furniture, rug and department stores . . . and interior decorators . . . in every locality. *Over 20,000,000 square yards of Ozite are in use today.* Ozite is made by patented processes . . . permanently mothproofed. It will never wear out.

Be sure you get the original Ozite (look for the orange colored taping!)

**Recent tests by Delineator Home Institute proved that Ozite Cushion triples the life of rugs and carpets. A copy of this report will be sent on request.*

Ozite Rug Cushion

Patented Sept. 9, 1924

OZITE IS UNCONDITIONALLY GUARANTEED TO SATISFY

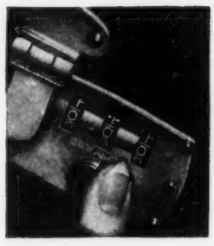
CLINTON CARPET COMPANY, 130 N. Wells St., Chicago N 59

Please send me a copy of your Free booklet, "The Proper Care of Rugs and Carpets," and free sample of Ozite Cushion.

Name.....

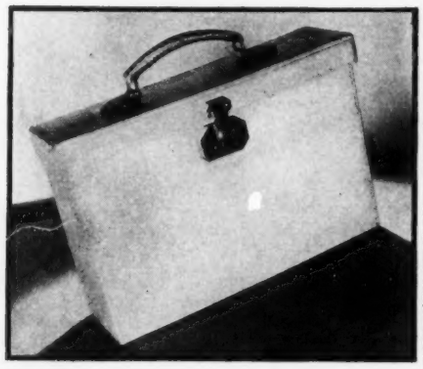
Address.....

City..... State.....



Smart Keyless Sport Equipment . . .

Whether you actively play or lazily watch, you will want equipment of the finest. A Sesamee—the modern lock that needs no key—is the mark of the knowing sportsman . . . opened by a flick of wheels to a secret, self-set combination.



Refreshment Set **of fine English russet leather, containing four bottles, cocktail shaker, four cups, fruit cutter, strainer, sugar container, cork screw, bottle opener, fruit knife, fruit spoon. Suede lined . . . Equipped with nickel-plated Sesamee lock $68.00**

New Pocketbook **which has a compartment for a smart folding umbrella—a convenient ensemble for fair or cloudy weather. In all colors, pocketbook $18.50 up. Umbrella $18.50 and $22.**

DALE
MODERN LUGGAGE
WITH THE NEW KEYLESS LOCK
SESAMEE
369 Madison Ave.—in the Roosevelt Hotel

stern wives are the equal in dignity and realism of anything the Russians have showed recently.

THE noble Youssoupoff family seems born for common hard luck. Since his arrival in France the present prince has already been identified with a losing lawsuit over some Rembrandts, with the bankruptcy of a dressmaking shop, with the murder of Rasputin, and with a subsequent small scandal that threatened deportation. He is now up to his ears again, but this time it is poison. It seems that his valet encouraged another valet to put scopolamine in the tea of the latter's masters and their guests, of whom the poor Youssoupoff was occasionally one. The polite poisoning has been going on for months, according to the Countess de Lareinty-Tholozan, born Princess Demidoff and therefore kin to Youssoupoff, whose hereditary hard luck the poor lady is now beginning to share. In interviews to the press, read by a delighted, incredulous countryside, the lady explains the state of gagaism which scopolamine produced on her noble family and all their tea-drinking friends—a state of complete stupidity which none of these aristocrats found strange. Memory vanished, general conversation lagged, the two children dropped behind in their studies and became unable to add two and two without exciting comment from their proud parents. Casual guests popping in for *le five-o'clock* were led back to their limousines in a state of complete imbecility; and an aunt, the Duchess de Luynes, ("born d'Uzès," the Countess interpolated for the benefit of a democratic public) fell flat on her face after having sipped a cup of weak Orange Pekoe ("which was abnormal for Her Grace"). And "broke her arm owing to her sudden inability to stand on one leg," the Countess added in a statement of sweeping lucidity. Also, the unfortunate Count de Lareinty-Tholozan, who has been imbibing from the scopolamine bottle steadily since last November, "each day lost a little more sense," according to his admiring spouse. The hilarity among red-blooded mortals caused by these blue-blood disclosures has been as good as a revolution. —GENÊT

•

NEATEST TRICK OF THE WEEK

[*From a story in Self Defense*]

She was nuts on boxing and boxed herself.

3 EAST 77th STREET
RENTAL SECTION
960 Fifth Avenue

THE dining room, with its simple, beautiful furnishings and comfortably intimate atmosphere, is a further expression of the private home feeling in this wholly unusual building.

3-4-5 ROOMS
a few with Terraces
Some DUPLEX
Housekeeping facilities with the services of the more exclusive clubs
Rentals from $3,000
POSSESSION
NOW *or* OCTOBER 1*st*
Office on Premises
Management of
DOUGLAS L. ELLIMAN & CO.
15 EAST 49TH ST. PLAZA 9200

RINGLETTE
New Style, New Comfort

Now, you can have a permanent wave more beautiful than you ever had before—and with genuine physical comfort during the waving.

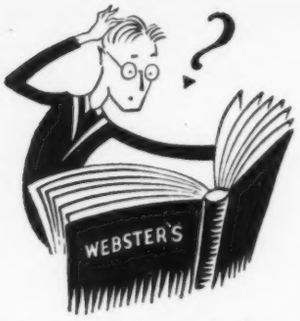
This radically new method permits you to read, write, telephone or stroll about with ease at any time. In fact, with this method, you could have your permanent at home, as well as at our Salon.

Ringlette does for your hair just what the name implies—*it turns the ends of your hair into ringlettes.*

We endorse the **RINGLETTE, FRIGIDINE** or **EUGENE** and several other methods; depending upon the texture of your hair.

PERMANENT WAVING $15.00

Cluzelle
45 W. 57th St., N.Y.
Telephone Plaza 4135



Not in the Dictionary

PATRONS have told us that McGovern's is so different from the usual gymnasium that we've consulted Mr. Webster (and Funk and Wagnalls, too) in hope of finding a better name.

It isn't in the dictionary, unless it is *palaestra*, that palatial institution of Ancient Rome where, just as at McGovern's men and women found a new luxurious and pleasurable means for rebuilding body and brain.

Hours, for men: 9 till 7, Mon., Wed., Fri.; other days 1 till 7. Women: Tues., Thurs., Sat., 9 till 1

McGovern's Gymnasium Inc.

(for men and women)

Liggett Building

41 East 42nd St., at Madison Ave., New York City

10 Years Younger —in two months

ACROSS the living room she sits—blossoming with a new radiance. No fatigue lines in her face. No housekeeping worries on her mind . . . looking ten years younger. Two months in a 2 Room suite here worked the miracle.

In this smart apartment hotel discerning women are regaining and retaining their youth by living in the modern manner. 1, 2 and 3 Rooms, with serving pantries.

THE **WINDERMERE**
666 West End Ave.
Corner 92 Street

HENRY F. RITCHEY
MANAGING DIRECTOR

THE CURRENT CINEMA

Quantity Sans Quality

THERE has been a variety of offerings in the movie world this last week, none of which are especially distinguished and some of which are very bad and sad indeed. "The Valiant," at Roxy's, is the most interesting of the lot—a tragic picture of a young man who is condemned to death for murder but withholds his identity to the end in order to protect his family from sorrow and disgrace. The condemned man is played by Paul Muni, a newcomer among the movie stars, with a dignity which lifts the picture above that morass of sobstuff where it might easily have fallen.

At the Capitol, Ramon Novarro gambols about the hills and dells of a South Sea island in "The Pagan," clad most of the time in nothing but a shred of flowered stuff, and presenting to our startled northern eyes a picture of indolence beyond the comprehension of our industrious habits. There is humor and jauntiness in Novarro's presentation, but the story itself lacks the gripping quality which would have made the picture a first-class affair. It is mostly silent, though occasionally Novarro—at least it would appear to be his voice—breaks forth into one of those crooning melodies associated with the taste of these archipelagos.

Also far from our Manhattan midst is the scene of "Eternal Love," the new John Barrymore picture at the Rivoli. This story is placed in the chill heights of the Swiss Alps, and Mr. Barrymore misses no opportunity to be silhouetted against the snowclad mountain peaks, with gun in hand and a dead chamois slung over his shoulders. It is a silent picture, and not one characterized by any display of talented acting. Eternal love might seem a major theme, but this sketch is little more than a conventional love affair with an unhappy ending, dignified by the splendid mountain landscape. Your pleasure in it depends upon how much you enjoy the views of glacial pinnacles and crags, and the possible relish you may find in the continuous vision of a Barrymore on ice.

FROM our own purely local point of view it would not seem good

"a young man's fancy"

said the clever cinema customer "ere lightly turning to thoughts of love should take the rest and instruction afforded by a park before the glowing screen of

the paramount

where

the beautiful blonde, baclanova, is paramount's "dangerous woman"... hell hath no fury like a woman scorned . . . and this is it . . . with sound effects, conversation and clive brook.

on the stage

is rudy vallee in "theme of love" . . . oh, burn our collective clothes . . . here's eros well in voice.

at the organs

are still, the crawfords, pushing, pulling, pumping, pedaling . . . all for love . . . of music . . . and the people.

at the rivoli— united artists

is john barrymore in "eternal love"... the flame that never dies ...but often flickers, this time refueled by camilla horn . . . and blown upon by united artists.

at the rialto

to further charm the ear "close harmony" lingers on; beautiful music by paramount with nancy carroll and buddy rogers... love's young sweet song.

luxurious and comfortable, these are

publix theatres

Mrs. CURTIS R. CROWELL of Boston

PRIZE WINNER March, 1929 Marlboro Contest for Distinguished Handwriting

Mrs. Crowell Writes:

Marlboro—A Cigarette for those who can afford 20¢ for The Best

Every Marlboro full, firm and round

Mild as May

MARLBORO

PHILIP MORRIS & CO. LTD, INC. NEW YORK

OPEN SEASON *for* APARTMENT HUNTING

WALKING weary miles . . . stalking sweltering streets . . . hoping to hit upon a home! How unnecessary when the Westover offers everything you seek — Accessibility . . . Livability . . . Social Leadership!

2, 3 and 4 Room Suites. Serving Pantries. Electrical Refrigeration. End your hunting by starting your hunt at

THE WESTOVER

253-263 West 72d Street

Burton F. White Management
John D. Green, Resident Mgr.

Let Me Find Your Apartment for You

Without charge, I'll turn the town upside down to find what you want, if you'll phone or write

MR. FISK

Gaines, Van Nostrand & Morrison
383 Madison Ave. *Phone VAN. 5825*

SELF-CONSCIOUSNESS OVERCOME

Charm, Poise and Personality Developed. Smart Social Conversation—Wit—Repartee. Authoritative Social Coaching. Personally or by Mail. *Est. 18 years.*

Mlle. LOUISE, Park Central Hotel
56th St. and 7th Avenue, N. Y. *Circle 8000*

business to present the movie of a play soon after its New York run. It is distinctly unfortunate in the case of "Gentlemen of the Press," for much of the best humor in the picture is taken directly from the play, and seems now not quite fresh. Walter Huston does well in the part of the old reporter; the city-room scenes are good, though they now share the honors with scenes in a hospital for maternity cases; and the difficulties of being a reporter's daughter occupy more of the plot than the harsh pleasures of being a reporter.

ALONG with a revival of Emil Jannings' "Deception"—the Henry VIII picture brought back, doubtless, because of the success of the Hackett book—the Film Guild Cinema is presenting "Moscow Today." From this film Moscow appears to be much like other European cities, the chief difference being that any house of elegance and luxury has been converted into a community nursery.

AMONG the very bad and sad pictures is that all-talking film called with a deadly appropriateness "The Squall," now at the Central Theatre. Contrived from the play also called "The Squall," this film presents the catastrophes befalling a solid Hungarian farming family when a stray gypsy girl is given shelter in their home. With the lines and accent of a suburban high-school theatrical presentation, and embellished with the moral poetry of a Sunday-school superintendent, "The Squall" would be completely deplorable were it not for the lively beauty of Myrna Loy as the recalcitrant gypsy.

There is no beautiful young person to redeem "Mother's Boy," at the Cohan, only Morton Downey playing a sort of singing-fool part with a dubious tenor and an obese outline. Mechanically, and from the point of view of imaginative conception, this is the most trying picture of the season.—J. C. M.

•

PERISH THE THOUGHT DEPARTMENT

[*From the Times*]

The board "presumed" that Americans traveling on the Leviathan or other vessels of the United States Lines will hereafter be annoyed "by drunken parties returning to near-by staterooms late at night, by silly, half-maudlin groups in the smoking room, by offensive scenes on the decks, just as the passengers on the ships of other lines have been so annoyed."

TEE AND GREEN

New Ball—Diegel Shows His Medal—Some Smith and More Hagen

DISCOVERING and authorizing a new kind of golf ball put the United States Golf Association one up on the Royal and Ancient Society of St. Andrews. The Royal and Ancient Society of St. Andrews has not heard of the discovery and has not authorized any new ball. It is now possible that the players of two continents will find out—not that it makes any difference—which of these bodies makes the rules.

The new ball, of course, will not become official for a long time. The authorities may compromise. To most players, the changes in the ball itself are not important. A little lighter, the new one will sit up better; a little bigger, it will not fly quite so far as the present ball. You will not notice much if you hit it properly; in fact, if you played with an agate marble and hit it just right every time, you would get fairly satisfying results. James Braid learned to play with a hard rubber "fives" ball and a mashie whose shaft was whittled out of a broomstick, and Sweetser used to practice on his way to school, knocking a handball along the strip of grass that ran beside the pavement. Maybe the next big champion will be one of these modern street kids who have given up tip-cat in favor of iron shots to the other end of a cross-town block.

MORE interesting than any mechanical innovation is the contest of authority between two rule-making bodies. Up to the last five years, St. Andrews was recognized all over the world as the final arbiter of the game. Now its position is not so secure. Our association has made experiments that turned out to be improvements. One of them was the idea of playing off the qualifying rounds of the National Open several weeks before the actual tournament. A qualifying round is not really part of a tournament at all, but a separate contest to decide who is going to play in the tournament. To people who follow the game more or less casually the emphasis given the qualifying rounds at Muirfield last week must

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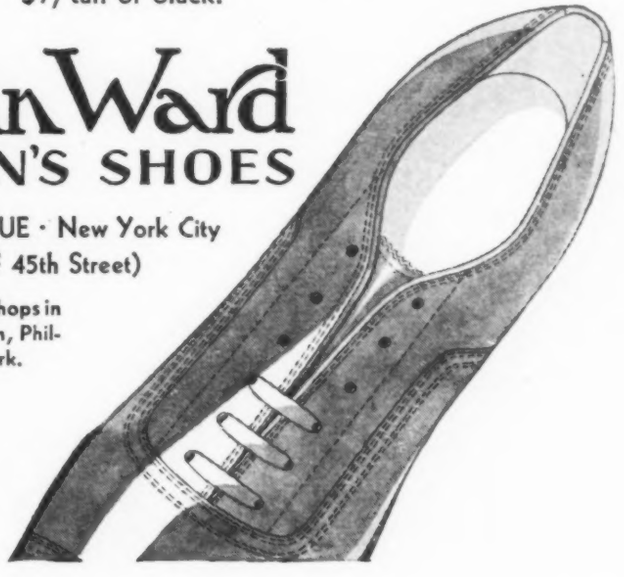

THEATRE GUILD PRODUCTIONS

THE CAMEL THROUGH THE NEEDLE'S EYE
by FRANTISEK LANGER
MARTIN BECK Thea., 45 W. of 8 Ave.
Eves. 8:50. Mats. Thur. & Sat. 2:40

LAST TWO WEEKS!
CAPRICE
A COMEDY BY SIL-VARA
GUILD Thea., W. 52d. Eves. 8:50. Mats. Thurs. & Sat. 2:40

LAST WEEKS!
STRANGE INTERLUDE
BY EUGENE O'NEILL
John Golden Thea., 58th, E. of B'way. Eves. Only at 5:30

Now Playing!
"NOSFERATU the VAMPIRE"
First Showing in America!
Inspired by
"DRACULA"
a powerful psychopathic drama of blood-lust . . . a symphony in sadism . . . a thrilling mystery-masterpiece —and a distinctive surrounding program
directed by MURNAU director of "THE LAST LAUGH"
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52 WEST 8TH STREET
Between 5th & 6th Avenues
Continuous Daily Noon to Midnite—Spring 5095

ELTINGE Thea. W. 42nd St., Eves. 8:30 Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:30
12th SENSATIONAL MONTH
LEW LESLIE'S
'BLACKBIRDS'
THE SNAPPIEST, COLORED REVUE
Midnight Show Every Thursday

Ethel Barrymore *Thea., 47th W. of B'way Chic. 9944. Evgs. 8:50 Matinees Wednesday & Saturday 2:30*
ETHEL
Barrymore
IN
"THE LOVE DUEL"
Good Orchestra Seats at Box Office

ROYALE THEA. W. 45 St. Eves. at 8:50 Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:50
Edw. G. Robinson in
KIBITZER
"A HIT."—*Heywood Broun, Eve. Telegram*

PLAYHOUSE West 48th St. Eves. 8:50 Matinees at 2:30
3 MATINEES EVERY WEEK
WEDNESDAY, THURSDAY & SATURDAY
STREET SCENE

SPRING IS HERE
with GLENN HUNTER CHARLES RUGGLES INEZ COURTNEY
Musical Comedy Supreme
ALVIN 52 St., W. of B'way. Mats. Wed. & Sat.

Alex. A. Aarons & Vinton Freedley's
TWIN MUSICAL COMEDY TRIUMPHS
"You're the Cream in My Coffee"
The Musical Comedy Knockout
HOLD EVERYTHING!
Victor Moore Ona Munson Bert Lahr Jack Whiting
BROADHURST West 44 St. Mats. Wed. & Sat.

THE NEWEST MUSICAL COMEDY SMASH
FOLLOW THRU
"The most cheerful of season's musicshows."—*Her.-Trib.*
CHANIN 46th ST. THEATRE
Eves. 8:30 sharp. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:30

SCHWAB & MANDEL'S 2 GENUINE SUCCESSES
SEASON'S UNDISPUTED MASTERPIECE
NEW MOON The Musical Play Supreme
Brilliant Cast of 150—with
Evelyn Herbert, Robert Halliday, Gus Shy
IMPERIAL Theatre, W. 45 St. Eves. 8:30 sharp Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:30

AMBASSADOR Thea., 49th W. of B'y. Eves. 8:50. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:30
BEST LAUGH IN TOWN!
LITTLE 8TH BIG MONTH
ACCIDENT
with Thomas Mitchell and Katherine Alexander

NEW AMSTERDAM Thea., On 42nd St. Mats. Wed. & Sat.
"The House Beautiful." Erlanger, Dillingham & Ziegfeld, Mgr. Directors
EDDIE CANTOR IN "WHOOPEE"
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Arthur Hopkins presents Philip Barry's comedy, "HOLIDAY," at the Plymouth Thea., W. 45th St. Eves. 8:50. Mats. Thurs. & Sat. 2:35.

HENRY MILLER'S Theatre, 124 W. 43rd St. Eves. 8:30. Mats. Thurs. & Sat.
GILBERT MILLER (by arrangement with MAURICE BROWNE) presents
Journey's End
BY R. C. SHERRIFF

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NOW PLAYING—AMERICAN PREMIERE
First Soviet Film Directed by a Woman
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Performances Continuous 2 to Midnight
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Fastest, Funniest Musical Show
LADY FINGERS
LIBERTY THEATRE, W. 42nd St. Eves. 8:30. Mats. Wed. & Sat.
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EDDIE BUZZELL & LOUISE BROWN
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The 100% Talking-Thrill picture hit of the age..
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Twice Daily 2:45 & 8:45—Sun. 3—6 & 8:45
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EARLE BOOTHE
Presents
JONESY
By ANNE MORRISON and JOHN PETER TOOHEY
BIJOU 45th, West of B'way. Evgs. 8:50 Matinees Wed. & Sat., 2:30

COMEDY Thea., W. 41st St. Eves. 8:50 Matinees Thurs. & Sat. 2:30
CHEKOV'S Masterpiece
SEA GULL
Direction LEO BULGAKOV

KLAW Thea., West 45 St. Eves. 8:50 Matinees Wed. & Sat. 2:40
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FISKE
in The Farcical Comedy
"MRS. BUMPSTEAD-LEIGH"

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The Idol of Paris MAURICE A Paramount All-Talking Picture
CHEVALIER
"INNOCENTS OF PARIS"
CRITERION B'way at 44th—Twice Daily, 2:45 and 8:45—3 shows Sunday, 3, 6, 8:45

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COMEDY
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With the Original English Cast as Presented for More Than a Year at the Royalty Theatre, London

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Basil SYDNEY—Mary ELLIS
in A. A. Milne's New Comedy
"MEET THE PRINCE"
"MILNE AT HIS BEST." *DeCasseres*
200 GOOD SEATS AT $1.00

REMEMBER?

Looks funny now, but this was hot stuff in its day! Well, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer makes the Talking pictures of even yesterday look just as old fashioned as this photo. Just wait till you see Picture hits like "The Broadway Melody" at the Astor, Bway. & 45th St., "The Trial of Mary Dugan" at the Embassy, Bway. & 46th St. and now the new all Talking Picture "Madame X" creating a sensation at the Sam H. Harris Theatre, 42nd St. W. of Bway.

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EXTRA 6 P. M. SHOW SUN.

NOAH'S ARK
WINTER GARDEN
B'WAY & 50TH ST.

LEXINGTON NEWS
May 18, 19, 20: "Lady of the Pavements" with Lupe Velez; May 21, 22: "Voice of the City" 100% talking; May 23, 24: "Syncopation", 100% singing, talking; May 25 to 27: Clara Bow in "The Wild Party".
51ST. & LEXINGTON AVE.

have been confusing, especially in dispatches that announced when Diegel won the medal that he was "in the lead" for the English Open Championship. He wasn't in the lead at all; at that time he hadn't even begun to compete for it.

Qualifying rounds conducted as parts of tournaments are bad because they make the strain so long. You rarely see the winner of a qualifying medal go on to win the tournament. Diegel's 144 was wasted energy. Thirteen strokes worse would have been good enough. Most stars say that playing at the top of their game, with the stimulus of a big gallery, is not as safe a preparation for a three-day tournament as a less spectacular score that leaves them something to try for.

PLAYERS like Diegel, Farrell, and Sweetser are unfairly handicapped by the English system of playing qualifying rounds as part of the tournament. Sometimes they brilliantly overcome their handicaps, but not without physical evidence of the strain they have been through. In some ways championship golf is the toughest of all sports in its mental and nervous effects on players. After winning the British Amateur in 1926, Jess Sweetser collapsed in his hotel; he hasn't played much since. Farrell put on some weight after working for several winters in McGovern's gym, but lost most of it winning the National Open last year. Doctors advised him to take a year's rest. Farrell naturally couldn't obey them; he had won the championship at last, he might hold it only a year, and he wanted to get some money out of it. Diegel himself was ready to quit three years ago because his hands shook when he tried to putt. He finally worked out his odd system of squatting down and putting with stiff forearms and squared elbows, substituting a movement of the body for one of the wrists.

Not all players, of course, suffer such gloomy consequences from their proficiency. There is the encouraging example of Bobby Jones, who seems to get steadily plumper, although he insists that he loses from six to fifteen pounds in every tournament. Walter Hagen rarely shows strain, though Cyril Tolley, probably the broadest and heaviest player in the game, is as nervous as a cat, and blows up easily.

HORTON SMITH played the early rounds at Muirfield wearing mittens. He had bought them last year

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"... But his *clothes*, my dear—"

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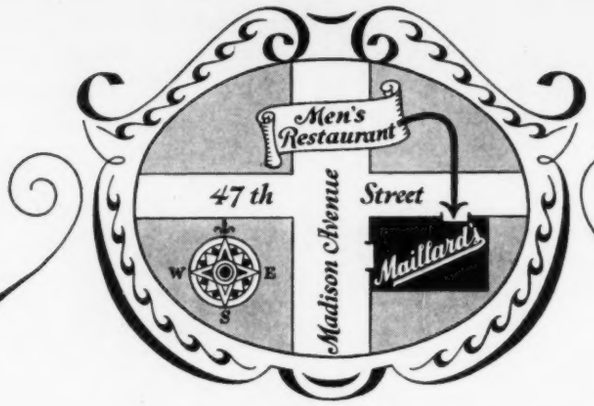

A section of Maillard's famous restaurant has been set aside for men. Amid an atmosphere men appreciate will be found a splendid cuisine, and a service unsurpassed—all contributing to the utmost enjoyment of Luncheon time.

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for a tournament in Oklahoma. A professional gets accustomed to changes in the weather. From Oklahoma Smith had gone to Hawaii and finished second in a competition played in tropical heat. He putted about as well on the wide English greens as he had on the packed sand greens of Arkansas courses, or the Bermuda grass in Florida.

Smith did not lose any of his prestige in England. He met the best competition in the world and came out very creditably for a fellow who is going to have his twenty-first birthday next week. If he had been playing in an American tournament he would undoubtedly have drawn big galleries, but his new and spectacularly acquired reputation did not mean much to the British. They were more interested watching Diegel, Hagen, Abe Mitchell, and Percy Alliss. Smith's style would not interest anyone who did not know what he had done. His big hands and feet and his slightly pigeon-toed stance give him the air of a country boy, and so do his shyness, his untidy hair, and his drawling Missouri idioms. His quick and rather short backswing also failed to impress English galleries who have been taught to believe that the Battle of Waterloo was won by taking the club back slowly.

PERCY ALLISS, coming up from a bad start to press Mitchell, Diegel, and Hagen, played with the bitter efficiency of the snubbed. He had been called to England from his comfortable position at a big Berlin club to play on the Ryder Cup team and then told at the last minute that his place had been given to somebody else. He might as well have declined to play in the Open too, for all the good he got out of his brilliant try. If Hagen wins this tournament a few times more there won't be any interest in it. —N. B., JR.

•

Speaking of tabloids and such, it may interest a number of folks to learn that THE NEWS had—and still has—in its possession a picture of young Tom Heflin standing against a bar and raising a tumbler of Scotch to his lips. The photo was made on the day young Heflin arrived in this city and raised so much havoc in the papers. Senator Heflin is a bigot to an astounding degree. Had THE NEWS published that photo Heflin would have been even more of a laughing stock to his senatorial colleagues than he is right now. Yet the editor of THE NEWS let the picture pass by because he did not feel it was fair.—*The News.*

And at times like this, how wonderful it is that tabloid readers can't read!

SKY-WRITING, LIMITED

WE'RE proud of the sky-writing industry! Yes, proud. As an industry, sky-writing is still in its infancy. Its surface has hardly been scratched. Heretofore it has been used mostly for advertising tobaccos, soft drinks, and toilet soaps; the personal element has been entirely missing. American men and women are not sky-writing-conscious. They do not realize that sky-writing is the perfect twentieth-century medium for personal and business correspondence. Why write to your customers and friends in letters only one-eighth of an inch in height when you can get sky-writers to put your messages into letters *two hundred thousand* times that size?

HISTORY was made the day the first business letter was written in characters of pure white smoke against the azure. On June 16, 1928, one of the most daring sky-writers in the profession rose over the Lefcourt-Chatham Building and formed these letters in smoke: ROSENCRANZ: SWATCHES ALL WRONG. MILITZ. Militz was indeed a pioneer. He opened wide the doors to what promises to become the most revolutionary movement modern business has ever witnessed.

What do you suppose would happen to the old-fashioned collection system if business houses took to corresponding with their debtors in letters of smoke? Don't you suppose a thousand cheques would be mailed the day that some progressive firm sent this warning to a thousand debtors:

Dear Sir or Madam:

If we do not receive certified cheque by return mail, on Monday, the sixteenth, our Mr. Noonan will write your name and the amount of your debt to us at twelve-thirty sharp over Park Avenue at Fifty-first Street.

A very clever collection man for a grocery house, for example, might learn the dates of dinner parties given by his firm's debtors. The day before, he might cause to be written in a conspicuous spot: MRS. PETER NIFFLES OWES CROYDEN & BRANN FOR JANUARY GROCERIES. BEWARE. Or when a famous beauty wears pearls not rightfully hers, sky-writers employed by the jeweller might decorate the atmosphere with: PATRICIA'S PEARLS NOT PAID FOR. TIFFANY.

But this is only one of many uses for sky-writing. Think of the influ-

The woman who is reputed to have the largest retinue of servants in town, always attends to the re-filling of her own fountain pen. Of course she does. So do we all of us.

The point is, she recently bought a lady-size Chilton Pen (lizard skin mounting). She bought it partly because it was beautifully made — a pleasing personal pen in every way — but chiefly because this petite Chilton actually holds three to five times more ink than other pens of similar size.

Chilton twice the ink pen

SIMPLE AND NATURAL! No levers, buttons, springs or presser-bars to steal ink-space. A Chilton pen-barrel pulls out like a telescope. When you push this back in place, air confined in the barrel squeezes the over-size ink-sac flat . . . ready to suck up at least *Twice-the-Ink*. Made in all sizes and pen-points, in black, jade and mottled-red, $3.50 up. *De Luxe* leather-mounted pen-pencil and desk sets up to $30. *Chilton Pen Company, Boston.*
New York: Knickerbocker Building.

Chilton Twice the Ink Pen

ence of the sky-writer on private life. Dante never had a chance with Beatrice because he had to write his poems on parchment. If Dante were alive today he might have some clever smoke scribbler decorate the heavens thus:

BEATRICE:
IN THE SKY OF AZURE BLUE
I WILL WRITE THAT I LOVE YOU.
DANTE A.

There was a clever lad in Buffalo who won his girl by one of the most arresting of sky-written love notes:

IN MY SOUL AND IN MY BONES
I FEEL THE LURE OF ETHEL JONES.
NAPIER KATZ.

The Department of Aerial Penmanship of Sky-Writers, Limited, will gladly submit its book, "Sunshine Messages for Blue Skies," free of charge to all those sending a stamped, self-addressed envelope or, without extra cost, their experts will compile a group of words written especially to fill your needs. No neater compliment can be paid a lady than to have her name and her attractions written where the city can see. What modest, womanly woman can resist the entreaties of a man who uses sky-writing to woo her? And a man who writes his love notes in smoke need never worry about blackmail.

IN the dissemination of important news, sky-writing is even more modern than radio. Before long our really progressive newspapers will be broadcasting such heaven-indited messages as:

GIRL UPSET IN LIQUOR TRAFFIC;
PICTURES IN THE EVENING GRAPHIC

and:

MRS. GANN'S AMBITIONS FOILED;
READ THE STORY IN THE WORLD.

One particularly interesting use for sky-writing is illustrated in the story of an unscrupulous business gang that wanted to bring a convention of the Clean Books League to its city. It seems Boston was bidding for the same convention. The sharp (but unscrupulous) business ring controlling vast interests in the rival city hired a sky-writer and had him write dirty words over the Hub City. The rival town got the convention. We are only quoting this story to prove the power of sky-writing. We certainly don't solicit contracts of the sort or uphold any practice that defiles the purity of God's own blue . . .

—VERA CASPARY

WHETHER Brittania rules the waves may be a subject of debate—but Britishers have always ruled out the wavy effect in the hang of their trousers. By wearing braces, of course! The Guards Line—distinguished Braces by Pioneer—in attractive color combinations at good shops.

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Brighton Garters

The Guards Line
BRACES by
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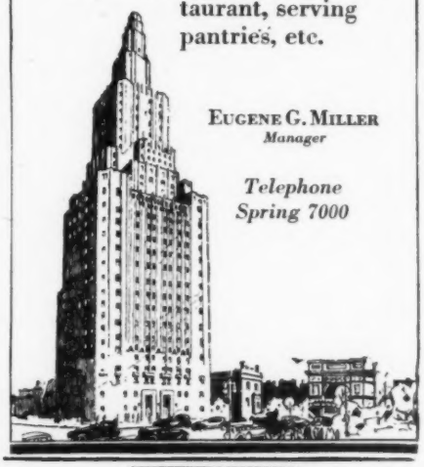

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Phone: Wickersham 7867; Plaza 7692

MURDER BY THE CLOCK

Time Table of Events

3:00 *a. m.*—Thin Haze of Dread
3:15 *a. m.*—The Properties of Horror
3:24 *a. m.*—On Private Heights
3:51 *a. m.*—A Woman's Slipper
4:14 *a. m.*—Tap—Tap—Tap
4:29 *a. m.*—A Turn of the Screw
4:41 *a. m.*—As the Colours of Dawn
5:01 *a. m.*—Lunatic Vistas
5:25 *a. m.*—There Was a Sailor

THREE Book Club Juries recommend MURDER by the CLOCK

Never before has a detective story been backed by such amazing endorsements. Three famous juries guarantee quality of Rufus King's great thriller! It is the May selection of both the Detective Story Club and the Crime Club—and the Book of the Month Club has recommended it to 100,000 subscribers! Everywhere a best seller, everywhere $2.

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BECOME a brilliant, finished dancer before vacation. Through Arthur Murray's new method you learn all the smart new steps in *one-fourth the usual time.*

All instruction private. Special low summer rates now in effect.

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(This is not a Correspondence Course)

RECENT BOOKS

Strange Lives and Beauty

IN "Mid-Channel" Ludwig Lewisohn carries on his spiritual autobiography. It is his apotheosis of Judaism. "There is," he says, "no such thing as a man; only such a thing as a Frenchman, an Englishman, an American, a German, a Greek, a Jew." To him the truly human life is one with a "right relation to man and God, to the concrete and the universal," and this made necessary "the reintegration of my entire consciousness with the historic and ethnic tradition of which I was a part . . . I believed that when I had achieved that integration as far as possible, I would no longer need or want to ask 'What do you live by? What ultimate satisfaction sustains you?' . . . I would know."

Obviously Mr. Lewisohn's knowledge has brought him happiness. One cannot always agree with him, but it is hard to resist the spell of his magnificently lucid prose, and the rich feeling for sounds and sights and people which permeates the book. "Mid-Channel" is intimately personal. It recounts the author's life in New York, his seven years of exile in Europe, and his reaction to the laws which made his wandering necessary. In it you can see the germs of the expatriated "Case of Mr. Crump" and "The Island Within"—the domestic and sexual problem of the former, the race-consciousness of the latter.

EDWIN ARLINGTON ROBINSON's long narrative poem, "Cavender's House," describes a soul in torment. Its mood is indicated by the opening lines:

Into that house where no man went, he went
Alone; and in that house where day was night,
Midnight was like a darkness that had fingers.
He felt them holding him as if time's hands
Had found him; and he waited as one waits
Hooded for death. . . .

Twelve years before, Cavender killed his wife. He returns to the

A crisp, tasty delight from traditional England —the "Biscuit"

Meltose

WITH tea, frozen desserts, a glass of fresh milk or cooling drinks, the English Biscuit is incomparable. Made of fine flours carefully blended, special pastry butter, delicate flavors and rich, creamy fillings, this famous confection is the product of generations of English baking tradition, of secrets handed down from father to son.

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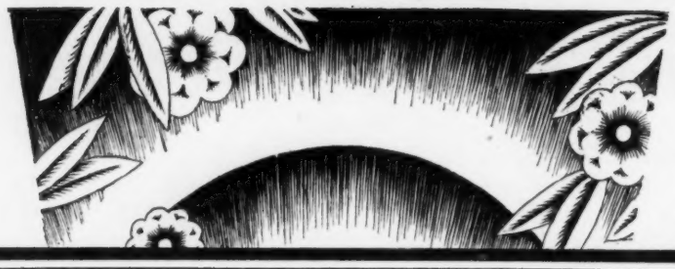

A SUMMER LEASE at the St. Regis affords correct in-town headquarters . . . necessary to the smart New Yorker's summer. The residential seclusion of rooms or suites in the lovely Addition . . . with full call-button and floor-secretary service . . . quite enhances summer sojourns in the city. Also, by-the-day, short and long-term leases.

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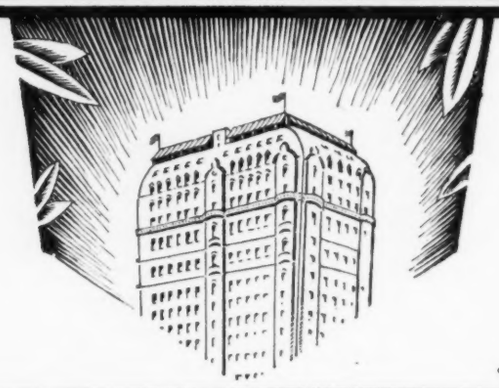

" . . . Those shoe ads say we take 18,908 steps a day. Do you believe it?"

"More like eighteen million, dear, the days I used to shop for theatre tickets. But since I found Bascom it's down to 18,908 again . . . "

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THEATRE TICKETS ' ' BOOKS AND MAGAZINES

scene of their life together. Out of the lonely darkness he evokes the figure of Laramie—"a woman who had said less with her tongue than with her eyes." From her mouth come the goadings of his conscience, and his questionings, doubts, and fears.

It was not time and dying that frightened him,
Nor was it yet the night that was around him;
It was a darker night, and one within him,
That others not himself were not to know.

"Cavender's House" is a sombre and hopelessly tragic poem. Although there is an austere beauty to its lines, a masterful presentation of two aspects of a character—for Laramie is the remorseful other self of Cavender—and a problem of high moral content, the poem lacks the richness of texture and imagery which made "Tristram" memorable.

SEVERAL years ago Edgar Lee Masters published "Doomsday Book," a poem-novel which reconstructed through the medium of her lover's trial the life and death of a woman. In "The Fate of the Jury" he writes the epilogue to that trial—the effect of all that probing into the recesses of human minds on several of the good men and true. Stirred by the story of Elenor Murray's fate, and by the strange dream of Coroner Merival, Juryman Marion suggests:

Let each of us write down the realest thing
We've lived, our secret never told in life,
Something we hid always, could never tell;
The thing no less that colored all our deeds . . .

The stories that follow are typical of Mr. Masters. First comes that of Merival and his preoccupation with his lovely, mysterious Arielle. This is the longest story in the book and is linked, by a slight thread, to the others. As in "Spoon River" Mr. Masters drags hypocrisy, cant, and smugness out into the open and worries them. He interprets national vices through private vices. The waste of human lives and emotions obsesses him, and into the mouth of Merival he puts his problem:

What is the matter with America,
And what remains for us to do for her?

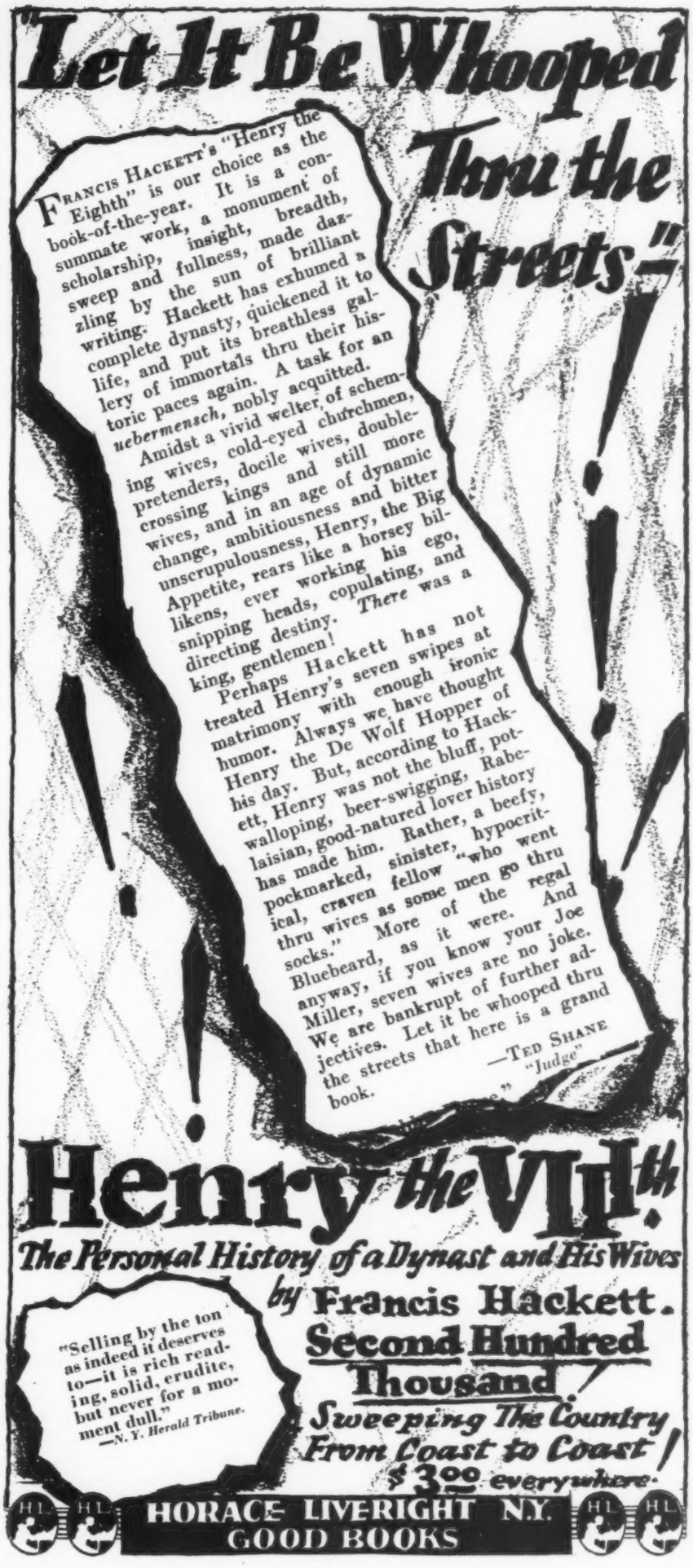
Over and over he asks this question, and his answer is:

Just now it seems enough to say that waste,
Waste of life force, of men and women, halts
A faster progress . . . . . .
As I said to my fellows of the inquest
We need to work a science out with which
To use, not waste, all human energies;
A science which will handle wonder, love,
And curb or well direct hate, fear and strength.

The effectiveness of the "Spoon River Anthology" came partly from its incisiveness. In this long-spun variation of the same theme it seemed to us that Mr. Masters is making use of old material drawn almost to the breaking point, and using what he discovered to be a highly successful form for his satire as an excuse for sometimes tiresome moralizing.

WE recommend "Dark Star," by Lorna Moon. It is the story of Nancy Pringle and the dark star of uncertainty under which she lived. She never knew whether her father was Willie Weams, a groom at Fassefern Castle, or Ramsey Gordon, the young lord of the castle—but of her mother's shame there was no doubt. Miss Moon sets her story in the village of Pitouie, with its bustling market place, its one street, and its land-folk. Not far away is the fishing village of Rossorty whose inhabitants were despised by the land-folk "for the hysteria with which they took their religion and the complacency with which they endured fleas." The importance of Rossorty to Nancy was twofold: she loved its beauty and it was there she saw another of the "suicide Fasseferns" ride to his death over the rosy cliff—a prophetic sight, as it happens.

In Pitouie live the Reverend Anderson, with his pinched, cold face; his wife and his mother, between whom there is a bitter and unending feud; Andrew Morrison, the crippled librarian; Miss Clark, wheezing asthmatically behind her respirator; Divot Meg, the town harlot—and for a brief, bright period of Nancy's childhood, the "whistling boy." All of these people are alive. They live beyond the pages of the book. Nancy's grandmother, whose heart attacks were attendant upon eating hot bread or cabbage, and who has "slipped away in her sleep" before the book opens, is a malicious and real old ghost. There is a magnificent scene when Divot Meg, drunk, smothers Nancy's mother, who has come back to ruin the girl's precarious happiness. All in all it's a unique and beautiful novel. —R. L. L.


"Let It Be Whooped Thru the Streets"!
Francis Hackett's "Henry the Eighth" is our choice as the book-of-the-year. It is a consummate work, a monument of scholarship, insight, breadth, sweep and fullness, made dazzling by the sun of brilliant writing. Hackett has exhumed a complete dynasty, quickened it to life, and put its breathless gallery of immortals thru their historic paces again. A task for an uebermensch, nobly acquitted.
Amidst a vivid welter of scheming wives, cold-eyed churchmen, pretenders, docile wives, double-crossing kings and still more wives, and in an age of dynamic change, ambitiousness and bitter unscrupulousness, Henry, the Big Appetite, rears like a horsey bilikens, ever working his ego, snipping heads, copulating, and directing destiny. There was a king, gentlemen!
Perhaps Hackett has not treated Henry's seven swipes at matrimony with enough ironic humor. Always we have thought Henry the De Wolf Hopper of his day. But, according to Hackett, Henry was not the bluff, potwalloping, beer-swigging, Rabelaisian, good-natured lover history has made him. Rather, a beefy, pockmarked, sinister, hypocritical, craven fellow "who went thru wives as some men go thru socks." More of the regal Bluebeard, as it were. And anyway, if you know your Joe Miller, seven wives are no joke. We are bankrupt of further adjectives. Let it be whooped thru the streets that here is a grand book.
—Ted Shane
"Judge"
Henry the VIIIth
The Personal History of a Dynast and His Wives
by Francis Hackett.
"Selling by the ton as indeed it deserves to—it is rich reading, solid, erudite, but never for a moment dull."
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AMONG THE NEW BOOKS

Fiction

DARK STAR, by Lorna Moon (*Bobbs-Merrill*). A young girl's story, sensitively but vigorously told by a new writer of unusual powers of characterization and narration.

PENNY DREADFUL, by Malcolm Ross (*Coward-McCann*). Entertaining romance exposing the inner workings of the tabloids.

MIMI BLUETTE, by Guido da Verona (*Dutton*). Escapades of an amoureuse, which reach a tragic climax. Sophisticated and amusing with more than a touch of real feeling.

MARIE BONIFAS, by Jacques de Lacratelle (*Putnam*). Early impressions of sex turn Marie Bonifas' natural emotions into unnatural channels. Interesting study of provincial French types.

THE HEAVEN AND EARTH OF DOÑA ELENA, by Grace Zaring Stone (*Bobbs-Merrill*). Sacred and profane love in New Spain, in which a beautiful nun and a swashbuckling English captain play delicately dramatic rôles.

PASSING, by Nella Larsen (*Knopf*). The tragedy of a beautiful colored woman who "passes" as white and yet longs for the companionship of her own race.

STONE DAUGHERTY, by John P. Fort (*Dodd, Mead*). Brute force and murder in Tennessee a hundred years ago, swift-moving plot, and excellent characterizations make this novel well worth reading.

DOWNFALL, by Harold W. Brecht (*Harper*). A boy's reaction to his first experience with parental injustice, which may dismay even the most conscientious of fathers and mothers. Exceptionally interesting.

MAD FINGERS, by Hildegarde Huntsman (*Houghton Mifflin*). Another variation on the theme of "The Constant Nymph;" the daughter of an artistic genius has a hard time finding happiness.

FATHER WILLIAM, by Donald Ogden Stewart. (*Harper*). A middle-aged father steps out, to the dismay of his children. The kind of humor best described as rollicking.

BLACK MAGIC, by Paul Morand (*Viking Press*). The ancestral magic of the negro as evidenced in modern types—and in breath-taking stories whose scenes are laid in America, the West Indies, and Africa.

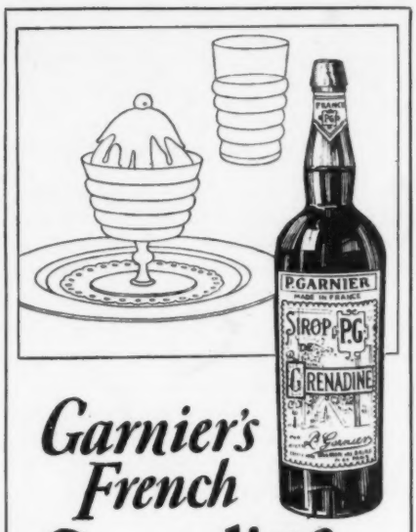
SKIPPY, by Percy Crosby (*Putnam*). The Skippy of *Life* and the comics now figures as the engaging hero of a book for not-too-sedate adults.

NELLIE BLOOM, by Margery Latimer (*Scars*). Short stories of varying merit which entitle Miss Latimer to a place of some importance in the modern group.

DESTINIES, by François Mauriac (*Covici, Friede*). A novel of the bourgeoisie in the Bordeaux wine country; not up to the author's "Thérèse."

Less recent:

ROUND UP; The Stories of Ring Lardner. SIX MRS. GREENES, by Lorna Rea. TREADMILL, by Lola Jean Simpson. WINGS OF WAX, by Janet Hoyt. AS FAR AS JANE'S GRANDMOTHER'S, by Edith Olivier. THE THREE COURIERS, by Compton Mackenzie. THE INNOCENT VOYAGE, by Richard Hughes. A DISH FOR THE GODS, by Cyril Hume. THE GOLDEN FLEECE, by John Gunther.



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MYSTERIES

Some recent ones more or less entertaining

MURDER BY THE CLOCK, by Rufus King (*Doubleday, Doran*). . . . THE PALGRAVE MUMMY, by F. M. Pettee (*Payson & Clarke*). . . . TRIUMPHS OF DETECTION, by George Dilnot (*Houghton Mifflin*). . . . THE MURDER OF A MYSTERY WRITER, by John Hawk (*Doubleday, Doran*). . . . THE ALCHEMY MURDER, by Peter Oldfield (*Washburn*). . . . THE MURDER BOOK OF J. G. REEDER, by Edgar Wallace (*Doubleday, Doran*).

GENERAL

CAVENDER'S HOUSE, by Edwin Arlington Robinson (*Macmillan*). Magnificent narrative poem of a man alone with his conscience.

THE FATE OF THE JURY, by Edgar Lee Masters (*Appleton*). Stories of the inner lives of the jurymen who served in "Doomsday Book," told in the manner of the "Spoon River Anthology."

OLD CIVILIZATIONS OF THE NEW WORLD, by A. Hyatt Verrill (*Bobbs-Merrill*). Fascinating book on the rise and fall of the earliest Indian civilizations.

DEVILS, DRUGS AND DOCTORS, by Howard W. Haggard (*Harper*). The romantic story of the science of healing from medicine-man to doctor. As exciting as a novel, and admirably illustrated.

FRENCH FRANCE, by Oliver Madox Hueffer (*Appleton*). Where does one find the real France and the real French? Not a guidebook, except for an understanding of the country.

MID-CHANNEL, by Ludwig Lewisohn (*Harper*). The superbly written continuation of "Upstream," in which Mr. Lewisohn carries on his spiritual autobiography through the years of his exile.

THE LADY IS COLD, by E. B. W. (*Harper*). Gay, graceful, and sophisticated lyrics which interpret the metropolitan swirl.

A SHOPPING GUIDE TO PARIS, by Thérèse and Louise Bonney (*McBride*). Just what its title says. A sprightly and useful book for your first or fiftieth trip.

HENRY THE VIIITH, by Francis Hackett (*Liveright*). The story of a king and the women who failed to be mothers of kings. A magnificent renaissance of the early Tudors.

ROPE AND FAGGOT: A Biography of Judge Lynch, by Walter White (*Knopf*). Lynch-law and lynchings ably analyzed according to the economic and religious factors, sex, and racial antagonism. Extremely interesting though disheartening.

BRYAN, by M. R. Werner (*Harcourt, Brace*). Entertaining and illuminating biography of another great showman.

ANGELS AND EARTHLY CREATURES, by Elinor Wylie (*Knopf*). The last poems of Elinor Wylie; in many ways her best.

MR. GAY, by Oscar Sherwin (*John Day*). Charmingly written life of the fat and amiable bard who wrote "The Beggar's Opera" and was the petted darling of his generation.

RANDOLPH OF ROANOKE, by Gerald W. Johnson (*Minton, Balch*). Portrait of a Virginia aristocrat who "loved justice and hated equality," and who is remembered less for his political importance than for his terrible tongue.

Less recent:

PARISH'S FANCY, by Walter Guest Kellogg. SWORDS AND ROSES, by Joseph Hergesheimer. LION, by Martin Johnson. RED TIGER, by Phillips Russell. SEX IN CIVILIZATION, edited by V. F. Calverton and S. D. Schmalhausen.

Mais non—Egbert didn't want Percy and Percy didn't want Egbert but the beautiful Clarissa got her dates mixed! Wisely she suggested a ride to cool off the two Lotharios!

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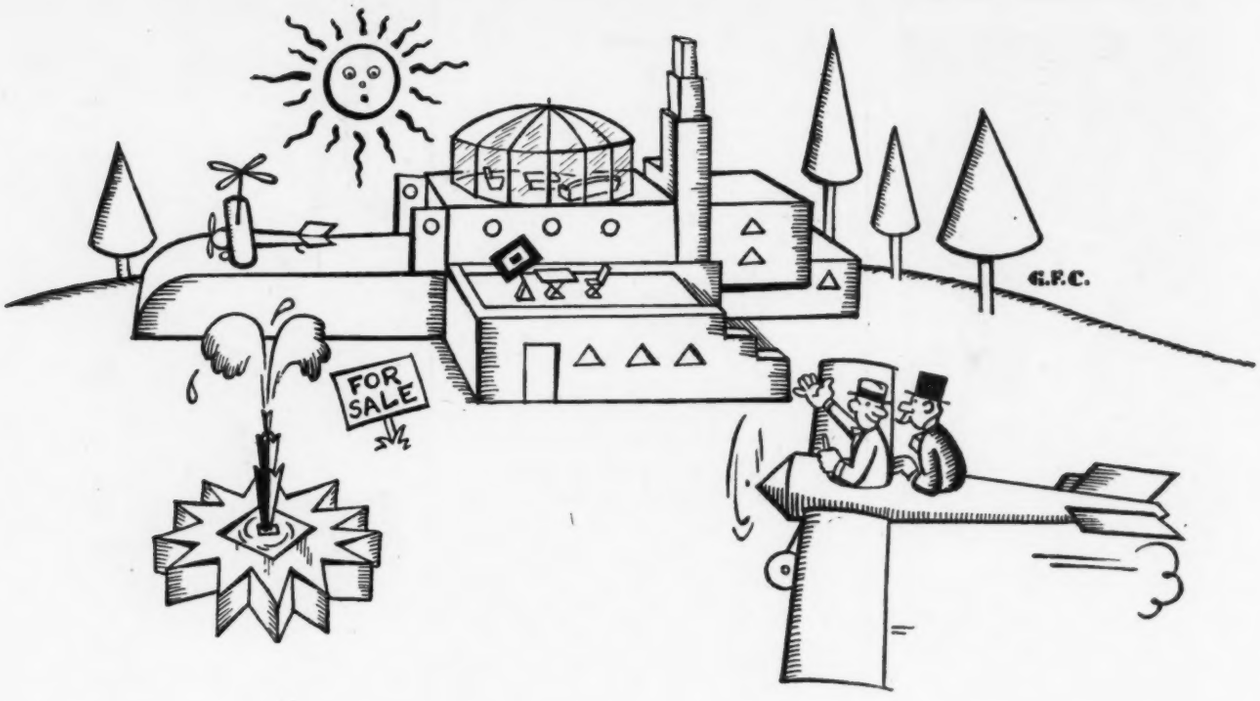

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